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# THE ILIAD

*George Porter.*











THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.

*TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE*

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOLUME I.



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## PREFACE.

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HAVING now nearly completed my translation of the Iliad of Homer, I sit down to write the Preface, that it may be prefixed to the first volume. To this task of translation, which I began in 1865, I afterwards gave myself the more willingly because it helped in some measure to divert my mind from a great domestic sorrow. I am not sure that, when it shall be concluded, it may not cost me some regret to part with so interesting a companion as the old Greek poet, whose thoughts I have, for four years past, been occupied, though with interruptions, in the endeavor to transfer from his own grand and musical Greek to our less sonorous but still manly and flexible tongue.

In what I shall say of my own translation I do not mean to speak in disparagement of any of the previous English versions of the Iliad, nor to extenuate my obligations to some of them. I acknowledge that although Homer is, as Cowper has well observed, the most conspicuous of poets, I have been sometimes, perhaps often, guided by the labors of my predecessors to a better mode of dealing with certain refractory passages of my author than I should otherwise have found. Let me, without detracting from their merits, state what I have endeavored to do. I have endeavored to be strictly faithful in my rendering ; to add nothing of my own, and to give the reader, so far as our language

would allow, all that I found in the original. There are, however, in Homer, frequently recurring, certain expressions which are merely a kind of poetical finery, introduced when they are convenient to fill out a line or to give it a sonorous termination, and omitted when they are not needed for this purpose. The Greeks, for example, almost whenever they are spoken of, are magnanimous, or valiant, or warlike, or skilled in taming steeds : the Trojans are magnanimous also, and valiant, and warlike, and equally eminent in horsemanship. The warriors of the *Iliad* are all sons of some magnanimous or warlike parent. Achilles is the son of Peleus, and Peleus is magnanimous ; and these epithets are repeated upon page after page throughout the poem. Achilles is spoken of as swift-footed or godlike almost whenever he appears, and sometimes is honored by both epithets. Hector is illustrious, and knightly, and distinguished by his beamy crest. Even the coxcomb Paris, for whom Homer seems to entertain a proper contempt, is godlike. These complimentary additions to the name of the warrior are, however, dispensed with whenever the hexameter is rounded to a well-sounding conclusion without them. Where they appear in the Greek, I have in nearly all instances retained them, making Achilles swift-footed and Ulysses fertile in resources, to the end of the poem ; but in a very few cases, where they embarrassed the versification, I have used the liberty taken by Homer himself, and left them out. Everywhere else it has been my rule not to exclude from the translation anything which I found in the text of my author.

There is another point in regard to which I have taken equal pains, and which seems to me equally important. <sup>6</sup> I have endeavored to preserve the simplicity of style which distinguishes the old Greek poet, who

wrote for the popular ear and according to the genius of his language, and I have chosen such English as offers no violence to the ordinary usages and structure of our own. I have sought to attain what belongs to the original, — a fluent narrative style, which shall carry the reader forward without the impediment of unexpected inversions and capricious phrases, and in which, if he find nothing to stop at and admire, there will at least be nothing to divert his attention from the story and the characters of the poem, from the events related and the objects described. I think that not many readers of the present day would agree with Pope, who, as Spence relates, after remarking that he had nothing to say for rhyme, went on to observe that he doubted whether a poem could be supported without it in our language, unless it were stiffened with such strange words as would destroy our language itself. It is remarkable that this should have been said by one who had given the reading world an edition of Shakespeare, in whose dramas are to be found passages of blank-verse which might be instanced as the perfection of that form of versification, — not to be excelled in sweetness of modulation, and grace and freedom of language, — without a single harsh inversion, or any of that clumsy stiffening which Pope so disapproved, yet seemed to think so necessary. The other dramatists of the Elizabethan period also supply examples of the same noble simplicity of language and construction, suited to the highest poetry. In this translation the natural order of the words has been carefully preserved, as far as the exigencies of versification would allow, and I have ventured only upon those easy deviations from it which form no interruptions to the sense, and at most only remind the reader that he is reading verse.

I have chosen blank-verse for this reason among

others, that it enabled me to keep more closely to the original in my rendering, without any sacrifice either of ease or of spirit in the expression. The use of rhyme in a translation is a constant temptation to petty infidelities, and to the employment of expressions which have an air of constraint, and do not the most adequately convey the thought. I had my reasons also for not adopting the ballad measure, which some have thought to allow the nearest approach to the manner of Homer. There are, it is true, certain affinities between the style of Homer and that of the old ballad poems of Great Britain. Both were the productions of a rude age; both were composed to be sung to public audiences; and this gave occasion to certain characteristics in which they resemble each other. But the Homeric poems, as it seems to me, are beyond the popular ballads of any modern nation in reach of thought and in richness of phraseology; and if I had adopted that form of poetry there would have been, besides the disadvantage of rhyme, a temptation to make the version conform in style and spirit to the old ballads of our own literature, in a degree which the original does not warrant, and which, as I think, would lead to some sacrifice of its dignity. I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which it is difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvellous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I



reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subduing the thought — by compression or expansion of phrase — to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameters. I therefore fell back upon blank-verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language ; both because it seemed to me by the flexibility of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author more perfectly than any other form of verse, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation.

I make no apology for employing in my version the names Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and others of Latin origin, for Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, and other Greek names of the deities of whom Homer speaks. The names which I have adopted have been naturalized in our language for centuries, and some of them, as Mercury, Vulcan, and Dian, have even been provided with English terminations. I was translating from Greek into English, and I therefore translated the names of the gods, as well as the other parts of the poem.

In explanation of what may appear to some readers an unauthorized abridgment of the famous simile of the moon and stars at the end of the Eighth Book, I will mention here, by way of note, — the only one which I shall have occasion to make, — that in translating I have omitted two lines of the text, which the best critics regard as not properly belonging to it, but as transferred by some interpolator from another simile in the Sixteenth Book, where they are found in their proper place.

In the intimate acquaintance with the Iliad which

the work of translation has given me, an impression has been revived which was made upon my mind when in my boyhood I first read that poem in an English version. I recollect very well the eager curiosity with which I seized upon the translation of Pope when it came within my reach, and with what avidity I ran through the pages which rendered into our language what was acknowledged to be the greatest production of poetic genius that the world had seen. I read with a deep interest for the fate of Troy, and with a kindly feeling toward Hector, whose part I took warmly against the bloodthirsty Achilles; and great as might have been the guilt of Paris, I read with an earnest wish that Troy might be delivered from its besiegers. When I came to the end of the poem, I laid it down with a feeling of disappointment. I was not told, save in certain dim predictions, what became of Troy, which the Greeks had mustered from so many regions to besiege, nor what was the fate of the mild and venerable Priam, and the aged Hecuba, and Andromache, the gentle and affectionate wife, and her infant son, — personages for whose fortunes the poet had so powerfully awakened my concern and my curiosity. Helen, to recover whom the war was waged, was still in Troy, and Paris, her effeminate husband, was still alive and unharmed. Why the Trojans, who hated Paris — why Hector and the other sons of Priam, who disapproved of their brother's conduct — why Priam himself, who is never said to have approved of it, did not insist that the seducer should restore Helen to her first and proper husband, for whom she seems to have still entertained a lingering regard, I could never imagine. Particularly strange it seemed that Paris was not forced by his countrymen to give up Helen after the combat between him and Menelaus, in which he was clearly overcome,

and by the terms of the solemn treaty which preceded the duel was bound to restore his stolen bride and her wealth to the Greeks. The poet has chosen to leave that circumstance without adequate explanation. The breaking of the truce by Pandarus, and the sudden renewal of the war in consequence, does not explain it, for afterwards, in the Seventh Book, we have Antenor proposing, in council, to restore Helen and her wealth, as a certain way of ending the war, — a proposal which is not adopted simply because Paris objects to it. Paris would not consent to restore Helen, and the Trojan princes and leaders, as if Paris were their absolute monarch, allowed him to have his way, and to prolong a war which Hector foresaw — as he says in the famous interview with Andromache — was to end in the destruction of Troy. The impression to which I refer has been confirmed by the minute study which I have recently made of the poem. I can make nothing of it but a detached chapter of the poetic history of the Trojan war, — an episode in the narrative of that long siege which was to be concluded by a greater event than any recorded in the *Iliad*, the taking of the city of Troy ; — a work of an inexhaustible imagination, with characters vigorously drawn and finely discriminated, and incidents rapidly succeeding each other and infinitely diversified, — everywhere a noble simplicity, mellifluous numbers, and images of beauty and grandeur ; yet everywhere indications that the poem had a continuation. It is full of references to events which are yet to be related, and provokes a desire for further disclosures, which it fails to gratify. There are frequent allusions to the brief term of life allotted to Achilles, and several, one of which I have already mentioned, to the final capture of Troy. Thetis predicts that her son, perishing almost immediately after taking the life

of Hector, will not live to see the fall of the besieged city. The audiences before whom the books of the *Iliad* were recited by the minstrels would naturally say: "You speak of the capture of Troy; tell us how it was taken at last. Achilles, the mightiest of warriors, you say, was to be slain soon after the death of Hector. Relate the manner of his death, and how it was received by the Greeks and the Trojans. Describe his funeral, as you described those of his friend Patroclus and his adversary Hector. Tell us what became of Andromache, and Astyanax, her son, and all the royal family of Priam." Thus may we suppose that, until Aristotle arose to demonstrate the contrary, the fable of the *Iliad* must have appeared to the general mind to be incomplete.

Let me say a word or two of the personage whom the critics call the hero of the *Iliad*. Achilles is ill-used by Agamemnon, the general-in-chief of the Greeks, — and so far he has the sympathy of the reader; but he is a ferocious barbarian at best, and as the narrative proceeds, he loses all title to our interest. His horrid prayer that the Greeks may be slaughtered by thousands until they learn to despise a monarch who has done him a personal injury, and his inhuman delight in the havoc made of them by the Trojans under Hector, cause us to turn from him with the horror and aversion due to a selfish and cruel nature which imposes no reserve or restraint upon its own impulses. His warm affection for his gentle friend and companion, Patroclus, partly restores him to our favor; but his pitiless treatment of the Trojans who supplicate him for quarter, and his capture of twelve Trojan youths in order to cut their throats at the funeral pile of Patroclus, as he afterwards does in cold blood, bring back our disgust; and when Hector with his dying voice warns him of his approaching

death, the reader has no objection to offer. If Achilles be the hero of the poem, the poet has not succeeded in obtaining for him either our good opinion or our good wishes. In the fortunes of Hector, however, whose temper is noble and generous, who while grieving at the crime of Paris defends his country with all his valor, whose character is as gentle and affectionate as it is spirited and manly, it is impossible for the reader not to feel a strong interest. The last book of the Iliad relates the recovery of his dead body from the Greeks, and the celebration of his funeral in Troy. In this book, also, the character of Achilles appears less unamiable, since he grants the rites of hospitality to Priam, and is persuaded by his entreaties to restore, for a princely ransom, the dead body of Hector, contrary to his first resolution. It is to be observed, however, that he is moved to this, not by his own native magnanimity, but by considerations which indirectly relate to himself,—that is to say, by being artfully led to think of his own father, Peleus, an aged man like Priam, anxiously waiting in his distant palace for the return of his son from the war, and fearing that he may never behold him again. Once in the interview with Priam the fierce and brutal nature of Achilles breaks out in threats, which terrify the old king into silence. Priam is himself warned by the gods that he is not safe in remaining overnight in the tent of Achilles, and, lest he should not be protected from the ferocity of Agamemnon, withdraws by stealth in the darkness and returns to Troy.

I have no answer to make to those who regard it as a blemish in the great work of Homer that he represents the gods in their dealings with men as governed, for the most part, by motives either mean and base, or frivolous and childish. In the Trojan war everything happens by their direction or their prompting. In the sys-

tem of Homer it is they who stir up men to strife, who bring on the battles, promote the slaughter, and bring it to an end, urge the personages of the fable to ruinous follies and imprudences, and give or withhold victory at their pleasure ; and in all this their rule is not one of justice and beneficence, but of caprice. Their favor is purchased by hecatombs, and their hatred incurred by acts which have no moral quality that should give offence to an upright judge. They are debauched, mercenary, rapacious, and cruel ; they dwell in a world in which the rules of right and the maxims necessary to the well-being of human society find no recognition. It was for this reason that Plato, the earliest author of an *Index expurgatorius*, forbade the circulation of the writings of the Greek poets in his imaginary commonwealth.

Yet let me say this in favor of my author, that in one part of the poem the absolute rectitude of the Divine government is solemnly recognized. In the Third Book of the Iliad, a truce is agreed upon between the Trojans and the Greeks, while Menelaus and Paris are to decide by single combat the quarrel which has occasioned the siege of Troy. A compact is made, according to which the victor is to possess Helen and her wealth, and the Trojans and Greeks are ever afterward to remain friends and allies. The gods are invoked to be witnesses of the treaty, and to pursue with their vengeance those by whom it shall be violated, whether they be Greeks or Trojans. Few passages in the Iliad are more striking or of graver import than this appeal to the justice of the gods, — this testimony, given by two warring nations, of their confidence in the equity with which the immortals govern the world. Paris is overcome by Menelaus in the combat ; the truce is broken by a Trojan, who wounds Menelaus severely ; the treaty

is not fulfilled by delivering up Helen ; and, as the action of the poem proceeds in the next book, Agamemnon exhorts the Greeks to fight valiantly, in the full assurance that Jupiter and the other gods will never permit treachery to remain unpunished ; and accordingly he predicts a terrible retribution already hanging over Troy. And whatever may be our admiration for the amiable and noble qualities of Hector, and our sympathy for the thousands of innocent persons dwelling in his populous city, it cannot be denied that the interference of the gods in the affairs of Troy leads in the end to a great result consistent with substantial justice. Paris, the violator of the laws of hospitality, the adulterer and robber, is sheltered, protected, and countenanced in Troy, — the Trojan people make themselves partakers in his guilt ; and in the end they share in its punishment. Hector, the prop of their state, the champion in whom they put their trust, is slain ; and we are allowed, by means of predictions, a glimpse of the coming destruction of Troy, and learn that the sceptre of the kingdom will pass from the house of Priam, whose son committed the crime which led to the war, and will be swayed by the posterity of the blameless Æneas.

Here I leave my translation in the hands of the reading public, who, if they do not wholly neglect it, will judge whether I have made any approach toward the fulfilment of the design set forth in the beginning of this Preface.

W. C. BRYANT.

DECEMBER, 1869.





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# THE ILIAD.



# THE ILIAD.

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## BOOK I.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,  
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought  
Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept  
To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave  
Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, — 5  
For so had Jove appointed, — from the time  
When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,  
And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,  
That they should thus contend? Latona's son 10  
And Jove's. Incensed against the king, he bade  
A deadly pestilence appear among  
The army, and the men were perishing.  
For Atreus' son with insult had received  
Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet 15  
Came to redeem his daughter, offering  
Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore  
The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,  
Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons 20  
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host : —

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,  
Well-greaved Achaians, may the gods who dwell  
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow  
The city of Priam, and in safety reach 25  
Your homes ; but give me my beloved child,  
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends  
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade  
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts 30  
He offered, but the counsel did not please  
Atrides Agamemnon ; he dismissed  
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words : —

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,  
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back 35  
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear  
And sceptre of thy god protect thee not.  
This maiden I release not till old age  
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,  
Far from her native country, where her hand 40  
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.  
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

He spake ; the aged man in fear obeyed  
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,  
Along the many-sounding ocean-side, 45  
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,  
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son : —

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,



Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle  
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos, 50  
O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck  
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned  
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats  
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts  
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed." 55

So spake he supplicating, and to him  
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,  
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,  
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow  
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang 60  
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,  
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,  
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth  
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang  
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote 65  
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man  
He turned the deadly arrow. All around  
Glared evermore the frequent funeral piles.  
Nine days already had his shafts been showered  
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth, 70  
Achilles called the people of the camp  
To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,  
Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld  
With sorrow that the men were perishing.  
And when the assembly met and now was full, 75  
Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said:—

“To me it seems, Atrides, that ’t were well,

Since now our aim is baffled, to return  
Homeward, if death o’ertake us not ; for war  
And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks. 80  
But let us first consult some seer or priest,  
Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams  
Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause  
Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;  
If by neglected vows or hecatombs, 85  
And whether savor of fat bulls and goats  
May move the god to stay the pestilence.”

He spake, and took again his seat ; and next  
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief  
Of augurs, one to whom were known things past 90  
And present and to come. He, through the art  
Of divination, which Apollo gave,  
Had guided Iliumward the ships of Greece.  
With words well ordered courteously he spake : —

“ Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me 95  
Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,  
Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly  
Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,  
And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,  
To bring me succor. For my mind misgives 100  
That he who rules the Argives, and to whom  
The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.  
A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,  
And though he keep his choler down awhile,  
It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart. 105  
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Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—  
“ Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er  
Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.  
For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou, 110  
Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth  
The sacred oracles to men of Greece,  
No man, while yet I live, and see the light  
Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee  
Among our roomy ships ; no man of all 115  
The Grecian armies, though thou name the name  
Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is  
To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on :—  
“ ’T is not neglected vows or hecatombs 120  
That move him, but the insult shown his priest,  
Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused  
To set his daughter free, and to receive  
Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god  
These woes, and still will send them on the Greeks, 125  
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand  
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid  
Freely, and without ransom, be restored  
To her beloved father, and with her  
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent. 130  
So may we haply pacify the god.”

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.  
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.  
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes 135

Sparkled like fire ; he fixed a menacing look  
Full on the augur Calchas, and began : —

“ Prophet of evil ! never hadst thou yet  
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs  
Of coming mischief is thy great delight. 140  
Good dost thou ne’er foretell nor bring to pass.  
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,  
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god  
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take  
The costly ransom offered to redeem 145  
The virgin child of Chryses. ’T was my choice  
To keep her with me, for I prize her more  
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,  
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,  
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts. 150  
Yet will I give her back, if that be best ;  
For gladly would I see my people saved  
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,  
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,  
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize. 155  
That were not seemly. All of you perceive  
That now my share of spoil has passed from me.”

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,  
Replied : “ Renowned Atrides, greediest  
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks 160  
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set  
Apart, a common store ? The trophies brought  
From towns which we have sacked have all been  
shared

Among us, and we could not without shame  
Bid every warrior bring his portion back. 165  
Yield, then, the maiden to the god, and we,  
The Achaïans, freely will appoint for thee  
Threefold and fourfold recompense, should Jove  
Give up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus :— 170  
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,  
Godlike Achilles ; thou hast not the power  
To circumvent nor to persuade me thus.  
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,  
I shall sit idly down, deprived of mine ? 175  
Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'T is well,  
If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring  
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape  
That pleases me. Else will I come myself,  
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that 180  
Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him  
From whom I take his share with cause for rage.  
Another time we will confer of this.  
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea  
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck 185  
Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb  
On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,  
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,—  
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine  
Ulysses ;—or thyself, Pelides, thou 190  
Most terrible of men, that with due rites  
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,  
Thus answered : " Ha, thou mailed in impudence  
And bent on lucre ! Who of all the Greeks 195  
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,  
Or bravely battling with the enemy ?  
I came not to this war because of wrong  
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.  
No feud had I with them ; they never took 200  
My beeves or horses, nor, in Phthia's realm,  
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.  
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,  
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.  
Man unabashed ! we follow thee that thou 205  
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy  
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,  
Thou shameless one ! and yet thou hast for this  
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take  
From me the prize for which I bore long toils 210  
In battle ; and the Greeks decreed it mine.  
I never take an equal share with thee  
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked  
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform  
The harder labors of the field in all 215  
The tumult of the fight ; but when the spoil  
Is shared, the largest share of all is thine,  
While I, content with little, seek my ships,  
Weary with combat. I shall now go home  
To Phthia ; better were it to return 220  
With my beaked ships ; but here, where I am held

In little honor, thou wilt fail, I think,  
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men : —  
"Desert, then, if thou wilt ; I ask thee not 225  
To stay for me ; there will be others left  
To do me honor yet, and, best of all,  
The all-providing Jove is with me still.  
Thee I detest the most of all the men  
Ordained by him to govern ; thy delight 230  
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.  
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,  
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,  
With all thy ships and men ! there domineer  
Over thy Myrmidons ; I heed thee not, 235  
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,  
I threaten thee ; since Phœbus takes away  
Chryseis, I will send her in my ship  
And with my friends, and, coming to thy tent,  
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize, 240  
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand  
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear  
To measure strength with me, and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spake,  
Grew fiercer ; in that shaggy breast his heart 245  
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw  
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,  
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath  
And master his own spirit. While he thus  
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed 250

The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,  
Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,  
Who loved both warriors and made both her care.  
She came behind him, seen by him alone,  
And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned 255  
In wonder, and at once he knew the look  
Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,  
And thus accosted her with winged words :—  
“ Why com'st thou hither, daughter of the god  
Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see 260  
The insolence of Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem  
Will be the event. That man may lose his life,  
And quickly too, for arrogance like this.”

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spake :—  
“ I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath, 266  
If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent  
By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both  
Are dear, who ever watches o'er you both.  
Refrain from violence ; let not thy hand 270  
Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue  
Reproaches, as occasion may arise,  
For I declare what time shall bring to pass ;  
Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,  
In gifts of princely cost, for this day's wrong. 275  
Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey.”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :—  
“ O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,  
However fierce my anger ; for to him



Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear." 280

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed  
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath  
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,  
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove  
Dwells with the other gods. And now again 285  
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespake  
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath : —

“Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog  
And a deer’s heart ! Thou never yet hast dared  
To arm thyself for battle with the rest, 290  
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie  
In ambush, — such thy craven fear of death.  
Better it suits thee, midst the mighty host  
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize  
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet 295  
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule  
A spiritless race, else this day’s insolence,  
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,  
And bind my saying with a mighty oath :  
By this my sceptre, which can never bear 300  
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem  
Among the mountains, — for the steel has pared  
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more, —  
And now the Achaian judges bear it, — they  
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter, — 305  
Such is my oath, — the time shall come when all  
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,  
While multitudes are perishing by the hand

Of Hector, the man-queller ; thou, meanwhile,  
Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help, <sup>310</sup>  
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think  
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As thus he spake, Pelides to the ground  
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.  
Fiercely Atrides raged ; but now uprose <sup>315</sup>  
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,  
The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue  
Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen  
Two generations that grew up and lived  
With him on sacred Pylos pass away, <sup>320</sup>  
And now he ruled the third. With prudent words  
He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs :—

"Ye gods ! what new misfortunes threaten Greece !  
How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,  
And how would all the Trojan race rejoice, <sup>325</sup>  
Were they to know how furiously ye strive, —  
Ye who in council and in fight surpass  
The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words, —  
Ye who are younger than myself, — for I  
Have lived with braver men than you, and yet <sup>330</sup>  
They held me not in light esteem. Such men  
I never saw, nor shall I see again, —  
Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord  
Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,  
And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son <sup>335</sup>  
Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.  
Strongest of all the earth-born race they fought —

The strongest with the strongest of their time —  
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,  
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men <sup>340</sup>  
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp  
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent  
To bid me join the war, and by their side  
I fought my best, but no man living now  
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them. <sup>345</sup>  
Great as they were, they listened to my words  
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,  
And let my words persuade you for the best.  
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him  
The maiden ; suffer him to keep the prize <sup>350</sup>  
Decreed him by the sons of Greece ; and thou,  
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,  
Since never Jove on sceptred prince bestowed  
Like eminence to his. Though braver thou,  
And goddess-born, yet hath he greater power <sup>355</sup>  
And wider sway. Atrides, calm thy wrath —  
'T is I who ask — against the chief who stands  
The bulwark of the Greeks in this fierce war."

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said : —  
"The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief, <sup>360</sup>  
Are fitly spoken ; but this man would stand  
Above all others ; he aspires to be  
The master, over all to domineer,  
And to direct in all things ; yet, I think,  
There may be one who will not suffer this. <sup>365</sup>  
For if by favor of the immortal gods

He was made brave, have they for such a cause  
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,  
Answered : " Yea, well might I deserve the name 370  
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit  
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands  
Lay thou on others, not on me ; nor think  
I shall obey thee longer. This I say, —  
And bear it well in mind, — I shall not lift 375  
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave  
And now take from me ; but whatever else  
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,  
Beware thou carry not away the least  
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now, 380  
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."

Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain  
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.  
Pelides to his tents and well-manned ships  
Went with Patroclus and his warrior friends, 385  
While Agamemnon bade upon the sea  
Launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men  
To ply the oar, and put a hecatomb  
Upon it for the god. He thither led  
The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis ; the command 390  
He gave to wise Ulysses ; forth they went,  
Leader and crew, upon their watery path.  
Meanwhile, he bade the camp be purified ;  
And straight the warriors purified the camp,  
And, casting the pollutions to the waves, 395

They burned to Phœbus chosen hecatombs  
Of bulls and goats beside the barren main,  
From which the savor rose in smoke to heaven.

So was the host employed. But not the less  
Did Agamemnon persevere to urge 400  
His quarrel with Pelides ; and he thus  
Addressed Talthybius and Eurybates,  
His heralds and his faithful ministers : —

“ Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent,  
And take the fair Briseis by the hand, 405  
And bring her hither. If he yield her not,  
I shall come forth to claim her with a band  
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.”

He spake, and sent them forth with added words  
Of menace. With unwilling steps they went 410  
Beside the barren deep, until they reached  
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,  
And found Achilles seated by his tent  
And his black ship ; their coming pleased him not.  
They, moved by fear and reverence of the king, 415  
Stopped, and bespoke him not, nor signified  
Their errand ; he perceived their thought and said : —

“ Hail, heralds, messengers of Jove and men !  
Draw near ; I blame you not. I only blame  
Atrides, who hath sent you for the maid. 420  
Noble Patroclus ! bring the damsel forth,  
And let them lead her hence. My witnesses  
Are ye, before the blessed deities,  
And mortal men, and this remorseless king,

If ever he shall need me to avert 423  
The doom of utter ruin from his host.  
Most sure it is, he madly yields himself  
To fatal counsels, thoughtless of the past  
And of the future, nor forecasting how  
The Greeks may fight, unvanquished, by their fleet."

He spake. Meantime Patroclus had obeyed 431  
The word of his beloved friend. He brought  
The fair-cheeked maid Briseis from the tent,  
And she was led away. The messengers  
Returned to where their barks were moored, and she 435  
Unwillingly went with them. Then in tears  
Achilles, from his friends withdrawing, sat  
Beside the hoary ocean-marge, and gazed  
On the black deep beyond, and stretched his hands,  
And prayed to his dear mother, earnestly :— 440

"Mother! since thou didst bring me forth to dwell  
Brief space on earth, Olympian Jupiter,  
Who thunders in the highest, should have filled  
That space with honors, but he grants them not.  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon takes and holds 445  
The prize I won, and thus dishonors me."

Thus, shedding tears, he spake. His mother heard,  
Sitting within the ocean deeps, beside  
Her aged father. Swiftly from the waves  
Of the gray deep emerging like a cloud, 450  
She sat before him as he wept, and smoothed  
His brow with her soft hand, and kindly said :—

"My child, why weepest thou? What grief is this?

Speak, and hide nothing, so that both may know."

Achilles, swift of foot, sighed heavily, 455  
 And said : "Thou know'st already. Why relate  
 These things to thee, who art apprised of all ?

"To Thebè, to Eëtion's sacred town,  
 We marched, and plundered it, and hither brought  
 The booty, which was fairly shared among 460  
 The sons of Greece, and Agamemnon took  
 The fair-cheeked maid Chryseis as his prize.  
 But Chryses, priest of Phœbus, to the fleet  
 Of the Achaian warriors, brazen-mailed,  
 Came, to redeem his daughter, offering 465  
 Ransom uncounted. In his hand he bore  
 The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,  
 Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued  
 To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons  
 Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host. 470  
 Then all the other chiefs, applauding, bade  
 Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts  
 He offered ; but the counsel did not please  
 Atrides Agamemnon : he dismissed  
 The priest with scorn, and added threatening  
 words. 475

The aged man indignantly withdrew ;  
 And Phœbus — for the priest was dear to him —  
 Granted his prayer and sent among the Greeks  
 A deadly shaft. The people of the camp  
 Were perishing in heaps. His arrows flew 480  
 Among the Grecian army, far and wide.

A seer expert in oracles revealed  
The will of Phœbus, and I was the first  
To counsel that the god should be appeased.  
But Agamemnon rose in sudden wrath, 485  
Uttering a threat, which he has since fulfilled.  
And now the dark-eyed Greeks are taking back  
His child to Chryses, and with her they bear  
Gifts to the monarch-god ; while to my tent  
Heralds have come, and borne away the maid 490  
Briseis, given me by the sons of Greece.  
But succor thou thy son, if thou hast power ;  
Ascend to heaven and bring thy prayer to Jove,  
If e'er by word or act thou gav'st him aid.  
For I remember, in my father's halls 495  
I often heard thee, glorying, tell how thou,  
Alone of all the gods, didst interpose  
To save the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son,  
From shameful overthrow, when all the rest  
Who dwell upon Olympus had conspired 500  
To bind him, — Juno, Neptune, and with them  
Pallas Athene. Thou didst come and loose  
His bonds, and call up to the Olympian heights  
The hundred-handed, whom the immortal gods  
Have named Briareus, but the sons of men 505  
Ægeon, mightier than his sire in strength ;  
And he, rejoicing in the honor, took  
His seat by Jove, and all the immortals shrank  
Aghast before him, and let fall the chains.  
Remind him of all this, and, sitting down, 510



Embrace his knees, and pray him to befriend  
The Trojans, that the Greeks, hemmed in and slain  
Beside their ships and by the shore, may learn  
To glory in their king, and even he,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive 515  
How grievous was his folly when he dared  
To treat with scorn the bravest of the Greeks.”

And Thetis answered, weeping as she spake :—  
“Alas, my son, why did I rear thee, born  
To sorrow as thou wert? O would that thou 520  
Unwronged, and with no cause for tears, couldst dwell  
Beside thy ships, since thou must die so soon.  
I brought thee forth in an unhappy hour,  
Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men.  
Yet will I climb the Olympian height among 525  
Its snows and make my suit to Jupiter  
The Thunderer, if haply he may yield  
To my entreaties. Thou, meanwhile, abide  
By thy swift ships, incensed against the Greeks,  
And take no part in all their battles more. 530  
But yesterday did Jove depart to hold  
A banquet far in Ocean’s realm, among  
The blameless Ethiopians, and with him  
Went all the train of gods. Twelve days must pass  
Ere he return to heaven, and I will then 535  
Enter his brazen palace, clasp his knees,  
And hope to move his purpose by my prayers.”

So saying, she departed, leaving him  
In anger for the shapely damsel’s sake,

Whom forcibly they took away. Meantime 540  
Ulysses, with the sacred hecatomb,  
Arrived at Chrysa. Entering the deep port,  
They folded up the sails and laid them down  
In the black ship, and lowering the mast,  
With all its shrouds, they brought it to its place. 545  
Then to the shore they urged the bark with oars,  
And cast the anchors and secured the prow  
With fastenings. Next, they disembarked and stood  
Upon the beach and placed the hecatomb  
In sight of Phœbus, the great archer. Last, 550  
Chryseis left the deck, and, leading her  
Up to the altar, wise Ulysses gave

The maid to her dear father, speaking thus :—

“ O Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men,  
Sends me in haste to bring this maid to thee 555  
And offer up this hallowed hecatomb  
To Phœbus, for the Greeks ; that so the god,  
Whose wrath afflicts us sore, may be appeased.

So speaking, to her father's hands he gave  
The maiden ; joyfully the priest received 560  
The child he loved. Then did the Greeks array  
The noble hecatomb in order round  
The sculptured altar, and with washen hands  
They took the salted meal, while Chryses stood  
And spread abroad his hands and prayed aloud :— 565

“ Hear me, thou bearer of the glittering bow,  
Who guardest Chrysa and the pleasant isle  
Of Cilla and art lord in Tenedos !

Already hast thou listened to my prayer  
And honored me, and terribly hast scourged 570  
The Achaian people. Hear me yet again,  
And cause the plague that wastes the Greeks to  
cease."

So spake he, supplicating, and to him  
Phœbus Apollo hearkened. When the prayers  
Were ended, and the salted meal was flung, 575  
Backward they turned the necks of the fat beesves,  
And cut their throats, and flayed the carcasses,  
And hewed away the thighs, and covered them  
With caul in double folds ; and over this  
They laid raw fragments of the other parts. 580  
O'er all the aged priest poured dark red wine,  
And burned them on dry wood. A band of youths  
With five-pronged spits, beside him, thrust these  
through

The entrails, which they laid among the flames.  
And when the thighs were all consumed, and next 585  
The entrails tasted, all the rest was carved  
Into small portions and transfixed with spits  
And roasted with nice care and then withdrawn  
From the hot coals. This task performed, they made  
The banquet ready. All became its guests 590  
And all were welcome to the equal feast.  
And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,  
Boys crowned the ample urns with wreaths, and served  
The wine to all, and poured libations forth.  
Meantime the Argive youths, that whole day long, 595

Sang to appease the god ; they chanted forth  
High anthems to the archer of the skies.  
He listened to the strain, and his stern mood  
Was softened. When, at length, the sun went down  
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep <sup>600</sup>  
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when  
Appeared the rosy-fingered Dawn, the child  
Of Morning, they returned to the great host  
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send  
A favoring breeze ; at once they reared the mast <sup>605</sup>  
And opened the white sails ; the canvas swelled  
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel  
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.  
So ran she, cutting through the sea her way.  
But when they reached the great Achaian host, <sup>610</sup>  
They drew their vessel high upon the shore  
Among the sands, and underneath its sides  
They laid long beams to prop the keel, and straight  
Dispersed themselves among the tents and ships.

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot, <sup>615</sup>  
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,  
Nor came to council with the illustrious chiefs,  
Nor to the war, but suffered idleness  
To eat his heart away ; for well he loved  
Clamor and combat. But when now, at length, <sup>620</sup>  
The twelfth day came, the ever-living gods  
Returned together to the Olympian mount  
With Jove, their leader. Thetis kept in mind  
Her son's desire, and, with the early morn,

Emerging from the depths of ocean, climbed 625  
To the great heaven and the high mount, and found  
All-seeing Jove, who, from the rest apart,  
Was seated on the loftiest pinnacle  
Of many-peaked Olympus. She sat down  
Before the son of Saturn, clasped his knees 630  
With her left arm, and lifted up her right  
In supplication to the Sovereign One :—

“O Jupiter, my father, if among  
The immortals I have ever given thee aid  
By word or act, deny not my request. 635  
Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end  
So soon ; for Agamemnon, king of men,  
Hath done him shameful wrong : he takes from him  
And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,  
Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise, 640  
Honor him thou, and give the Trojan host  
The victory, until the humbled Greeks  
Heap large increase of honors on my son.”

She spake, but cloud-compelling Jupiter  
Answered her not ; in silence long he sat. 645  
But Thetis, who had clasped his knees at first,  
Clung to them still, and prayed him yet again : —

“O promise me, and grant my suit ; or else  
Deny it, — for thou need'st not fear, — and I  
Shall know how far below the other gods 650  
Thou holdest me in honor.” As she spake,  
The Cloud-compeller, sighing heavily,  
Answered her thus : “Hard things dost thou require,

And thou wilt force me into new disputes  
With Juno, who will anger me again 655  
With contumelious words ; for ever thus,  
In presence of the immortals, doth she seek  
Cause of contention, charging that I aid  
The Trojans in their battles. Now depart,  
And let her not perceive thee. Leave the rest 660  
To be by me accomplished ; and that thou  
Mayst be assured, behold, I give the nod ;  
For this, with me, the immortals know, portends  
The highest certainty : no word of mine  
Which once my nod confirms can be revoked, 665  
Or prove untrue, or fail to be fulfilled."

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave  
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls  
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head  
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount 670  
Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she  
Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,  
And Jove returning to his palace home ;  
Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,  
At sight of the Great Father, waited not 675  
For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took  
His seat, but Juno knew — for she had seen —  
That Thetis of the silver feet, and child  
Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held 680  
Close council with her consort. Therefore she  
Bespoke the son of Saturn harshly, thus :—

“O crafty one, with whom, among the gods,  
 Plottest thou now? Thus hath it ever been  
 Thy pleasure to devise, apart from me, 685  
 Thy plans in secret; never willingly  
 Dost thou reveal to me thy purposes.”

Then thus replied the Father of the gods  
 And mortals: “Juno, do not think to know  
 All my designs, for thou wilt find the task 690  
 Too hard for thee, although thou be my spouse.  
 What fitting is to be revealed, no one  
 Of all the immortals or of men shall know  
 Sooner than thou; but when I form designs  
 Apart from all the gods, presume thou not 695  
 To question me or pry into my plans.”

Juno, the large-eyed and august, rejoined:—  
 “What words, stern son of Saturn, hast thou said!  
 It never was my wont to question thee  
 Or pry into thy plans, and thou art left 700  
 To form them as thou wilt; yet now I fear  
 The silver-footed Thetis has contrived—  
 That daughter of the Ancient of the Deep—  
 To o’erpersuade thee, for, at early prime,  
 She sat before thee and embraced thy knees; 705  
 And thou hast promised her, I cannot doubt,  
 To give Achilles honor and to cause  
 Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet.”

Then Jove, the cloud-compeller, spake again:—  
 “Harsh-tongued! thou ever dost suspect me thus,  
 Nor can I act unwatched; and yet all this 711

Profits thee nothing, for it only serves  
To breed dislike, and is the worse for thee.  
But were it as thou deemest, 't is enough  
That such has been my pleasure. Sit thou down  
In silence, and obey, lest all the gods 716  
Upon Olympus, when I come and lay  
These potent hands on thee, protect thee not."

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,  
O'erawed, and curbing her high spirit, sat 720  
In silence; meanwhile all the gods of heaven  
Within the halls of Jove were inly grieved.  
But Vulcan, the renowned artificer,  
Sought to console his mother in her grief, —  
The white-armed Juno, — and thus interposed: —

"Great will the evil be and hard to bear, 726  
If, for the sake of mortals, ye are moved  
To such contention and the assembled gods  
Disturbed with discord. Even the pleasant feast  
Will lose its flavor when embittered thus. 730  
And let me warn my mother while I speak,  
Wise as she is, that she defer to Jove,  
Lest the All-Father angrily again  
Reply, and spoil the banquet of the day.  
The Thunderer of Olympus, if he choose 735  
To make a wreck of all things, wields a power  
Far greater than we all. Accost him thou  
With gentle speeches, and the Lord of heaven  
Will then regard us in a kindly mood."

As thus he spake, he gave into the hands 740



Of his beloved mother the round cup  
Of double form, and thus he spake again : —

“ Mother, be patient and submit, although  
In sadness, lest these eyes behold thee yet  
Beaten with stripes, and though I hold thee dear <sup>745</sup>  
And grieve for thee, I cannot bring thee help ;  
For hard it is to strive with Jupiter.  
Already once, when I took part with thee,  
He seized me by the foot and flung me o’er  
The battlements of heaven. All day I fell, <sup>750</sup>  
And with the setting sun I struck the earth  
In Lemnos. Little life was left in me,  
What time the Sintians took me from the ground.”

He spake, and Juno, the white-shouldered, smiled,  
And smiling took the cup her son had brought ; <sup>755</sup>  
And next he poured to all the other gods  
Sweet nectar from the jar, beginning first  
With those at the right hand. As they beheld  
Lame Vulcan laboring o’er the palace-floor,  
An inextinguishable laughter broke <sup>760</sup>  
From all the blessed gods. So feasted they  
All day till sunset. From that equal feast  
None stood aloof, nor from the pleasant sound  
Of harp, which Phœbus touched, nor from the voice  
Of Muses singing sweetly in their turn. <sup>765</sup>

But when the sun’s all-glorious light was down,  
Each to his sleeping-place betook himself ;  
For Vulcan, the lame god, with marvellous art,  
Had framed for each the chamber of his rest.

And Jupiter, the Olympian Thunderer, 770  
 Went also to his couch, where 't was his wont,  
 When slumber overtook him, to recline.  
 And there, beside him, slept the white-armed queen  
 Juno, the mistress of the golden throne.

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BOOK II.

ALL other deities, all mortal men,  
 Tamers of war-steeds, slept the whole night  
                   through ;  
 But no sweet slumber came to Jove ; his thoughts  
 Were ever busy with the anxious care  
 To crown with honor Peleus' son, and cause 5  
 Myriads to perish at the Grecian fleet.  
 At last, this counsel seemed the best, — to send  
 A treacherous dream to Agamemnon, son  
 Of Atreus. Then he called a Dream, and thus  
 Addressing it with winged words, he said : — 10  
 “ Go, fatal Vision, to the Grecian fleet,  
 And, entering Agamemnon's tent, declare  
 Faithfully what I bid thee. Give command  
 That now he arm, with all the array of war,  
 The long-haired Greeks, for lo, the hour is come 15  
 That gives into his hands the city of Troy  
 With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell  
 In the celestial mansions are no more

At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom." 20

So spake the God ; the Vision heard, and went  
At once to where the Grecian barks were moored,  
And entered Agamemnon's tent and found  
The king reposing, with the balm of sleep  
Poured all around him. At his head the Dream 25  
Took station in the form of Neleus' son,  
Nestor, whom Agamemnon honored most  
Of all the aged men. In such a shape  
The heaven-sent Dream to Agamemnon spake : —

“ O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou ? 30  
Tamer of steeds ! It ill becomes a chief,  
Who has the charge of nations and sustains  
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.  
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come  
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off, 35  
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.  
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war,  
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come  
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers that dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more 40  
At variance ; Juno's prayers have moved them all,  
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,  
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind,  
And when thy sleep departs forget it not.” 45

He spake, and, disappearing, left the king  
Musing on things that never were to be ;

For on that very day he thought to take  
The city of Priam. Fool ! who little knew  
What Jupiter designed should come to pass, 50  
And little thought by his own act to bring  
Great woe and grief on Greeks and Trojans both  
In hard-fought battles. From his sleep he woke,  
The heavenly voice still sounding in his ears,  
And sat upright, and put his tunic on, 55  
Soft, fair, and new, and over that he cast  
His ample cloak, and round his shapely feet  
Laced the becoming sandals. Next, he hung  
Upon his shoulders and his side the sword  
With silver studs, and took into his hand 60  
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed,  
And with it turned his footsteps toward the fleet  
Of the Achaian warriors brazen-mailed.

Now Dawn, the goddess, climbed the Olympian  
height,  
Foretelling Day to Jupiter and all 65  
The immortal gods, when Agamemnon bade  
The shrill-voiced heralds call the long-haired Greeks  
Together ; they proclaimed his will, and straight  
The warriors came in throngs. But first he bade  
A council of large-minded elders meet 70  
On Pylia Nestor's royal bark, and there  
Laid his well-pondered thought before them thus :--

“ My friends, give ear : a Vision from above  
Came to me sleeping in the balmy night ;  
Most like to noble Nestor was its look, — 75

Its face, its stature, and its garb. It stood  
Beside me at my head, and thus it spake :—

“ ‘O warrior-son of Atreus, sleepest thou?  
Tamer of steeds! It ill becomes a chief,  
Who has the charge of nations and sustains 80  
Such mighty cares, to sleep the livelong night.  
Give earnest heed to me, for I am come  
A messenger from Jove, who, though far off,  
Takes part in thy concerns and pities thee.  
He bids thee arm, with all the array of war, 85  
The long-haired Greeks, for now the hour is come  
Which gives into thy hands the city of Troy  
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell  
In the celestial mansions are no more  
At variance ; Juno’s prayers have moved them all, 90  
And o’er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom,  
Decreed by Jove. Bear what I say in mind.’

“ It spake and passed away, and with it fled  
My slumbers. Now must we devise a way  
To bring into the field the sons of Greece. 95  
I first will try, as best I may, with words,  
And counsel flight from Troy with all our ships.  
Ye each, with different counsels, do your part.”

He spake, and took his seat, and after him  
Nestor, the king of sandy Pylus, rose, 100  
With well-considered words. “O friends,” he said,  
“Leaders and princes of the Grecian race,  
Had any other of the Argive host  
Related such a dream, we should have said

The tale is false, and spurned the counsel given. 105  
But he has seen it who in rank and power  
Transcends us all, and ours it is to see  
How we may arm for war the sons of Greece."

He spake, and left the council, and the rest,  
All sceptred kings, arose, prepared to obey 110  
The shepherd of the people. All the Greeks  
Meanwhile came thronging to the appointed place.  
As, swarming forth from cells within the rock,  
Coming and coming still, the tribe of bees  
Fly in a cluster o'er the flowers of spring, 115  
And some are darting out to right and left,  
So from the ships and tents a multitude  
Along the spacious beach, in mighty throngs,  
Moved toward the assembly. Rumor went with them,  
The messenger of Jove, and urged them on. 120  
And now, when they were met, the place was stunned  
With clamor ; earth, as the great crowd sat down,  
Groaned under them ; a din of mingled cries  
Arose ; nine shouting heralds strove to hush  
The noisy crowd to silence, that at length 125  
The heaven-descended monarchs might be heard.

And when the crowd was seated and had paused  
From clamor, Agamemnon rose. He held  
The sceptre ; Vulcan's skill had fashioned it,  
And Vulcan gave it to Saturnian Jove, 130  
And Jove bestowed it on his messenger,  
The Argus-queller Hermes. He in turn  
Gave it to Pelops, great in horsemanship ;

And Pelops passed the gift to Atreus next,  
The people's shepherd. Atreus, when he died, 135  
Bequeathed it to Thyestes, rich in flocks ;  
And last, Thyestes left it to be borne  
By Agamemnon, symbol of his rule  
O'er many isles and all the Argive realm.

Leaning on this, he spake these winged words : —

“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars, 141  
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil net  
Entangled me most cruelly. He gave  
His promise and his nod, that, having razed  
Troy with her strong defences, I should see 145  
My home again ; but now he meditates  
To wrong me, and commands me to return,  
With lessened glory and much people lost,  
To Argos. Thus hath it seemed good to Jove  
The mighty, who hath overthrown the towers 150  
Of many a city, and will yet o'erthrow.  
The ages yet to come will hear with shame  
That such a mighty army of the Greeks  
Have waged a fruitless war, and fought in vain  
A foe less numerous ; yet no end appears 155  
To this long strife. Should Greeks and Trojans make  
A treaty, faithfully to number each,  
And should the Trojans count their citizens,  
And we the Greeks, disposed in rows of tens,  
Should call the Trojans singly to pour out 160  
The wine for us, full many a company  
Of ten would lack its cup-bearer ; so far,

I judge, the sons of Greece outnumber those  
Who dwell in Troy. But they have yet allies  
From many a city, men who wield the spear, 165  
Withstanding my attempt to overthrow  
That populous town. Nine years of mighty Jove  
Have passed already, and the planks that form  
Our barks are mouldering, and the cables drop  
In pieces, and our wives within their homes, 170  
With their young children, sit expecting us ;  
Yet is the enterprise for which we came  
Still unperformed. Now let us all obey  
The mandate I reveal, and hasten hence,  
With all our fleet, to our beloved homes ; 175  
For Troy with her broad streets we cannot take."

He spake, and in the bosoms of the crowd  
Stirred every heart ; even those who heard him not  
Were moved : the assembly wavered to and fro  
Like the long billows of the Icarian Sea, 180  
Roused by the East wind and the South, that rush  
Forth from the cloudy seat of Father Jove ;  
Or like the harvest-field, when west winds stoop  
Suddenly from above, and toss the wheat.  
So was the whole assembly swayed ; they ran 185  
With tumult to the ships ; beneath their feet  
Rose clouds of dust, and each exhorted each  
To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.  
They cleared the channels mid the clamorous cries  
Of multitudes, who hastened to return, 190  
And drew the props from underneath their barks.



Then had the Greeks returned before their time  
If Juno had not to Minerva said : —

“Unconquerable child of Jove ! What change  
Is this ? Shall then the Argive army thus 195  
Flee to their homes across the deep and leave  
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died  
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,  
Far from the land they loved ? But hasten thou 200  
To the host of Argive warriors mailed in brass,  
And with persuasive words restrain their men.  
Nor let them launch their barks upon the sea.”

She spake ; nor did the blue-eyed Pallas fail  
To heed the mandate, but with quick descent 205  
She left the Olympian height and suddenly  
Stood by the swift ships of the Grecian host.  
She found Ulysses there, the man endowed  
With wisdom like to Jove's ; he had not touched  
His well-appointed bark, for grief had seized 210  
The hero's heart. The blue-eyed goddess took  
Her place beside him, and addressed him thus : —

“Son of Laertes, nobly born and sage  
Ulysses, will ye, entering your good ships,  
Return in flight to your own land and leave 215  
Glory to Priam, and to Ilium's sons  
The Argive Helen, for whose sake have died  
So many Greeks upon the Trojan strand,  
Far from the land they loved ? Go thou at once  
And seek the Argive warriors and restrain 220

With thy persuasive words the impatient men,  
Nor let them launch their well-appointed ships."

She spake ; Ulysses knew the heavenly voice,  
And hastened back, and as he ran cast by  
His cloak. Eurybates of Ithaca, 223  
The herald, caught it as he followed him.  
And now before Atrides, king of men,  
The warrior stood, and from his hand received  
The ancestral sceptre, old, but undecayed ;  
And bearing this, he went among the ships 233  
Which brought the Achaian army, mailed in brass ;  
And whomsoe'er he met upon his way,  
Monarch or eminent among the host,  
He stopped him, and addressed him blandly, thus : —

" Good friend, this eager haste as if from fear 235  
Befits thee not. Sit down, and cause the rest  
To sit. What Agamemnon's will may be  
Thou canst not yet be certain ; he intends  
To try the Greeks, and soon will punish those  
Who act amiss. We cannot all have heard 240  
What he has said ; beware, then, lest his wrath  
Fall heavily upon the sons of Greece.  
The monarch, foster-child of Jupiter,  
Is terrible enraged. Authority  
Is given by Jove, all-wise, who loves the king." 245

But when he found one of the lower sort  
Shouting and brawling, with the royal wand  
He smote him, and reproved him sharply, thus : —

" Friend, take thy seat in quiet, and attend

To what thy betters say ; thou art not strong 250  
Nor valiant, and thou art of mean repute  
In combat and in council. We, the Greeks,  
Cannot be all supreme in power. The rule  
Of the many is not well. One must be chief  
In war, and one the king, to whom the son 255  
Of Saturn gives the sceptre, making him  
The lawgiver, that he may rule the rest."

Thus did he act the chief, and make the host  
Obey his word ; they to the council ground  
Came rushing back from all the ships and tents 260  
With tumult, as, on the long-stretching shore  
Of ocean many-voiced, his billows fling  
Themselves in fury, and the deep resounds.

All others took their seats and kept their place ;  
Thersites only, clamorous of tongue, 265  
Kept brawling. He, with many insolent words,  
Was wont to seek unseemly strife with kings,  
Uttering whate'er it seemed to him might move  
The Greeks to laughter. Of the multitude  
Who came to Ilium, none so base as he, — 270  
Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back  
A lump, and shoulders curving towards the chest ;  
His head was sharp, and over it the hairs  
Were thinly scattered. Hatful to the chiefs  
Achilles and Ulysses, he would oft 275  
Reville them. He to Agamemnon now  
Called with shrill voice and taunting words. The  
Greeks

Heard him impatiently, with strong disgust  
And vehement anger, yet he shouted still  
To Agamemnon, and kept railing on : — 280

“Of what dost thou complain ; what wouldst thou  
more,

Atrides? In thy tents are heaps of gold ;  
Thy tents are full of chosen damsels, given  
To thee before all others, by the Greeks,  
Whene'er we take a city. Dost thou yet 285  
Hanker for gold, brought by some Trojan knight,  
A ransom for his son, whom I shall lead —  
I, or some other Greek — a captive bound ?  
Or dost thou wish, for thy more idle hours,  
Some maiden, whom thou mayst detain apart? 290  
Ill it beseems a prince like thee to lead  
The sons of Greece, for such a cause as this,  
Into new perils. O ye coward race !  
Ye abject Greeklings, Greeks no longer, haste  
Homeward with all the fleet, and let us leave 295  
This man at Troy to win his trophies here,  
That he may learn whether the aid we give  
Avails him aught or not, since he insults  
Achilles, a far braver man than he,  
And takes from him by force and holds his prize.  
And yet, Achilles is not moved by this 300  
To anger : he is spiritless, or else,  
Atrides, this injustice were thy last.”

Taunting the shepherd of the people thus,  
Thersites shouted to the king of men. 305

But great Ulysses, coming quickly up,  
Rebuked him with a frown: "Thou garrulous wretch!  
Glib as thou art of tongue, Thersites, cease,  
Nor singly dare to seek dispute with kings.  
There came, I deem, no viler wretch than thou 310  
To Troy with Agamemnon. Prate no more  
Of kings, reviling them, and keeping watch  
For pretexts to return. We know not yet  
Whether to go or to remain were best.  
Thou railest at the shepherd of the host, 315  
Atrides Agamemnon, for thou seest  
The Grecian heroes load him with rewards,  
While thou insultest him with scurrilous words.  
I tell thee now, — and I shall keep my word, —  
If e'er again I find thee railing on, 320  
As now thou dost, then let Ulysses wear  
His head no longer, let me not be called  
The father of Telemachus, if I  
Shall fail to seize thee, and to strip thee bare  
Of cloak and tunic, and whatever else 325  
Covers thy carcass, and to send thee forth,  
Howling, to our swift barks upon the shore,  
Scourged from the council with a storm of blows."

He spake, and with his sceptre smote the back  
And shoulders of the scoffer, who crouched low 330  
And shed a shower of tears. A bloody whelk  
Rose where the golden sceptre fell. He took  
His seat, dismayed, and still in pain wiped off  
The tears from his smutched face. The multitude

Around him, though in anxious mood, were moved  
To smiles, and one addressed his neighbor thus :—

“ Strange that Ulysses does a thousand things 337  
So well, — so wise in council, and in war  
So brave ; and for the Grecian army now  
He does the best of all, in silencing 340  
The chatter of this saucy slanderer,  
Whose acrid temper will not soon again  
Move him to rail with insolent speech at kings.”

So talked the multitude. Ulysses then,  
Holding the sceptre, rose, and by his side 345  
The blue-eyed Pallas, in a herald's form,  
Commanded silence, that the Argive host —  
The mightiest and the meanest — might attend  
To what should now be said, and calmly weigh  
The counsel given them. With a prudent art 350  
Ulysses framed his speech, and thus he spake :—

“ The Greeks, O Atreus' son, would bring on thee  
Dishonor in the eyes and speech of men,  
Breaking the promise made when first they came  
From Argos, famed for steeds, that, having spoiled  
This well-defended Troy, thou shouldst return 355  
A conqueror. And now, like tender boys  
Or widowed women, all give way to grief  
And languish to return. 'T were hard to bear  
If, after all our sufferings and our toils, 360  
We go back now. And yet, whoe'er remains  
A single month away from wife and home  
Chafes if the winter storms and angry sea

Detain him still on board his well-oared bark ;  
And we have seen the ninth full year roll round 365  
Since we came hither. Therefore blame I not  
The Greeks if they in their beaked ships repine  
At this delay. But then it were disgrace  
To linger here so long and journey home  
With empty hands. Bear with us yet, and wait 370  
Till it be certain whether Calchas speaks  
Truly or not. For we remember well,  
And all of you whom cruel death has spared  
Are witnesses with me, that when the ships  
Of Greece — it seems as if but yesterday — 375  
Mustered in Aulis on their way to bring  
Woe upon Priam and the town of Troy,  
And we, beside a fountain, offered up  
On sacred altars chosen hecatombs,  
Under a shapely plane-tree, from whose root 380  
Flowed the clear water, there appeared to us  
A wondrous sign. A frightful serpent, marked  
With crimson spots, which Jupiter sent forth  
To daylight from beneath the altar-stone,  
Came swiftly gliding toward the tree, whereon 385  
A sparrow had her young — eight unfledged birds —  
Upon the topmost bough and screened by leaves ;  
The mother was the ninth. The serpent seized  
The helpless brood and midst their piteous cries  
Devoured them, while the mother fluttered round,  
Lamenting, till he caught her by the wing ; 391  
And when he had destroyed the parent bird

And all her brood, the god who sent him forth  
 Made him a greater marvel still. The son  
 Of crafty Saturn changed the snake to stone ; 395  
 And we who stood around were sore amazed.  
 Such was the awful portent which the gods  
 Showed at that sacrifice. But Calchas thus  
 Instantly spake, interpreting the sign :—

“ ‘ O long-haired Greeks,’ he said, ‘ why stand ye  
 thus 400

In silence? All-foreseeing Jupiter  
 Hath sent this mighty omen ; late it comes  
 And late will be fulfilled, yet gloriously,  
 And with a fame that never shall decay.  
 For as the snake devoured the sparrow’s brood, 405  
 Eight nestlings, and the mother-bird the ninth, —  
 So many years the war shall last ; the tenth  
 Shall give into our hands the stately Troy.’

“ So spake the seer ; thus far his words are true.  
 Bide ye then here, ye well-greaved sons of Greece,  
 Until the city of Priam shall be ours.” 411

He spake, and loud applause thereon ensued  
 From all the Greeks, and fearfully the ships  
 Rang with the clamorous voices uttering  
 The praises of Ulysses and his words. 415  
 Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, arose  
 And thus addressed them : “ Strangely ye behave,  
 Like boys unwonted to the tasks of war.  
 Where now are all your promises and oaths?  
 Shall all our councillings and all our cares, 420



Leagues made with wine, religiously outpoured,  
And plightings of the strong right hand, be cast  
Into the flames? Idly we keep alive  
A strife of words, which serves no end though long  
We loiter here! But thou, Atrides, firm 425  
Of purpose, give command that now the Greeks  
Move to the war, and leave to meet their fate  
Those — one or more — who, parting from our host,  
Meditate — but I deem in vain — to flee  
Homeward to Argos ere they are assured 430  
Whether the word of Jove omnipotent  
Be false or true. For when the Greeks embarked  
In their swift ships, to carry death and fate  
To Ilium's sons, almighty Jupiter  
Flung down his lightnings on the right and gave 435  
Propitious omens. Therefore let no Greek  
Go home till he possess a Trojan wife  
And ye have signally avenged the wrongs  
And griefs of Helen. Yet, if one be here  
Who longs to go, let him but lay his hand 440  
On his black ship, prepared to cross the deep,  
And he shall die before the rest. But thou,  
O king, be wisely counselled, lend an ear  
To others, nor neglect what I propose.  
Marshal the Greeks by tribes and brotherhoods, 445  
That tribe may stand by tribe, and brotherhoods  
Succor each other; if thou thus command  
And they obey, thou shalt discern which chief  
Or soldier is faint-hearted, which is brave,

For each will fight his best, and thou shalt know 450  
Whether through favor of the gods to Troy,  
Or our own cowardice and shameful lack  
Of skill in war, the town is not o'erthrown."

In turn the monarch Agamemnon spake : —  
" O aged warrior, thou excellest all 455  
The Greeks in council. Would to Jupiter,  
To Pallas and Apollo, that with me  
There were but ten such comrades. Priam's town  
Would quickly fall before us and be made  
A desolation. But the god who bears 460  
The ægis, Saturn's son, hath cast on me  
Much grief, entangling me in idle strifes  
And angry broils. Achilles and myself  
Have quarrelled for a maid with bitter words,  
And I was first incensed. But if again 465  
We meet and act as friends, the overthrow  
That threatens Ilium will not be delayed, —  
Not for an hour. Now all to your repast !  
And then prepare for battle. First let each  
See that his spear be sharp, and put his shield 470  
In order, give to his swift-footed steeds  
Their ample forage, and o'erlook his car  
That it be strong for war ; for all the day  
Shall we maintain the stubborn fight, nor cease  
Even for a moment, till the night come down 475  
To part the wrathful combatants. The band  
Of each broad buckler shall be moist with sweat  
On every breast, and weary every arm

That wields the spear, and every horse that drags  
The polished chariot o'er the field shall smoke 480  
With sweat. But whosoever shall be found  
By the beaked ships and skulking from the fray  
Shall be the feast of birds of prey and dogs ! ”

He spake ; the Argives raised a mighty shout,  
Loud as when billows lash the beetling shore, 485  
Rolled by the south-wind toward some jutting rock  
On which the waves, whatever wind may blow,  
Beat ceaselessly. In haste the people rose  
And went among the ships, and kindled fires  
Within their tents and took their meal. And one  
Made offerings to one god ; another paid 491  
Vows to another of the immortal race ;  
And all implored deliverance from death  
And danger. Agamemnon, king of men,  
Offered a fatted ox of five years old 495  
To Jupiter Almighty, summoning  
The elder princes of the Grecian host, —  
Nestor the first, the king Idomeneus,  
And then the warriors Ajax and the son  
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses, like to Jove 500  
In council, sixth and last. Unbidden came  
The valiant Menelaus, for he knew  
The cares that weighed upon his brother's heart.  
Then, as they stood around the fatted ox  
And took in hand the salted barley-meal, 505  
King Agamemnon in the circle prayed : —

“ O Jove, most great and glorious ! who dost rule

The tempest, — dweller of the ethereal space !  
Let not the sun go down and night come on  
Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste 510  
With fire, and give their portals to the flames,  
And hew away the coat of mail that shields  
The breast of Hector, splitting it with steel.  
And may his fellow-warriors, many a one,  
Fall round him to the earth and bite the dust.” 515

He spake ; the son of Saturn hearkened not,  
But took the sacrifice and made more hard  
The toils of war. And now when they had prayed,  
And strown the salted meal, they drew the neck  
Of the victim back and cut the throat and flayed 520  
The carcass, hewed away the thighs and laid  
The fat upon them in a double fold,  
On which they placed raw strips of flesh, and these  
They burned with leafless billets. Then they fixed  
The entrails on the spits and held them forth 525  
Above the flames, and when the thighs were burned  
And entrails tasted, all the rest was carved  
Into small portions and transfixed with spits  
And roasted carefully and drawn away.  
And when these tasks were finished and the board  
Was spread, they feasted ; from that equal feast 531  
None went unsated. When they had appeased  
Their thirst and hunger, the Gerenian knight  
Nestor stood forth and spake : “ Most glorious son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men ! 535  
Waste we no time in prattle, nor delay

The work appointed by the gods, but send  
The heralds of the Achaians, brazen-mailed,  
To call the people to the fleet, while we  
Pass in a body through their vast array 540  
And wake the martial spirit in their breasts."

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,  
Followed the counsel. Instantly he bade  
The loud-voiced herald summon to the war  
The long-haired Argives. At the call they came, 545  
Quickly they came together, and the kings,  
Nurslings of Jupiter, who stood beside  
Atrides, hastened through the crowd to form  
The army into ranks. Among them walked  
The blue-eyed Pallas, bearing on her arm 550  
The priceless ægis, ever fair and new,  
And undecaying ; from its edge there hung  
A hundred golden fringes, fairly wrought,  
And every fringe might buy a hecatomb.  
With this and fierce, defiant looks she passed 555  
Through all the Achaian host, and made their hearts  
Impatient for the march and strong to endure  
The combat without pause, — for now the war  
Seemed to them dearer than the wished return,  
In their good galleys, to the land they loved. 560

As when a forest on the mountain-top  
Is in a blaze with the devouring flame  
And shines afar, so, while the warriors marched,  
The brightness of their burnished weapons flashed  
On every side and upward to the sky. 565

And as when water-fowl of many tribes —  
Geese, cranes, and long-necked swans — disport  
themselves

In Asia's fields beside Caÿster's streams,  
And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,  
Flock after flock, and all the fields resound ; 570  
So poured, from ships and tents, the swarming tribes  
Into Scamander's plain, where fearful'y  
Earth echoed to the tramp of steeds and men ;  
And there they mustered on the river's side,  
Numberless as the flowers and leaves of spring. 575  
And as when flies in swarming myriads haunt  
The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk  
Has filled the pails, — in such vast multitudes  
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,  
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race. 580

Then, as the goatherds, when their mingled flocks  
Are in the pastures, know and set apart  
Each his own scattered charge, so did the chiefs,  
Moving among them, marshal each his men.  
There walked King Agamemnon, like to Jove 585  
In eye and forehead, with the loins of Mars,  
And ample chest like him who rules the sea.  
And as a bull amid the hornèd herd  
Stands eminent and nobler than the rest,  
So Jove to Agamemnon on that day 590  
Gave to surpass the chiefs in port and mien.

O Muses, goddesses who dwell on high,  
Tell me, — for all things ye behold and know,

While we know nothing and may only hear  
 The random tales of rumor, — tell me who 595  
 Were chiefs and princes of the Greeks ; for I  
 Should fail to number and to name them all, —  
 Had I ten tongues, ten throats, a voice unapt  
 To weary, uttered from a heart of brass, —  
 Unless the Muses aided me. I now 600  
 Will sing of the commanders and the ships.

Peneleus, Prothoënor, Leïtus,  
 And Clonius, and Arcesilaus led  
 The warriors of Bœotia, all who dwelt  
 In Hyria and in rocky Aulis, all 605  
 From Schœnus and from Scolus and the hill  
 Of Eteonus and Thespeia's fields,  
 And Graia and the Mycalesian plain,  
 All who from Herma and Ilesius came,  
 And Erythræ, and those who had their homes 610  
 In Eleon, Hyla, and Ocalea,  
 And Peteona, and the stately streets  
 Of Medeon, Copæ, Thisbè full of doves,  
 And those whose dwelling-place was Eutresis,  
 And Coronæa, and the grassy lawns 615  
 Of Haliartus, all the men who held  
 Plataea, or in Glissa tilled the soil,  
 Or dwelt in Hypothebæ nobly built,  
 Or in Onchestus with its temple-walls  
 Sacred to Neptune, or inhabited 620  
 Arnè with fruitful vineyards, Midea  
 And Nyssa the divine, and Anthedon

The distant, — fifty were their barks, and each  
Held sixscore youths of the Bæotian race.

Next, over those who came from Aspledon 625  
And from Orchomenus in Minyas  
Ascalaphus ruled with his brother chief  
Ialmenus, — two sons of mighty Mars.  
These, in the halls of Actor, Azis' son,  
Astyoche bore to the god of war, 630  
Who met by stealth the bashful maid, as once  
She sought the upper palace-rooms. Their ships  
Were thirty, ranged in order on the shore.

Then Schedius and Epistrophus, two chiefs  
Born to Iphitus, son of Naubolus 635  
The large of soul, led the Phocæan host,  
Those who in Cyparissus had their homes,  
In Panope and Crissa the divine  
And Daulis, or about Hyampolis  
Anemoreia, and upon the banks 640  
Of broad Cephissus, and with them the race  
Who held Lilæa by Cephissus' springs.  
With these came forty ships. Their leaders went  
Among them, ranging them in due array  
And close to the Bæotians on the left. 645

Ajax the swift of foot, Oïleus' son,  
Was leader of the Locrians, — less in limb  
And stature than the other Ajax, — nay,  
Much smaller than that son of Telamon,  
Wearing a linen corselet ; but to wield 650  
The spear he far excelled all other men



Of Hellas and Achaia. Those who dwelt  
In Cynus, Opus, Bessa, and the fields  
Of Scarpha and Calliarus and green  
Augeia, Tarpha, and the meadows where 655  
Boagrius waters Thronium, followed him  
With forty dark-hulled Locrian barks, that came  
From coasts beyond Eubœa's sacred isle.

The Eubœans breathing valor, they who held  
Chalcis, Eretria, and the vineyard slopes 660  
Of Histiaëa, and the lofty walls  
Of Dium and Cerinthus by the sea,  
And Styra, and Earystus ; these obeyed  
Elphenor of the line of Mars, and son  
Of the large-souled Chalcodon ruler o'er 665  
The Abantes. Him with loosely-flowing locks  
The Abantes followed, swift of foot and fierce  
In combat, and expert to break the mail  
Upon the enemies' breasts with ashen spears ;  
With forty dark-hulled barks they followed him. 670

Next they who came from Athens nobly built,  
The city of Erechtheus, great of soul,  
Son of the teeming Earth, whom Pallas reared,  
That daughter of the Highest, and within  
Her sumptuous temple placed him, where the sons  
Of Athens, with the circling year's return, 676  
Paid worship at her altars, bringing bulls  
And lambs to lay upon them ; these obeyed  
Menestheus, son of Peteus, whom no chief  
On earth could equal in the art to place 680

Squadrons of men and horse in due array  
For battle. Nestor only sought to share  
This praise, but Nestor was the elder chief.  
Fifty dark galleys with Menestheus came.

Ajax had brought twelve ships from Salamis, 685  
And these he stationed near the Athenian host.

But they who dwelt in Argos, or within  
The strong-walled Tiryns, or Hermione  
And Asine with their deep, sheltering bays,  
Trœzene and Eïonæ, and hills 690  
Of Epidaurus planted o'er with vines,  
And they who tilled Ægina and the coast  
Of Mases, — Grecian warriors, — over these  
Brave Diomed bore sway, with Sthenelus,  
Beloved son of far-famed Campaneus, 695  
And, third in rule, Euryalus, who seemed  
Like to a god, Mecisteus' royal son  
Who sprung from Talaus ; yet the chief command  
Was given to Diomed, the great in war.  
A fleet of eighty galleys came with them. 700

The dwellers of Mycenæ nobly built,  
Of Corinth famed for riches, and the town  
Of beautiful Cleonæ, they who tilled  
Orneia, Aræthyrea's pleasant land,  
And Sicyon, where of yore Adrastus reigned, 705  
And Hyperesia and the airy heights  
Of Gonoessa, and Pellenè's fields,  
And they who came from Ægium and the shores  
Around it, and broad lands of Helicè, —

These had a hundred barks, and over them 710  
Atrides Agamemnon bore command ;  
And with him came the largest train of troops  
And bravest. He was cased in gleaming mail,  
And his heart gloried when he thought how high  
He stood among the heroes, — mightier far 715  
In power, and leader of a mightier host.

Then they who dwelt within the hollow vale  
Of queenly Lacedæmon, they who held  
Phare and Sparta, Messa full of doves,  
Bryseia, and Augeia's rich domain, 720  
Amyclæ and the town of Helos, built  
Close to the sea, and those who had their homes  
In Laäs and the fields of Cetylus ;  
All these obeyed the brother of the king,  
The valiant Menelaus. Sixty ships 725  
They brought, but these he ranged apart from those  
Of Agamemnon. Through the ranks he went,  
And, trusting in his valor, quickened theirs  
For battle ; for his heart within him burned  
To avenge the wrongs of Helen and her tears. 730

Then came the men who tilled the Pylean coast  
And sweet Arenè, Thrya at the fords  
Of Alpheus, and the stately palace homes  
Of Æpy, or in Cyparissus dwelt,  
Or in Amphigeneia, Pteleum, 735  
Helos and Dorium, where the Muses once  
Met, journeying from Cæcalian Eurytus,  
The Thracian Thamyras, and took from him

His power of voice. For he had made his boast  
To overcome in song the daughters nine 740  
Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. They in wrath  
Smote him with blindness, took the heavenly gift  
Of song away, and made his hand forget  
Its cunning with the harp. All those were led  
By Nestor, the Gerenian knight, who came 745  
To war on Troy with fourscore ships and ten.

The Arcadians, dwelling by the lofty mount  
Cyllene, near the tomb of Epytus,  
Warriors who combat hand to hand, and they  
Who tilled the fields of Pheneus and possessed 750  
Orchomenus with all its flocks, or dwelt  
In Ripa and in Stratia, and the bleak  
Enispe, beaten with perpetual winds,  
And in Tegea, and the lovely land  
Of Mantinea, and in Stymphalus 755  
And in Parrhasia, came in sixty ships  
To Troy, with Agapenor for their chief,  
Son of Ancæus. Every ship was thronged  
With warriors of Arcadia, for the king  
Of men, Atrides, gave them well-oared<sup>d</sup> barks 760  
To cross the dark blue deep, since not to them  
Pertained the cares and labors of the sea.

Then from Buprasium and the sacred coast  
Of Elis, from Hyrmine and remote  
Myrsinus and the Olenian precipice, 765  
And from Alisium came, with chieftains four,  
The warriors, ten swift galleys following

Each chieftain, crowded with Epean troops.  
And part obeyed Amphimachus, the son  
Of Cteatus, and part with Thalpius came, 770  
The son of Eurytus Actorides,  
And part with brave Diores, of the line  
Of Amarynceus. Last, Polyxenus,  
The godlike offspring of Agasthenes,  
Whose father was Augeias, led the rest. 775

They from Dulichium and the Echinades,  
Those holy isles descried from Elis o'er  
The waters, had for leader Megas, brave  
As Mars, — the son of Phyleus, dearly loved  
By Jove. He left his father's house in wrath 780  
And dwelt within Dulichium. With the troops  
Of Megas came a fleet of forty ships.

Ulysses led the Cephallenian men,  
Who dwelt in Ithaca, or whose abode  
Was leafy Neritus, and those who came 785  
From Crocyleia, and from Ægilips  
The craggy, and Zacynthus, and the isle  
Of Samos, and Epirus, and from all  
The bordering lands. O'er these Ulysses ruled,  
A chief like Jove in council, and with him 790  
There came twelve galleys with their scarlet prows.

Then with the Ætolians came Andræmon's son  
Thoas, their leader. With him were the men  
Of Pleuron and Pylene, Olenus,  
And Chalcis on the sea-coast and the rocks 795  
Of Calydon ; for now no more the sons

Of large-souled Ceneus were alive on earth,  
Nor lived the chief himself, and in his tomb  
Was Meleager of the golden hair ;  
And thus the Ætolian rule to Thoas came. 800  
A fleet of fourscore galleys followed him.

Idomeneus, expert to wield the spear,  
Commanded those of Crete, the men who dwelt  
In Cnosus or Gortyna, strongly walled  
Lyctus, Miletus, and the glimmering 805  
Lycastus, Phæstus, Rhytium's populous town,  
And all the warrior train inhabiting  
The hundred towns of Crete. Idomeneus  
The mighty spearman, and Meriones,  
Fierce as the god of war, commanded these, 810  
And came to Troy with eighty dark-ribbed barks.

Tlepolemus, a warrior of the stock  
Of Hercules, was leader of the troops  
Of Rhodes, and brought nine vessels to the war,  
Manned with the haughty Rhodians. These were  
ranged 815

In threefold order : those of Lindus, those  
Who dwell in white Camirus, lastly those  
Of Ialassa. These Tlepolemus,  
The valiant spearman, ruled. Astyoche  
Bore him to mighty Hercules, who led 820  
The maid from Ephyra, upon the banks  
Of Selleis, to be his wife, what time  
His valor had o'erthrown and made a spoil  
Of many a city full of noble youths.

Tlepolemus, when in the palace-halls 825  
 He grew to manhood, slew an aged man,  
 An uncle of his father, whom he loved,  
 Lycimnius, of the line of Mars, and straight  
 He rigged a fleet of ships and led on board  
 A numerous host and fled across the sea. 830  
 For fearful were the threats of other sons  
 And grandsons of the mighty Hercules.  
 In Rhodes they landed after wanderings long  
 And many hardships. There they dwelt in tribes, —  
 Three tribes, — and were beloved of Jupiter, 835  
 The ruler over gods and men, who poured  
 Abundant riches on their new abode.

Nireus with three good ships from Syma came, —  
 Nireus, Aglaia's son by Charopus  
 The monarch, — Nireus who in comeliness 840  
 Surpassed all Greeks that came to Ilium, save  
 The faultless son of Peleus. Yet was he  
 Unwarlike and few people followed him.

The dwellers of Nisyrus, Crapathus,  
 And Cos, the city of Eurypylus, 845  
 Casus, and the Calydnian isles, obeyed  
 Phidippus and his brother Antiphus,  
 Sons of the monarch Thessalus, who sprang  
 From Hercules. With thirty ships they came.

But those who held Pelasgian Argos, those 850  
 Who dwelt in Alos, Trachys, Alope,  
 Phthia, and Hellas full of lovely dames, —  
 Named Myrmidons, Achaians, Hellenes, —

Achilles led their fifty ships ; but they  
Now heeded not the summons to the war, 855  
For there was none to form their ranks for fight.  
The great Achilles, swift of foot, remained  
Within his ships, indignant for the sake  
Of the fair-haired Briseis, whom he brought  
A captive from Lyrnessus after toils 860  
And dangers many. He had sacked and spoiled  
Lyrnessus, and o'erthrown the walls of Thebes  
And smitten Mynes and Epistrophus,  
The warlike sons of King Evenus, sprung  
From old Selapius. For this cause he kept 865  
Within his ships, full soon to issue forth.

The men of Phylace, of Pyrasus, —  
Sacred to Ceres and o'erspread with flowers,  
And of Itona, mother of white flocks,  
Antrona on the sea, and Pteleum green 870  
With herbage, — over these while yet he lived  
The brave Protesilaus ruled ; but now  
The dark earth covered him, and for his sake  
His consort, desolate in Phylace,  
Tore her fair cheeks, and all unfinished stood 875  
His palace, for a Dardan warrior slew  
Her husband as he leaped upon the land,  
The foremost of the Achaians. Yet his troops  
Were not without a leader, though they mourned  
Their brave old chief. Podarces, loved by Mars, —  
Son of Iphiclus, rich in flocks, who sprang 881  
From Phylacus, — led them and formed their ranks.



A younger brother of the slain was he.  
The slain was braver. Though the warriors grieved  
To lose their glorious chief, they did not lack 885  
A general. Forty dark ships followed him.

Then they who dwelt in Pheræ, by the lake  
Bæbeis, and in Bæbe, Glaphyræ,  
And nobly built Iolchos, came to Troy,  
Filling eleven galleys, and obeyed 890  
Eumelus, whom Alcestis the divine  
Bore to Admetus, — fairest, she, of all  
The house of Pelias and of womankind.

Those from Methonè and Olizon's rocks,  
And Melibœa and Thaumacia, filled 895  
Seven ships, with Philoctetes for their chief,  
A warrior skilled to bend the bow. Each bark  
Held fifty rowers, bowmen all, and armed  
For stubborn battle. But their leader lay  
Far in an island, suffering grievous pangs, — 900  
The hallowed isle of Lemnos. There the Greeks  
Left him, in torture from a venomed wound  
Made by a serpent's fangs. He lay and pined.  
Yet was the moment near when they who thus  
Forsook their king should think of him again. 905  
Meantime his troops were not without a chief;  
Though greatly they desired their ancient lord,  
For now the base-born Medon marshalled them,  
Son of Oileus. Rhene brought him forth  
To that destroyer of strong fortresses. 910

The men of Tricca and Ithome's hills,

And they who held Œchalia and the town  
 Of Eurytus the Œchalian, had for chiefs  
 Two sons of Æsculapius, healers both,  
 And skilful, — Podalirius one, and one 915  
 Machaon. Thirty hollow barks were theirs.

The dwellers of Ormenium, they whose homes  
 Were by the Hyperian fount, and they  
 Who held Asterium and the snowy peaks  
 Of Titanus, obeyed Eurypylus, 920  
 Evæmon's son, and far renowned. A fleet  
 Of forty dark-ribbed vessels followed him.

Those who possessed Argissa, those who held  
 Gyrtônè, Orthè, and Helonè, those  
 Who dwelt in Oloösön with white walls, 925  
 The sturdy warrior Polypætès led,  
 Son of Pirithoüs, who derived his birth  
 From deathless Jove. Hippodameia bore  
 The warrior to Pirithoüs on the day  
 When he took vengeance on the shaggy brood 930  
 Of Centaurs, and from Pelion drove them forth  
 To Æthicæ. Yet not alone in rule  
 Was Polypætès, for Leonteus, sprung  
 From the large-souled Coronus, Cæneus' son,  
 Shared with him the command. With them a fleet  
 Of forty dark-hulled vessels came to Troy. 935

Then Guneus came, with two and twenty ships  
 From Cythus. Under his command he held  
 The Enienes, and that sturdy race,  
 The Peribœan warriors, and the men 940

Who built on cold Dodona, or who tilled  
 The fields where pleasant Titaresius flows  
 And into Peneus pours his gentle stream,  
 Yet with its silver eddies mingles not,  
 But floats upon the current's face like oil, — 945  
 A Stygian stream by which the immortals swear.

With Prothoüs, Tenthredon's son, there came  
 The warriors of Magnesia, who abode  
 By Peneus, and by Pelion hung with woods ;  
 Swift-footed Prothoüs led these. They came 950  
 With forty dark-hulled galleys to the war.

These were the chiefs and princes of the Greeks.  
 Say, Muse, who most excelled among the kings,  
 And which the noblest steeds, of all that came  
 With the two sons of Atreus to the war ? 955

The noblest steeds were those in Pheræ bred,  
 That, guided by Eumelus, flew like birds, —  
 Alike in hue and age ; the plummet showed  
 Their height the same, and both were mares, and,  
 reared

By Phœbus of the silver bow among 960  
 The meadows of Pieria, they became  
 The terror of the bloody battle-field.  
 The mightiest of the chiefs, while yet in wrath  
 Achilles kept aloof, was Ajax, son  
 Of Telamon ; yet was Pelides far 965  
 The greater warrior, and the steeds which bore  
 That perfect hero were of noblest breed.  
 In his beaked galleys, swift to cut the sea,

Achilles lay, meanwhile, and nursed the wrath  
He bore to Agamemnon, Atreus' son, 970  
'The shepherd of the people. On the beach  
His warriors took their sport with javelins  
And quoits and bows, while near the chariots tied  
The horses, standing, browsed on lotus-leaves  
And parsley from the marshes. But beneath 975  
The tents the closely covered chariots stood,  
While idly through the camp the charioteers,  
Hither and thither sauntering, missed the sight  
Of their brave lord and went not to the field.

The army swept the earth as when a fire 980  
Devours the herbage of the plains. The ground  
Groaned under them as when the Thunderer Jove  
In anger with his lightnings smites the earth  
About Typhœus—where they say he lies—  
In Arimi. So fearfully the ground 985  
Groaned under that swift army as it moved.

Now to the Trojans the swift Iris came  
A messenger from ægis-bearing Jove,  
Tidings of bale she brought. They all had met—  
Old men and youths—in council at the gates 990  
Of Priam's mansion. There did Iris take  
Her station near the multitude, and spake,  
In voice and gesture like Polites, son  
Of Priam, who, confiding in his speed,  
Had stood a watcher for the sons of Troy 995  
On aged Æsyeta's lofty tomb,  
To give them warning when the Achaian host

Should issue from their galleys. Thus disguised,  
Swift Iris spake her message from the skies : —

“ Father ! thou art delighted with much speech,  
As once in time of peace, but now ’t is war, 1001  
Inevitable war, and close at hand.

I have seen many battles, yet have ne’er  
Beheld such armies, and so vast as these, —  
In number like the sands and summer leaves. 1005  
They march across the plain, prepared to give  
Battle beneath the city walls. To thee,  
O Hector, it belongs to heed my voice  
And counsel. Many are the allies within  
The walls of this great town of Priam, men 1010  
Of diverse race and speech. Let every chief  
Of these array his countrymen for war,  
And give them orders for the coming fight.”

She spake, and Hector heeded and obeyed  
The counsel of the goddess ; he dismissed 1015  
The assembly ; all the Trojans rushed to arms,  
And all the gates were opened. Horse and foot  
Poured forth together in tumultuous haste.

In the great plain before the city stands  
A mound of steep ascent on every side ; 1020  
Men named it Batia, but the gods  
Called it the swift Myrinna’s tomb ; and here  
Mustered the sons of Troy and their allies.

Great Hector of the beamy helm, the son  
Of Priam, led the Trojan race. The host 1025  
Of greatest multitude was marshalled there,

And there the bravest, mighty with the spear.

Æneas marshalled the Dardanian troops, —  
The brave son of Anchises. Venus bore  
The warrior to Anchises on the heights 1030  
Of Ida, where the mortal lover met  
The goddess. Yet he ruled them not alone ;  
Two chiefs, Antenor's sons Archelochus  
And Acamas, were with him in command,  
Expert in all the many arts of war. 1035

The Trojans from Zeleia, opulent men,  
Who drank the dark Æsepus, — over these  
Ruled Pandarus, Lycaon's valiant son,  
To whom the god Apollo gave his bow.

The troops from Adrasteia, they who dwelt 1040  
Within Apæsus' walls, or tilled the soil  
Of Pityeia and Tereia's heights,  
Were led by Amphius and Adrastus, clad  
In linen corselets for the war, the sons  
Of Merops the Percosian, skilled beyond 1045  
All other men in the diviner's art.

Nor would he that his sons should seek the field  
Of slaughter. They obeyed him not ; the fates  
Decreed their early death and urged them on.

The dwellers of Percote, Præctium, 1050  
And Sestus, and Abydus, and divine  
Arisba, followed Asius, great among  
The heroes and the son of Hyrtacus, —  
Asius, who came with strong and fiery steeds,  
Borne from Arisba and from Selleis' banks. 1055

Hippothoüs over the Pelasgian tribes —  
 Skilled spearman, who abode among the fields  
 Of the deep-soiled Larissa — bore command, —  
 Hippothoüs with Pylæus, who derived  
 Their race from Mars, and for their father claimed  
 Pelasgian Lethus, son of Teutamus. 1061

And Acamas, and Peiroüs, valiant chief,  
 Were captains of the Thracian men, whose fields  
 Were bounded by the rushing Hellespont.  
 Euphemus led the Cicones, expert 1065  
 To wield the spear in fight. The nobly-born  
 Trœzenus was his father. Ceas' son  
 Pyræchmes with Pæonia's archers came  
 From the broad Axius in far Amydon, —  
 Axius, the fairest river of the earth. 1070

Pylæmenes, a chief of fearless heart,  
 Led from the region of the Eneti,  
 Where first the stubborn race of mules was bred,  
 The Paphlagonian warriors, they who held  
 Cyturus, Sesamus, and fair abodes 1075  
 Built where Parthenius wanders on, and those  
 Who dwelt in Cromna and Ægialus,  
 And on the lofty Erythinian heights.

And Hodius and Epistrophus led on  
 The Halezonians from the distant land 1080  
 Of Alyba, where ores of silver lie.  
 And Chromis and the augur Ennomus  
 Were leaders of the Mysians ; but his skill  
 Saved not the augur from the doom of death,

Slain by the swift of foot, Æacides, 1085  
With other men of Troy where Xanthus flows.  
And Phorcys and Ascanius, who was like  
A god in beauty, led the Phrygian troops  
From far Ascania, eager for the fray.  
And Antiphus and Mesthles were the chiefs 1090  
Of the Mæonian warriors, reared beside  
The ships of Tmolus. There Gygæa's lake  
Brought forth both chieftains to Pylæmenes.

Nastes was leader of the Carian troops,  
Who spake in barbarous accents and possessed 1095  
Miletus and the leafy mountain heights  
Where dwell the Phthirians, and Mæander's stream,  
And airy peaks of Mycalè. O'er these  
Amphimachus and Nastes held command, —  
Amphimachus and Nastes, far renowned 1100  
Sons of Nomion, him who, madly vain,  
Went to the battle pranked like a young girl  
In golden ornaments. They spared him not  
The bitter doom of death ; he fell beneath  
The hand of swift Æacides within 1105  
The river's channel. There the great in war,  
Achilles, spoiled Nomion of his gold.

Sarpedon and the noble Glaucus bore  
Rule o'er the Lycians coming from afar,  
Where eddying Xanthus runs through Lycia's meads.



## BOOK III.

NOW when both armies were arrayed for war,  
Each with its chiefs, the Trojan host moved on  
With shouts and clang of arms, as when the cry  
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south  
From winter and its mighty breadth of rain, 5  
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn  
Bring fearful battle to the pygmy race,  
Bloodshed and death. But silently the Greeks  
Went forward, breathing valor, mindful still  
To aid each other in the coming fray. 10

As when the south wind shrouds a mountain-top  
In vapors that awake the shepherd's fear, —  
A surer covert for the thief than night, —  
And round him one can only see as far  
As one can hurl a stone, — such was the cloud 15  
Of dust that from the warriors' trampling feet  
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Now drew they near each other, face to face,  
And Paris in the Trojan van pressed on,  
In presence like a god. A leopard's hide 20  
Was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore  
A crooked bow and falchion. Brandishing  
Two brazen-pointed javelins, he defied  
To mortal fight the bravest of the Greeks.

Him, Menelaus, loved of Mars, beheld 25  
Advancing with large strides before the rest ;

And as a hungry lion who has made  
A prey of some large beast — a hornèd stag  
Or mountain goat — rejoices, and with speed  
Devours it, though swift hounds and sturdy youths 30  
Press on his flank, so Menelaus felt  
Great joy when Paris, of the godlike form,  
Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak  
His vengeance on the guilty one, and straight  
Sprang from his car to earth with all his arms. 35

But when the graceful Paris saw the chief  
Come toward him from the foremost ranks, his heart  
Was troubled, and he turned and passed among  
His fellow-warriors and avoided death.

As one, who meets within a mountain glade 40  
A serpent, starts aside with sudden fright,  
And takes the backward way with trembling limbs  
And cheeks all white, — the graceful Paris thus  
Before the son of Atreus shrank in fear,  
And mingled with the high-souled sons of Troy. 45  
Hector beheld and thus upbraided him  
Harshly : “ O luckless Paris, nobly formed,  
Yet woman-follower and seducer ! Thou  
Shouldst never have been born, or else at best  
Have died unwedded ; better were it far, 50  
Than thus to be a scandal and a scorn  
To all who look on thee. The long-haired Greeks,  
How they will laugh, who for thy gallant looks  
Deemed thee a hero, when there dwells in thee  
No spirit and no courage ? Wast thou such 55

When, crossing the great deep in thy stanch ships  
With chosen comrades, thou didst make thy way  
Among a stranger-people and bear off  
A beautiful woman from that distant land,  
Allied by marriage-ties to warrior-men, — 60  
A mischief to thy father and to us  
And all the people, to our foes a joy,  
And a disgrace to thee? Why couldst thou not  
Await Atrides? 'Then hadst thou been taught  
From what a valiant warrior thou didst take 65  
His blooming spouse. Thy harp will not avail,  
Nor all the gifts of Venus, nor thy locks,  
Nor thy fair form, when thou art laid in dust.  
Surely the sons of Troy are faint of heart,  
Else hadst thou, for the evil thou hast wrought, 70  
Been laid beneath a coverlet of stone."

Then Paris, of the godlike presence, spake  
In answer: "Hector, thy rebuke is just;  
Thou dost not wrong me. Dauntless is thy heart;  
'T is like an axe when, wielded by the hand 75  
That hews the shipwright's plank, it cuts right  
through,  
Doubling the wielder's force. Such tameless heart  
Dwells in thy bosom. Yet reproach me not  
With the fair gifts which golden Venus gave.  
Whatever in their grace the gods bestow 80  
Is not to be rejected: 't is not ours  
To choose what they shall give us. But if thou  
Desirest to behold my prowess shown

In combat, cause the Trojans and the Greeks  
 To pause from battle, while, between the hosts, 85  
 I and the warlike Menelaus strive  
 In single fight for Helen and her wealth.  
 Whoever shall prevail and prove himself  
 The better warrior, let him take with him  
 The treasure and the woman, and depart ; 90  
 While all the other Trojans, having made  
 A faithful league of amity, shall dwell  
 On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks  
 Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,  
 And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames." 95

He spake, and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,  
 And went between the hosts, and with his spear,  
 Held by the middle, pressed the phalanxes  
 Of Trojans back, and made them all sit down.  
 The long-haired Greeks meanwhile, with bended  
 bows, 100

Took aim against him, just about to send  
 Arrows and stones ; but Agamemnon, king  
 Of men, beheld, and thus he cried aloud :—

“ Restrain yourselves, ye Argives ; let not fly  
 Your arrows, ye Achaians ; Hector asks — 105  
 He of the beamy helmet asks to speak.”

He spake, and they refrained, and all, at once,  
 Were silent. Hector then stood forth and said :—

“ Hearken, ye Trojans and ye nobly-armed  
 Achaians, to what Paris says by me. 110  
 He bids the Trojans and the Greeks lay down

Their shining arms upon the teeming earth,  
And he and Menelaus, loved of Mars,  
Will strive in single combat, on the ground  
Between the hosts, for Helen and her wealth ; 115  
And he who shall o'ercome, and prove himself  
The better warrior, to his home shall bear  
The treasure and the woman, while the rest  
Shall frame a solemn covenant of peace."

He spake, and both the hosts in silence heard. 120  
Then Menelaus, great in battle, said :—

"Now hear me also,—me whose spirit feels  
The wrong most keenly. I propose that now  
The Greeks and Trojans separate reconciled,  
For greatly have ye suffered for the sake 125  
Of this my quarrel, and the original fault  
Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains  
To perish, let him die ; but let the rest  
Be from this moment reconciled, and part.  
And bring an offering of two lambs — one white, 130  
The other black — to Earth and to the Sun,  
And we ourselves will offer one to Jove.  
And be the mighty Priam here, that he  
May sanction this our compact, — for his sons  
Are arrogant and faithless, — lest some hand 135  
Wickedly break the covenant of Jove.  
The younger men are of a fickle mood ;  
But when an elder shares the act he looks  
Both to the past and future, and provides  
What is most fitting and the best for all." 140

He spake, and both the Greeks and Trojans heard  
His words with joy, and hoped the hour was come  
To end the hard-fought war. They reined their  
steeds

Back to the ranks, alighted, and put off  
Their armor, which they laid upon the ground 145  
Near them in piles, with little space between.

Then Hector sent two heralds forth with speed  
Into the town, to bring the lambs and call  
King Priam. Meanwhile Agamemnon bade  
Talthybius seek the hollow ships and find 150  
A lamb for the altar. He obeyed the words  
Of noble Agamemnon, king of men.

Meanwhile to white-armed Helen Iris came  
A messenger. She took a form that seemed  
Laodice, the sister of Paris, whom 155  
Antenor's son, King Helicaon, wed, —  
Fairest of Priam's daughters. She drew near  
To Helen, in the palace, weaving there  
An ample web, a shining double-robe,  
Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought, 160  
Endured by the horse-taming sons of Troy  
And brazen-mailed Achaians for her sake  
Upon the field of Mars. Beside her stood  
Swift-footed Iris, and addressed her thus : —

“Dear lady, come and see the Trojan knights 165  
And brazen-mailed Achaians doing things  
To wonder at. They who, in this sad war,  
Eager to slay each other, lately met

In murderous combat on the field, are now  
Seated in silence, and the war hath ceased. 170  
They lean upon their shields, their massive spears  
Are near them, planted in the ground upright.  
Paris, and Menelaus, loved of Mars,  
With their long lances will contend for thee,  
And thou wilt be declared the victor's spouse." 175

She said, and in the heart of Helen woke  
Dear recollections of her former spouse  
And of her home and kindred. Instantly  
She left her chamber, robed and veiled in white,  
And shedding tender tears; yet not alone, 180  
For with her went two maidens, — Æthra, child  
Of Pitheus, and the large-eyed Clymene.  
Straight to the Scæan gates they walked, by which  
Panthoüs, Priam, and Thymœtes sat,  
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon sprung 185  
From Mars, Antenor and Ucalegon,  
Two sages, — elders of the people all.  
Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,  
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,  
Like the cicadas that within the wood 190  
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds.  
Such were the nobles of the Trojan race  
Who sat upon the tower. But when they marked  
The approach of Helen, to each other thus  
With winged words, but in low tones, they said: — 195

“Small blame is theirs, if both the Trojan knights  
And brazen-mailed Achæians have endured

So long so many evils for the sake  
Of that one woman. She is wholly like  
In feature to the deathless goddesses. 200  
So be it : let her, peerless as she is,  
Return on board the fleet, nor stay to bring  
Disaster upon us and all our race."

So spake the elders. Priam meantime called  
To Helen : "Come, dear daughter, sit by me. 205  
Thou canst behold thy former husband hence.  
Thy kindred and thy friends. I blame thee not ;  
The blame is with the immortals who have sent  
These pestilent Greeks against me. Sit and name  
For me this mighty man, the Grecian chief, 210  
Gallant and tall. True, there are taller men ;  
But of such noble form and dignity  
I never saw : in truth, a kingly man."

And Helen, fairest among women, thus  
Answered : "Dear second father, whom at once 215  
I fear and honor, would that cruel death  
Had overtaken me before I left,  
To wander with thy son, my marriage-bed,  
And my dear daughter, and the company  
Of friends I loved. But that was not to be ; 220  
And now I pine and weep. Yet will I tell  
What thou dost ask. The hero whom thou seest  
Is the wide-ruling Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus, and is both a gracious king  
And a most dreaded warrior. He was once 225  
Brother-in-law to me, if I may speak —



Lost as I am to shame — of such a tie.”

She said, the aged man admired, and then  
He spake again : “ O son of Atreus, born  
Under a happy fate, and fortunate 230  
Among the sons of men ! A mighty host  
Of Grecian youths obey thy rule. I went  
To Phrygia once, — that land of vines, — and there  
Saw many Phrygians, heroes on fleet steeds,  
The troops of Otreus, and of Mygdon, shaped 235  
Like one of the immortals. They encamped  
By the Sangarius. I was an ally ;  
My troops were ranked with theirs upon the day  
When came the unsexed Amazons to war.  
Yet even there I saw not such a host 240  
As this of black-eyed Greeks who muster here.”

Then Priam saw Ulysses, and inquired : —  
“ Dear daughter, tell me also who is that,  
Less tall than Agamemnon, yet more broad  
In chest and shoulders. On the teeming earth 245  
His armor lies, but he, from place to place,  
Walks round among the ranks of soldiery,  
As when the thick-fleeced father of the flocks  
Moves through the multitude of his white sheep.”

And Jove-descended Helen answered thus : — 250  
“ That is Ulysses, man of many arts,  
Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca,  
That rugged isle, and skilled in every form  
Of shrewd device and action wisely planned.”

Then spake the sage Antenor : “ Thou hast said 255

The truth, O lady. This Ulysses once  
Came on an embassy, concerning thee,  
To Troy with Menelaus, great in war ;  
And I received them as my guests, and they  
Were lodged within my palace, and I learned 260  
The temper and the qualities of both.  
When both were standing 'mid the men of Troy,  
I marked that Menelaus's broad chest  
Made him the more conspicuous, but when both  
Were seated, greater was the dignity 265  
Seen in Ulysses. When they both addressed  
The council, Menelaus briefly spake  
In pleasing tones, though with few words, — as one  
Not given to loose and wandering speech, — although  
The younger. When the wise Ulysses rose, 270  
He stood with eyes cast down, and fixed on earth,  
And neither swayed his sceptre to the right  
Nor to the left, but held it motionless,  
Like one unused to public speech. He seemed  
An idiot out of humor. But when forth 275  
He sent from his full lungs his mighty voice,  
And words came like a fall of winter snow,  
No mortal then would dare to strive with him,  
For mastery in speech. We less admired  
The aspect of Ulysses than his words." 280

Beholding Ajax then, the aged king  
Asked yet again : " Who is that other chief  
Of the Achaians, tall, and large of limb, —  
Taller and broader-chested than the rest ? "

Helen, the beautiful and richly-robed, 285  
Answered : " Thou seest the mighty Ajax there,  
The bulwark of the Greeks. On the other side,  
Among his Cretans, stands Idomeneus,  
Of godlike aspect, near to whom are grouped  
The leaders of the Cretans. Oftentimes 290  
The warlike Menelaus welcomed him  
Within our palace, when he came from Crete.  
I could point out and name the other chiefs  
Of the dark-eyed Achaians. Two alone,  
Princes among their people, are not seen, — 295  
Castor the fearless horseman, and the skilled  
In boxing, Pollux, — twins ; one mother bore  
Both them and me. Came they not with the rest  
From pleasant Lacedæmon to the war ?  
Or, having crossed the deep in their good ships, 300  
Shun they to fight among the valiant ones  
Of Greece, because of my reproach and shame ? "

She spake ; but they already lay in earth  
In Lacedæmon, their dear native land.

And now the heralds through the city bore 305  
The sacred pledges of the gods, — two lambs,  
And joyous wine, the fruit of Earth, within  
A goat-skin. One of them — Idæus — brought  
A glistening vase and golden drinking-cups,  
And summoned, in these words, the aged king : — 310

" Son of Laomedon, arise ! The chiefs  
Who lead the Trojan knights and brazen-mailed  
Achaians pray thee to descend at once

Into the plain, that thou mayst ratify  
A faithful compact. Alexander now 315  
And warlike Menelaus will contend  
With their long spears for Helen. She and all  
Her treasures are to be the conqueror's prize ;  
While all the other Trojans, having made  
A faithful league of amity, shall dwell 320  
On Ilium's fertile plain, and all the Greeks  
Return to Argos, famed for noble steeds,  
And to Achaia, famed for lovely dames."

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, heard and bade  
The attendants yoke the horses to his car. 325  
Soon were they yoked ; he mounted first and drew  
The reins ; Antenor took a place within  
The sumptuous car, and through the Scean gates  
They guided the fleet coursers toward the field.

Now when the twain had come where lay the  
                  hosts 330  
Of Trojans and Achaians, down they stepped  
Upon the teeming earth, and went among  
The assembled armies. Quickly, as they came,  
Rose Agamemnon, king of men, and next  
Uprose the wise Ulysses. To the spot 335  
The illustrious heralds brought the sacred things  
That bind a treaty, and with mingled wine  
They filled a chalice, and upon the hands  
Of all the kings poured water. Then the son  
Of Atreus drew a dagger which he wore 340  
Slung by his sword's huge sheath, and clipped away

The forelocks of the lambs, and parted them  
Among the Trojan and Achaian chiefs,  
And stood with lifted hands and prayed aloud : —

“O Father Jupiter, who rulest all 345  
From Ida, mightiest, most august ! and thou,  
O all-beholding and all-hearing Sun !  
Ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye who dwell  
Beneath the earth and punish after death  
Those who have sworn false oaths, bear witness ye, 350  
And keep unbroken this day’s promises.  
If Alexander in the combat slay  
My brother Menelaus, he shall keep  
Helen and all her wealth, while we return  
Homeward in our good ships. If, otherwise, 355  
The bright-haired Menelaus take the life  
Of Alexander, Helen and her wealth  
Shall be restored, and they of Troy shall pay  
Such fine as may be meet, and may be long  
Remembered in the ages yet to come. 360  
And then if, after Alexander’s fall,  
Priam and Priam’s sons refuse the fine,  
I shall make war for it, and keep my place  
By Troy until I gain the end I seek.”

So spake the king, and with the cruel steel 365  
Cut the lambs’ throats, and laid them on the ground,  
Panting and powerless, for the dagger took  
Their lives away. Then over them they poured  
Wine from the chalice, drawn in golden cups,  
And prayed to the ever-living gods ; and thus 370

Were Trojans and Achaïans heard to say :—

“O Jupiter most mighty and august !

Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths,  
So may their brains flow down upon the earth, —  
Theirs and their children’s, — like the wine we pour,  
And be their wives the wives of other men.” 376

Such was the people’s vow. Saturnian Jove  
Confirmed it not. Then Priam, of the line  
Of Dardanus, addressed the armies thus :—

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greaved  
Greeks ! 380

For me I must return to wind-swept Troy.  
I cannot bear, with these old eyes, to look  
On my dear son engaged in desperate fight  
With Menelaus, the beloved of Mars.

Jove and the ever-living gods alone 385  
Know which of them shall meet the doom of death.”

So spake the godlike man, and placed the lambs  
Within his chariot, mounted, and drew up  
The reins. Antenor by him took his place  
Within the sumptuous chariot. Then they turned 390  
The horses and retraced their way to Troy.

But Hector, son of Priam, and the great  
Ulysses measured off a fitting space,  
And in a brazen helmet, to decide  
Which warrior first should hurl the brazen spear, 395  
They shook the lots, while all the people round  
Lifted their hands to heaven and prayed the gods ;  
And thus the Trojans and Achaïans said :—

“O Father Jove, who rulest from the top  
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august! 400  
Whichever of these twain has done the wrong,  
Grant that he pass to Pluto’s dwelling, slain,  
While friendship and a faithful league are ours.”

So spake they. Hector of the beamy helm  
Looked back and shook the lots. Forth leaped at  
once 405

The lot of Paris. Then they took their seats  
In ranks beside their rapid steeds, and where  
Lay their rich armor. Paris the divine,  
Husband of bright-haired Helen, there put on  
His shining panoply, — upon his legs 410  
Fair greaves, with silver clasps, and on his breast  
His brother’s mail, Lycaon’s, fitting well  
His form. Around his shoulders then he hung  
His silver-studded sword, and stout, broad shield,  
And gave his glorious brows the dreadful helm, 415  
Dark with its horse-hair plume. A massive spear  
Filled his right hand. Meantime the warlike son  
Of Atreus clad himself in like array.

And now when both were armed for fight, and each  
Had left his host, and, coming forward, walked 420  
Between the Trojans and the Greeks, and frowned  
Upon the other, a mute wonder held  
The Trojan cavaliers and well-greaved Greeks.  
There near each other in the measured space  
They stood in wrathful mood with lifted spears. 425

First Paris hurled his massive spear ; it smote

The round shield of Atrides, but the brass  
Broke not beneath the blow ; the weapon's point  
Was bent on that strong shield. The next assault  
Atrides Menelaus made, but first 430  
Offered this prayer to Father Jupiter : —

“ O sovereign Jove ! vouchsafe that I avenge  
On guilty Paris wrongs which he was first  
To offer ; let him fall beneath my hand,  
That men may dread hereafter to requite 435  
The friendship of a host with injury.”

He spake, and flung his brandished spear ; it  
smote

The round shield of Priamides ; right through  
The shining buckler went the rapid steel,  
And, cutting the soft tunic near the flank, 440  
Stood fixed in the fair corselet. Paris bent  
Sideways before it and escaped his death.  
Atrides drew his silver-studded sword,  
Lifted it high and smote his enemy's crest.  
The weapon, shattered to four fragments, fell. 445  
He looked to the broad heaven, and thus ex-  
claimed : —

“ O Father Jove ! thou art of all the gods  
The most unfriendly. I had hoped to avenge  
The wrong by Paris done me, but my sword  
Is broken in my grasp, and from my hand 450  
The spear was vainly flung and gave no wound.”

He spake, and, rushing forward, seized the helm  
Of Paris by its horse-hair crest, and turned



And dragged him toward the well-armed Greeks.

Beneath

His tender throat the embroidered band that held <sup>455</sup>

The helmet to the chin was choking him.

And now had Menelaus dragged him thence,

And earned great glory, if the child of Jove,

Venus, had not perceived his plight in time.

She broke the ox-hide band ; an empty helm <sup>460</sup>

Followed the powerful hand ; the hero saw,

Swung it aloft and hurled it toward the Greeks,

And there his comrades seized it. He again

Rushed with his brazen spear to slay his foe.

But Venus — for a goddess easily <sup>465</sup>

Can work such marvels — rescued him, and, wrapped

In a thick shadow, bore him from the field

And placed him in his chamber, where the air

Was sweet with perfumes. Then she took her way

To summon Helen. On the lofty tower <sup>470</sup>

She found her, midst a throng of Trojan dames,

And plucked her perfumed robe. She took the form

And features of a spinner of the fleece,

An aged dame, who used to comb for her

The fair white wool in Lacedæmon's halls, <sup>475</sup>

And loved her much. In such an humble guise

The goddess Venus thus to Helen spake : —

“ Come hither, Alexander sends for thee ;

He now is in his chamber and at rest

On his carved couch ; in beauty and attire <sup>480</sup>

Resplendent, not like one who just returns

From combat with a hero, but like one  
Who goes to mingle in the choral dance,  
Or, when the dance is ended, takes his seat."

She spake, and Helen heard her, deeply moved ;  
Yet when she marked the goddess's fair neck, 486  
Beautiful bosom, and soft, lustrous eyes,  
Her heart was touched with awe, and thus she said :—

"Strange being ! why wilt thou delude me still ?  
Wouldst thou decoy me further on among 490  
The populous Phrygian towns, or those that stud  
Pleasant Mæonia, where there haply dwells  
Some one of mortal race whom thou dost deign  
To make thy favorite. Hast thou seen, perhaps,  
That Menelaus, having overpowered 495  
The noble Alexander, seeks to bear  
Me, hated as I must be, to his home ?  
And hast thou therefore fallen on this device ?  
Go to him, sit by him, renounce for him  
The company of gods, and never more 500  
Return to heaven, but suffer with him ; watch  
Beside him till he take thee for his wife  
Or handmaid. Thither I shall never go,  
To adorn his couch and to disgrace myself.  
The Trojan dames would taunt me. O, the griefs 505  
That press upon my soul are infinite !"

Displeased, the goddess Venus answered : "Wretch,  
Incense me not, lest I abandon thee  
In anger, and detest thee with a zeal  
As great as is my love, and lest I cause 510

Trojans and Greeks to hate thee, so that thou  
Shalt miserably perish." Thus she spake ;  
And Helen, Jove-begotten, struck with awe,  
Wrapped in a robe of shining white, went forth  
In silence from amidst the Trojan dames, 515  
Unheeded, for the goddess led the way.

When now they stood beneath the sumptuous roof  
Of Alexander, straightway did the maids  
Turn to their wonted tasks, while she went up,  
Fairest of women, to her chamber. There 520  
The laughing Venus brought and placed a seat  
Right opposite to Paris. Helen sat,  
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, with eyes  
Averted, and reproached her husband thus :—

"Com'st thou from battle? Rather would that  
thou 525

Hadst perished by the mighty hand of him  
Who was my husband. It was once, I know,  
Thy boast that thou wert more than peer in strength  
And power of hand, and practice with the spear,  
To warlike Menelaus. Go then now, 530  
Defy him to the combat once again.  
And yet I counsel thee to stand aloof,  
Nor rashly seek a combat, hand to hand,  
With fair-haired Menelaus, lest perchance  
He smite thee with his spear and thou be slain." 535

Then Paris answered : "Woman, chide me not  
Thus harshly. True it is, that, with the aid  
Of Pallas, Menelaus hath obtained

The victory ; but I may vanquish him  
In turn, for we have also gods with us. 540  
Give we the hour to dalliance ; never yet  
Have I so strongly proved the power of love, —  
Not even when I bore thee from thy home  
In pleasant Lacedæmon, traversing  
The deep in my good ships, and in the isle 545  
Of Cranaë made thee mine, — such glow of love  
Possesses me, and sweetness of desire.”

He spake, and to the couch went up ; his wife  
Followed, and that fair couch received them both.

Meantime Atrides, like a beast of prey, 550  
Went fiercely ranging through the crowd in search  
Of godlike Alexander. None of all  
The Trojans, or of their renowned allies,  
Could point him out to Menelaus, loved  
Of Mars ; and had they known his lurking-place 555  
They would not for his sake have kept him hid,  
For like black death they hated him. Then stood  
Among them Agamemnon, king of men,  
And spake : “Ye Trojans and Achæians, hear,  
And ye allies. The victory belongs 560  
To warlike Menelaus. Ye will then  
Restore the Argive Helen and her wealth,  
And pay the fitting fine, which shall remain  
A memory to men in future times.”

Thus spake the son of Atreus, and the rest 565  
Of the Achæian host approved his words.

## BOOK IV.

**M**EANTIME the immortal gods with Jupiter  
Upon his golden pavement sat and held  
A council. Hebe, honored of them all,  
Ministered nectar, and from cups of gold  
They pledged each other, looking down on 'Troy. 5  
When, purposely to kindle Juno's mood  
To anger, Saturn's son, with biting words  
That well betrayed his covert meaning, spake :—

“Two goddesses — the Argive Juno one,  
The other Pallas, her invincible friend — 10  
Take part with Menelaus, yet they sit  
Aloof, content with looking on, while still  
Venus, the laughter-loving one, protects  
Her Paris, ever near him, warding off  
The stroke of fate. Just now she rescued him 15  
When he was near his death. The victory  
Belongs to Menelaus, loved of Mars.  
Now let us all consider what shall be  
The issue, — whether we allow the war,  
With all its waste of life, to be renewed, 20  
Or cause the warring nations to sit down  
In amity. If haply it shall be  
The pleasure and the will of all the gods,  
Let Priam's city keep its dwellers still,  
And Menelaus lead his Helen home.” 25

He spake, but Juno and Minerva sat,

And with closed lips repined, for secretly  
They plotted evil for the Trojan race.  
Minerva held her peace in bitterness  
Of heart and sore displeased with Father Jove. 30  
But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said!  
Wilt thou then render vain the toils I bear,  
And all my sweat? My very steeds even now  
Are weary with the mustering of the host 35  
That threaten woe to Priam and his sons.  
Yet do thy will ; but be at least assured  
That all the other gods approve it not.”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied  
In anger : “Pestilent one ! what grievous wrong 40  
Hath Priam done to thee, or Priam’s sons,  
That thou shouldst persevere to overthrow  
His noble city? Shouldst thou through the gates  
Of Ilium make thy way, and there devour,  
Within the ramparts, Priam and his sons 45  
And all the men of Troy alive, thy rage  
Haply might be appeased. Do as thou wilt,  
So that this difference breed no lasting strife  
Between us. Yet I tell thee this, — and thou  
Bear what I say in mind : In time to come, 50  
Should I design to level in the dust  
Some city where men dear to thee are born,  
Seek not to thwart my vengeance, but submit.  
For now I fully yield me to thy wish,  
Though with unwilling mind. Wherever dwell 55

The race of humankind beneath the sun  
And starry heaven, of all their cities Troy  
Has been by me most honored, — sacred Troy, —  
And Priam, and the people who obey  
Priam, the wielder of the ashen spear; 60  
For there my altars never lacked their rites, —  
Feasts, incense, and libations duly paid."

Then Juno, the majestic, with large eyes,  
Rejoined : "The cities most beloved by me  
Are three, — Mycenæ, with her spacious streets, 65  
Argos, and Sparta. Raze them to the ground,  
If they be hateful to thee. I shall ne'er  
Contend to save them, nor repine to see  
Their fall ; for, earnestly as I might seek  
To rescue them from ruin, all my aid 70  
Would not avail, so much the mightier thou.  
Yet doth it ill become thee thus to make  
My efforts vain. I am a goddess, sprung  
From the same stock with thee ; I am the child  
Of crafty Saturn, and am twice revered, — 75  
Both for my birth and that I am the spouse  
Of thee who rulest over all the gods.  
Now let us each yield somewhat, — I to thee  
And thou to me ; the other deathless gods  
Will follow us. Let Pallas be despatched 80  
To that dread battle-field on which are ranged  
The Trojans and Achæians, and stir up  
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands  
Against the elated Greeks and break the league."

She ended, and the Father of the gods 85  
And mortals instantly complied, and called  
Minerva, and in wingèd accents said :—  
“Haste to the battle-field, and there, among  
The Trojan and Achaian armies, cause  
The Trojan warriors first to lift their hands 90  
Against the elated Greeks and break the league.”

So saying, Jupiter to Pallas gave  
The charge she wished already. She in haste  
Shot from the Olympian summits, like a star  
Sent by the crafty Saturn's son to warn 95  
The seamen or some mighty host in arms, —  
A radiant meteor scattering sparkles round.  
So came and lighted Pallas on the earth  
Amidst the armies. All who saw were seized  
With wonder, — Trojan knights and well-armed  
Greeks ; 100

And many a one addressed his comrade thus :—

“Sure we shall have the wasting war again,  
And stubborn combats ; or, it may be, Jove,  
The arbiter of wars among mankind,  
Decrees that the two nations dwell in peace.” 105

So Greeks and Trojans said. The goddess went  
Among the Trojan multitude disguised ;  
She seemed Laodocus, Antenor's son,  
A valiant warrior, seeking through the ranks  
For godlike Pandarus. At length she found 110  
Lycaon's gallant and illustrious son,  
Standing with bucklered warriors ranged around,



Who followed him from where Æsepus flows ;  
And, standing near, she spake these wingèd words :—

“ Son of Lycaon ! wilt thou hear my words,      115  
Brave as thou art ? Then wilt thou aim a shaft  
At Menelaus ; thus wilt thou have earned  
Great thanks and praise from all the men of Troy,  
And chiefly from Prince Paris, who will fill,  
Foremost of all, thy hands with lavish gifts,      120  
When he shall look on Menelaus slain —  
The warlike son of Atreus — by thy hand,  
And laid upon his lofty funeral pile.  
Aim now at Menelaus the renowned  
An arrow, while thou offerest a vow      125  
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,  
That thou wilt bring to him a hecatomb  
Of firstling lambs, when thou again shalt come  
Within thine own Zeleia’s sacred walls.”

So spake Minerva, and her words o’ercame      130  
The weak one’s purpose. He uncovered straight  
His polished bow, made of the elastic horns  
Of a wild goat, which, from his lurking-place,  
As once it left its cavern lair, he smote,  
And pierced its breast, and stretched it on the rock.  
Full sixteen palms in length the horns had grown      136  
From the goat’s forehead. These an artisan  
Had smoothed, and, aptly fitting each to each,  
Polished the whole and tipped the work with gold.  
To bend that bow, the warrior lowered it      140  
And pressed an end against the earth. His friends

Held up, meanwhile, their shields before his face,  
Lest the brave sons of Greece should lift their spears  
Against him ere the champion of their host,  
The warlike Menelaus, should have felt 145  
The arrow. Then the Lycian drew aside  
The cover from his quiver, taking out  
A well-fledged arrow that had never flown, —  
A cause of future sorrows. On the string  
He laid that fatal arrow, while he made 150  
To Lycian Phœbus, mighty with the bow,  
A vow to sacrifice before his shrine  
A noble hecatomb of firstling lambs  
When he should come again to his abode  
Within his own Zeleia's sacred walls. 155  
Grasping the bowstring and the arrow's notch,  
He drew them back, and forced the string to meet  
His breast, the arrow-head to meet the bow,  
Till the bow formed a circle. Then it twanged.  
The cord gave out a shrilly sound ; the shaft 160  
Leaped forth in eager haste to reach the host.

Yet, Menelaus, then the blessed gods,  
The deathless ones, forgot thee not ; and first,  
Jove's daughter, gatherer of spoil, who stood  
Before thee, turned aside the deadly shaft. 165  
As when a mother, while her child is wrapped  
In a sweet slumber, scares away the fly,  
So Pallas turned the weapon from thy breast,  
And guided it to where the golden clasps  
Made fast the belt, and where the corselet's mail 170

Was doubled. There the bitter arrow struck  
The belt, and through its close contexture passed,  
And fixed within the well-wrought corselet stood,  
Yet reached the plated quilt which next his skin  
The hero wore, — his surest guard against 175  
The weapon's force, — and broke through that  
alike ;

And there the arrow gashed the part below,  
And the dark blood came gushing from the wound.  
As when some Carian or Mæonian dame  
Tinges with purple the white ivory, 180  
To form a trapping for the cheeks of steeds, —  
And many a horseman covets it, yet still  
It lies within her chamber, to become  
The onarment of some great monarch's steed  
And make its rider proud, — thy shapely thighs, 185  
Thy legs, and thy fair ankles thus were stained,  
O Menelaus ! with thy purple blood.

When Agamemnon, king of men, beheld  
The dark blood flowing from his brother's wound,  
He shuddered. Menelaus, great in war, 190  
Felt the like horror ; yet, when he perceived  
That still the arrow, neck and barb, remained  
Without the mail, the courage rose again  
That filled his bosom. Agamemnon, then,  
The monarch, sighing deeply, took the hand 195  
Of Menelaus, — while his comrades round  
Like him lamented, — sighing as he spake : —

“ Dear brother, when I sent thee forth alone

To combat with the Trojans for the Greeks,  
I ratified a treaty for thy death, — 200  
Since now the Trojans smite and under foot  
Trample the league. Yet not in vain shall be  
The treaty, nor the blood of lambs, nor wine  
Poured to the gods, nor right hands firmly pledged ;  
For though it please not now Olympian Jove 205  
To make the treaty good, he will in time  
Cause it to be fulfilled, and they shall pay  
Dearly with their own heads and with their wives  
And children for this wrong. And this I know  
In my undoubting mind, — a day will come 210  
When sacred Troy and Priam and the race  
Governed by Priam, mighty with the spear,  
Shall perish all. Saturnian Jove, who sits  
On high, a dweller of the upper air,  
Shall shake his dreadful ægis in the sight 215  
Of all, indignant at this treachery.  
Such the event will be ; but I shall grieve  
Bitterly, Menelaus, if thou die,  
Thy term of life cut short. I shall go back  
To my dear Argos with a brand of shame 220  
Upon me. For the Greeks will soon again  
Bethink them of their country ; we shall then  
Leave Argive Helen to remain the boast  
Of Priam and the Trojans, — while thy bones  
Shall moulder, mingling with the earth of Troy, — 225  
Our great design abandoned. Then shall say  
Some haughty Trojan, leaping on the tomb

Of Menelaus : ' So in time to come  
May Agamemnon wreak his wrath, as here  
He wreaked it, whither he had vainly led 230  
An army, and now hastens to his home  
And his own land, with ships that bear no spoil,  
And the brave Menelaus left behind.'  
So shall some Trojan say ; but, ere that time,  
May the earth open to receive my bones ! " 235

The fair-haired Menelaus cheerfully  
Replied : " Grieve not, nor be the Greeks alarmed  
For me, since this sharp arrow has not found  
A vital part, but, ere it reached so far,  
The embroidered belt, the quilt beneath, and plate 240  
Wrought by the armorer's cunning, broke its force."

King Agamemnon took the word and said : —  
" Dear Menelaus ! would that it were so,  
Yet the physician must explore thy wound,  
And with his balsams soothe the bitter pain." 245  
Then turning to Talthybius, he addressed  
The sacred herald : " Hasten with all speed,  
Talthybius ; call Machaon, warrior-son  
Of Æsculapius, that much-honored leech,  
And bring him to the Achaian general, 250  
The warlike Menelaus, whom some hand  
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend  
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed  
For him to exult in, but a grief to us."

He spake ; nor failed the herald to obey, 255  
But hastened at the word and passed among

The squadrons of Achaia, mailed in brass,  
In search of great Machaon. Him he found  
As midst the valiant ranks of bucklered men  
He stood, — the troops who followed him to war <sup>260</sup>  
From Triccæ, nurse of steeds. Then, drawing near,  
The herald spake to him in wingèd words :—

“O son of Æsculapius, come in haste.  
King Agamemnon calls thee to the aid  
Of warlike Menelaus, whom some hand <sup>265</sup>  
Of Trojan or of Lycian, skilled to bend  
The bow, hath wounded with his shaft, — a deed  
For him to exult in, but a grief to us.”

Machaon's heart was touched, and forth they went  
Through the great throng, the army of the Greeks. <sup>270</sup>  
And when they came where Atreus' warlike son  
Was wounded, they perceived the godlike man  
Standing amid a circle of the chiefs,  
The bravest of the Achaians, who at once  
Had gathered round. Without delay he drew <sup>275</sup>  
The arrow from the fairly-fitted belt.  
The barbs were bent in drawing. Then he loosed  
The embroidered belt, the quilted vest beneath,  
And plate, — the armorer's work, — and carefully  
O'erlooked the wound where fell the bitter shaft, <sup>280</sup>  
Cleansed it from blood, and sprinkled over it  
With skill the soothing balsams which of yore  
The friendly Chiron to his father gave.

While round the warlike Menelaus thus  
The chiefs were busy, all the Trojans moved <sup>285</sup>

Into array of battle ; they put on  
 Their armor, and were eager for the fight.  
 Then wouldst thou not have seen, hadst thou been  
                   there,

King Agamemnon slumbering, or in fear,  
 And skulking from the combat, but alert, 230  
 Preparing for the glorious tasks of war.

His horses, and his chariot bright with brass,  
 He left, and bade Eurymedon, his groom,  
 The son of Ptolemy Piraides,

Hold them apart still panting, yet with charge 295  
 To keep them near their master, till the hour  
 When he should need them, weary with the toil

Of such a vast command. Meantime he went  
 On foot among his files of soldiery,  
 And whomsoe'er he found with fiery steeds 300

Hasting to battle, thus he cheered them on : —

“ O Argives ! let not your hot courage cool,  
 For Father Jove will never take the part  
 Of treachery. Whosoe'er have been the first  
 To break the league, upon their lifeless limbs 305  
 Shall vultures feast ; and doubt not we shall bear  
 Away in our good ships the wives they love  
 And their young children, when we take their town.”

But whomsoe'er he saw that kept afar  
 From the dread field, he angrily rebuked : — 310

“ O Argives ! who with arrows only fight,  
 Base as ye are, have ye no sense of shame ?  
 Why stand ye stupefied, like fawns, that, tired

With coursing the wide pastures, stop at last,  
Their strength exhausted ! Thus ye stand amazed,  
Nor think of combat. Wait ye for the hour 316  
When to your ships, with their fair-sculptured prows,  
Moored on the borders of the hoary deep,  
The Trojans come, that haply ye may see  
If the great hand of Jove will shield you then ? ” 320

Thus Agamemnon, as supreme in power,  
Threaded the warrior-files, until he came  
Where stood the Cretans. All in arms they stood  
Around Idomeneus, the great in war.  
Like a wild boar in strength, he led the van, 325  
And, in the rear, Meriones urged on  
His phalanxes. The king of men rejoiced,  
And blandly thus bespake Idomeneus : —

“ Idomeneus ! I honor thee above  
The other knights of Greece, as well in war 330  
As in all other labors, and no less  
In banquets, when the Achaian nobles charge  
Their goblets with the dark-red mingled wine  
In sign of honor. All the other Greeks  
Drink by a certain measure, but thy cup 335  
Stands ever full, like mine, that thou mayst drink  
When thou desirest. Hasten to the war  
With all the valor thou dost glory in.”

The Cretan chief, Idomeneus, replied : —  
“ Atrides, I remain thy true ally, 340  
As I have pledged my faith. But thou exhort  
The other long-haired Greeks, and bid them rush



To combat, since the Trojans break their oath.  
For woe and death must be the lot of those  
Who broke the peace they vowed so solemnly.” 345

He spake. The son of Atreus, glad at heart,  
Passed on among the squadrons, till he came  
To where the warriors Ajax formed their ranks  
For battle, with a cloud of infantry.

As when some goatherd from the hill-top sees 350  
A cloud that traverses the deep before

A strong west wind, — beholding it afar,  
Pitch-black it seems, and bringing o’er the waves  
A whirlwind with it ; he is seized with fear,  
And drives his flock to shelter in a cave, — 355

So with the warriors Ajax to the war  
Moved, dense and dark, the phalanxes of youths  
Trained for the combat, and their serried files  
Bristling with spears and shields. The king of men  
Saw with delight, and spake these wingèd words :—

“O warriors Ajax, leaders of the Greeks 361

In brazen armor, I enjoin you not  
To rouse the courage of your soldiery.  
Such word would ill become me, for yourselves  
Have made your followers eager to engage 365

In manful combat. Would to Jupiter,  
To Pallas, and Apollo, that there dwelt  
In every bosom such a soul as yours !

Then would the city of King Priam fall  
At once, o’erthrown and levelled by our hands.” 370

Thus having said, he left them and went on

To others. There he found the smooth of speech,  
Nestor, the Pylian orator, employed  
In marshalling his squadrons. Near to him  
Alastor and the large-limbed Pelagon, 375  
Chromius, and Hæmon, prince among his tribe,  
And Bias, shepherd of the people, stood.  
The cavalry with steeds and cars he placed  
In front. A vast and valiant multitude  
Of infantry he stationed in the rear, 380  
To be the bulwark of the war. Between  
He made the faint of spirit take their place,  
That, though unwillingly, they might be forced  
To combat with the rest. And first he gave  
His orders to the horsemen, bidding them 385  
To keep their coursers reined, nor let them range  
At random through the tumult of the crowd : —

“ And let no man, too vain of horsemanship,  
And trusting in his valor, dare advance  
Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy, 390  
Nor let him fall behind the rest, to make  
Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car  
Can reach an enemy's, let him stand and strike  
With his long spear, for 't is the shrewder way.  
By rules like these, which their brave hearts obeyed,  
The men of yore laid level towns and towers.” 395

The aged man, long versed in tasks of war,  
Counselled them thus. King Agamemnon heard,  
Delighted, and in wingèd words he said : —

“ O aged man, would that thy knees were firm 400

As is thy purpose, and thy strength as great !  
But age, the common fate of all, has worn  
Thy frame : would that some others had thy age,  
And thou wert of the number of our youths ! ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : —  
“ O son of Atreus, I myself could wish 406  
That I were now as when of yore I struck  
The high-born Ereuthalion down. The gods  
Bestow not all their gifts on man at once.  
If I were then a youth, old age in turn 410  
Is creeping o’er me. Still I keep among  
The knights, and counsel and admonish them, —  
The office of the aged. Younger men,  
They who can trust their strength, must wield the  
spear.”

He spake. The son of Atreus passed him by, 415  
Pleased with his words, and, moving onward, came  
Where — with the Athenians, ever prompt to raise  
The war-cry, grouped around him — stood the  
knight

Menestheus, son of Peteus. Near to these  
Was wise Ulysses, with his sturdy band 420  
Of Cephalonians. None of these had heard  
The clamor of the battle, for the hosts  
Of Trojan knights and Greeks had just begun  
To move, and there they waited for the advance  
Of other squadrons marching on to charge 425  
The Trojans and begin the war anew.  
The king of men, Atrides, was displeased,

And spake, and chid them thus with wingèd words:—

“ O son of Peteus, foster-child of Jove,  
And thou, the man of craft and evil wiles ! 430  
Why stand ye here aloof, irresolute,  
And wait for others ? Ye should be the first  
To meet the foe and stem the battle's rage.  
I bid you first to banquets which the Greeks  
Give to their leaders, where ye feast at will 435  
On roasted meats and bowls of pleasant wine.  
Now, ere ye move, ye willingly would see  
Ten Grecian squadrons join the deadly strife.”

The man of many arts, Ulysses, spake, 437  
And frowned : “ O Atreus' son ! what words are these  
Which pass thy lips ? How canst thou say that we  
Avoid the battle ? Ever when the Greeks  
Seek bloody conflict with the Trojan knights,  
Thou, if thou wilt, and if thou givest heed  
To things like these, shalt with thine eyes behold 445  
The father of Telemachus engaged  
In combat with the foremost knights that form  
The Trojan van. Thou utterest empty words.”

King Agamemnon, when he saw the chief  
Offended, changed his tone, and, smiling, said : — 450

“ Son of Laertes, nobly-born and wise  
Ulysses ! It is not for me to chide  
Nor to exhort thee, for thy heart, I know,  
Counsels thee kindly toward me, and thy thought  
Agrees with mine. We will discuss all this 455  
Hereafter. If just now too harsh a word

Was uttered, may the immortals make it vain ! ”

So saying, he departed, and went on  
To others. By his steeds and by his car,  
That shone with fastenings of brass, he found 460  
The son of Tydeus, large-souled Diomed,  
And Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,  
Standing beside him. Looking at them both,  
King Agamemnon to Tydides spake  
In wingèd words, and thus reproved the chief :— 465

“ O son of Tydeus, that undaunted knight !  
What is there to appall thee ? Why look through  
The spaces that divide the warlike ranks ?  
Not thus did Tydeus feel the touch of fear,  
But ever foremost of his warriors fought. 470  
So they declare who saw his deeds, for I  
Was never with him, nor have ever seen  
The hero. Yet they say that he excelled  
All others. Certain is it that he once  
Entered Mycenæ as a friendly guest, 475  
With no array of soldiery, but came  
With godlike Polynices. ’T was the time  
When warrior-bands were gathered to besiege  
The sacred walls of Thebes, and earnestly  
They prayed that from Mycenæ they might lead 480  
Renowned auxiliars to the war, and we  
Would willingly have given the aid they asked, —  
For we approved the prayer, — but Jove, with signs  
Of angry omen, changed our purposes.  
The chiefs departed, journeying on to where 485

Asopus flows through reeds and grass, and thence  
 The Achæians sent an embassy to Thebes  
 By Tydeus. There he met the many sons  
 Of Cadmus at the banquets in the hall  
 Of valiant Eteocles. Though alone 470  
 Among so many, and a stranger-guest,  
 The hero feared them not, but challenged them  
 To vie with him in games ; and easily  
 He won the victory, such aid was given  
 By Pallas. Then the sons of Cadmus, skilled 495  
 In horsemanship, were wroth, and privily  
 Sent fifty armed youths to lie in wait  
 For his return. Two leaders had the band, —  
 Maion, the son of Hæmon, like a god  
 In form, and Lycophontes, brave in war, 500  
 Son of Autophonos. A bloody death  
 Did Tydeus give the youths. He slew them all  
 Save Maion, whom he suffered to return,  
 Obedient to an omen from the gods.  
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus ; but his son, 505  
 A better speaker, is less brave in war.”

He spake ; and valiant Diomed, who heard  
 The king's reproof with reverence, answered not.  
 Then spake the son of honored Capaneus : —

“ Atrides, speak not falsely, when thou know'st 510  
 The truth so well. Assuredly we claim  
 To be far braver than our fathers were.  
 We took seven-gated Thebes with fewer troops  
 Than theirs, when, trusting in the omens sent

From heaven, and in the aid of Jupiter, 515  
We led our men beneath the city walls  
Sacred to Mars. Our fathers perished there  
Through their own folly. Therefore never seek  
To place them in the same degree with us."

The brave Tydides with a frown replied : — 520  
"Nay, hold thy peace, my friend, and heed my words.  
Of Agamemnon I will not complain, —  
The shepherd of the people ; it is his  
To exhort the well-armed Greeks to gallant deeds.  
Great glory will attend him if the Greeks 525  
Shall overcome the Trojans, and shall take  
The sacred Ilium ; but his grief will be  
Bitter if we shall fail and be destroyed.  
Hence think we only of the furious charge !"

He spake, and from his chariot leaped to earth 530  
All armed ; the mail upon the monarch's breast  
Rang terribly as he marched swiftly on.  
The boldest might have heard that sound with fear.

As when the ocean-billows, surge on surge,  
Are pushed along to the resounding shore 535  
Before the western wind, and first a wave  
Uplifts itself, and then against the land  
Dashes and roars, and round the headland peaks  
Tosses on high and spouts its spray afar,  
So moved the serried phalanxes of Greece 540  
To battle, rank succeeding rank, each chief  
Giving command to his own troops ; the rest  
Marched noiselessly : you might have thought no  
voice

Was in the breasts of all that mighty throng,  
So silently they all obeyed their chiefs, 545  
Their showy armor glittering as they moved  
In firm array. But, as the numerous flock  
Of some rich man, while the white milk is drawn  
Within his sheepfold, hear the plaintive call  
Of their own lambs, and bleat incessantly, — 550  
Such clamors from the mighty Trojan host  
Arose ; nor was the war-cry one, nor one  
The voice, but words of mingled languages,  
For they were called from many different climes.  
These Mars encouraged to the fight ; but those 555  
The blue-eyed Pallas. Terror too was there,  
And Fright, and Strife that rages unappeased, —  
Sister and comrade of man-slaying Mars, —  
Who rises small at first, but grows, and lifts  
Her head to heaven and walks upon the earth. 560  
She, striding through the crowd and heightening  
The mutual rancor, flung into the midst  
Contention, source of bale to all alike.

And now, when met the armies in the field,  
The ox-hide shields encountered, and the spears, 565  
And might of warriors mailed in brass ; then clashed  
The bossy bucklers, and the battle-din  
Was loud ; then rose the mingled shouts and groans  
Of those who slew and those who fell ; the earth  
Ran with their blood. As when the winter streams  
Rush down the mountain-sides, and fill, below, 571  
With their swift waters, poured from gushing springs,



Some hollow vale, the shepherd on the heights  
Hears the far roar, — such was the mingled din  
That rose from the great armies when they met. 575

Then first Antilochus, advancing, struck  
The Trojan champion Echepolus down,  
Son of Thalysius, fighting in the van.  
He smote him on the helmet's cone, where streamed  
The horse-hair plume. The brazen javelin stood 580  
Fixed in his forehead, piercing through the bone,  
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes. He fell  
As falls a tower before some stubborn siege.

Then Elephenor, son of Chalcodon,  
Prince of the brave Abrantes, by the foot 585  
Seized the slain chieftain, dragging him beyond  
The reach of darts, to strip him of his arms ;  
Yet dropped him soon, for brave Agenor saw,  
And, as he stooped to drag the body, hurled  
His brazen spear and pierced the uncovered side 590  
Seen underneath the shield. At once his limbs  
Relaxed their hold, and straight the spirit fled.  
Then furious was the struggle of the Greeks  
And Trojans o'er the slain ; they sprang like wolves  
Upon each other, and man slaughtered man. 595

Then by the hand of Ajax Telamon  
Fell Simoïsïus, in the bloom of youth,  
Anthemion's son. His mother once came down  
From Ida, with her parents, to their flocks  
Beside the Simoïs ; there she brought him forth 600  
Upon its banks, and gave her boy the name

Of Simoïsïus. Unrequited now  
Was all the care with which his parents nursed  
His early years, and short his term of life, —  
Slain by the hand of Ajax, large of soul. 605  
For, when he saw him coming, Ajax smote  
Near the right pap the Trojan's breast ; the blade  
Passed through, and out upon the further side.  
He fell among the dust of earth, as falls  
A poplar growing in the watery soil 610  
Of some wide marsh, — a fair, smooth bole, with  
boughs  
Only on high, which with his gleaming axe  
Some artisan has felled to bend its trunk  
Into the circle of some chariot-wheel ;  
Withering it lies upon the river's bank. 615  
So did the high-born Ajax spoil the corpse  
Of Simoïsïus, Anthemion's son.  
But Antiphus, the son of Priam, clad  
In shining armor, saw, and, taking aim,  
Cast his sharp spear at Ajax through the crowd. 620  
The weapon struck him not, but pierced the groin  
Of one who was Ulysses' faithful friend, —  
Leucus, — as from the spot he dragged the dead ;  
He fell, the body dropping from his hold.  
Ulysses, stung with fury at his fall, 625  
Rushed to the van, arrayed in shining brass,  
Drew near the foe, and, casting a quick glance  
Around him, hurled his glittering spear. The host  
Of Trojans, as it left his hand, shrank back

Upon each other. Not in vain it flew, 630  
But struck Democoön, the spurious son  
Of Priam, who, to join the war, had left  
Abydos, where he tended the swift mares.  
Ulysses, to revenge his comrade's death,  
Smote him upon the temple with his spear. 635  
Through both the temples passed the brazen point,  
And darkness gathered o'er his eyes ; he fell,  
His armor clashing round him with his fall.  
Then did the foremost bands, and Hector's self,  
Fall back. The Argives shouted, dragging off 640  
The slain, and rushing to the ground they won.  
Then was Apollo angered, looking down  
From Pergamus, and thus he called aloud : —

“ Rally, ye Trojans ! tamers of fleet steeds !  
Yield not the battle to the Greeks. Their limbs 645  
Are not of stone or iron, to withstand  
The trenchant steel ye wield. Nor does the son  
Of fair-haired Thetis now, Achilles, take  
Part in the battle, but sits, brooding o'er  
The choler that devours him, in his ships.” 650

Thus from the city spake the terrible god.  
Meantime Tritonian Pallas, glorious child  
Of Jupiter, went through the Grecian ranks  
Where'er they wavered, and revived their zeal.

Diores, son of Amarynceus, then 655  
Met his hard fate. The fragment of a rock  
Was thrown by hand at his right leg, and struck  
The ankle. Piroüs, son of Imbrasus,

Who came from Ænus, leading to the war  
His Thracian soldiers, flung it ; and it crushed 660  
Tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell  
In dust, and toward his comrades stretched his hands,  
And gasped for breath. But he who gave the wound,  
Piroüs, came up and pierced him with his spear.  
Forth gushed the entrails, and the eyes grew dark. 665

But Piroüs by Ætolian Thoas fell,  
Who met him with his spear and pierced his breast  
Above the pap. The brazen weapon stood  
Fixed in the lungs. Then Thoas came and plucked  
The massive spear away, and drew his sword, 670  
And thrusting through him the sharp blade, he took  
His life away. Yet could he not despoil  
The slain man of his armor, for around  
His comrades thronged, the Thracians, with their  
tufts

Of streaming hair, and, wielding their long spears, 675  
Drove him away. And he, though huge of limb,  
And valiant and renowned, was forced to yield  
To numbers pressing on him, and withdrew.  
Thus near each other stretched upon the ground  
Piroüs, the leader of the Thracian band, 680  
And he who led the Epeans, brazen-mailed  
Diores, lay with many others slain.

Then could no man, who near at hand beheld  
The battle of that day, see cause of blame  
In aught, although, unwounded and unbruised 685  
By weapons, Pallas led him by the hand

In safety through the midst, and turned aside  
The violence of javelins ; for that day  
Saw many a Trojan slain, and many a Greek,  
Stretched side by side upon the bloody field.

690

## BOOK V.

THEN Pallas to Tydides Diomed  
Gave strength and courage, that he might  
appear

Among the Achaians greatly eminent,  
And win a glorious name. Upon his head  
And shield she caused a constant flame to play, 5  
Like to the autumnal star that shines in heaven  
Most brightly when new-bathed in ocean tides.  
Such light she caused to beam upon his crest  
And shoulders, as she sent the warrior forth  
Into the thick and tumult of the fight. 10

Among the Trojans, Dares was the priest  
Of Vulcan, rich and blameless. His two sons  
Were Phegeus and Idæus, trained in all  
The arts of war. They left the host and came  
To meet Tydides, — on the chariot they, 15  
And he on foot ; and now, as they drew near,  
First Phegeus hurled his massive lance. It flew  
O'er Diomed's left shoulder and struck not.  
Tydides cast his spear, and not in vain ;

It smote the breast of Phegeus in the midst,      20  
And dashed him from his seat. Idæus leaped  
To earth, and left the sumptuous car, nor dared  
To guard the slain, yet would have met his death  
If Vulcan had not borne him swiftly thence  
Concealed in darkness, that he might not leave      25  
The aged man, his father, desolate.

The son of Tydeus took the steeds, and bade  
His comrades lead them to the fleet. Aghast  
The valiant sons of Troy beheld the sons  
Of Dares, one in flight, the other slain.      30

Meantime the blue-eyed Pallas took the hand  
Of Mars, and thus addressed the fiery god : —

“ Mars, Mars, thou slayer of men, thou steeped  
in blood,

Destroyer of walled cities ! should we not  
Leave both the Greeks and Trojans to contend,      35  
And Jove to crown with glory whom he will,  
While we retire, lest we provoke his wrath ? ”

Thus having said, she led the violent Mars  
From where the battle raged, and made him sit  
Beside Scamander, on its grassy bank.      40

And then the Achaians put the sons of Troy  
To flight : each leader slew a foe ; and first  
The king of men, Atrides, from his car  
Struck down the huge-limbed Hodius, who was chief  
Among the Halizonians. As he turned      45  
To flee, the Achaian, smiting him between  
The shoulders, drove the javelin through his breast.

Heavily clashed his armor as he fell.

Then by Idomeneus was Phæstus slain,  
Son of Meonian Borus, who had come 50  
From Tarna, rich in harvests. As he sprang  
Into his car, Idomeneus, expert  
To wield the ponderous javelin, thrust its blade  
Through his right shoulder. From the car he fell,  
And the dark night of death came over him. 55  
The Achaian warriors following spoiled the slain.

The son of Atreus, Menelaus, slew  
With his sharp spear Scamandrius, the son  
Of Strophius, practised in the forest chase,  
A mighty hunter. Him had Dian taught 60  
To strike whatever beast the woody wild  
Breeds on the hills ; but now availed him not  
The favor of Diana, archer-queen,  
Nor skill to throw the javelin afar ;  
For Menelaus, mighty with the spear, 65  
Followed him as he fled, and in the back  
Smote him, between the shoulder-blades, and drove  
The weapon through. He fell upon the ground  
Headlong, his armor clashing as he fell.  
And then Meriones slew Phereclus, 70  
Son of Harmonius, the artificer,  
Who knew to shape all works of rare device,  
For Pallas loved him. It was he who built  
The fleet for Paris, — cause of many woes  
To all the Trojans and to him, — for ill 75  
He understood the oracles of heaven.

Him did Meriones, pursuing long,  
O'ertake, and, smiting him on the right hip,  
Pierced through the part beneath the bone and near  
The bladder. On his knees with sad lament 80  
He fell, and death involved him in its shade.

And then by Meges was Pedæus slain,  
Antenor's base-born son, whose noble wife,  
Theano, reared him with as fond a care  
As her own children, for her husband's sake. 85  
And now the mighty spearman, Phyleus' son,  
Drew near and smote him with his trenchant lance  
Where meet the head and spine, and pierced the neck  
Beneath the tongue ; and forth the weapon came  
Between the teeth. He fell, and in the fall 90  
Gnashed with his teeth upon the cold bright blade.

Then did Evæmon's son Eurypylus  
Strike down Hypsenor, nobly born, the son  
Of great Dolopion, Scamander's priest,  
Whom all the people honored as a god. 95  
Evæmon's gallant son, o'ertaking him  
In flight, with one stroke of his falchion hewed  
His brawny arm away. The bloody limb  
Dropped to the ground, and the dark night of death  
Came o'er his eyes : so cruel fate decreed. 100

Thus toiled the heroes in that stubborn fight.  
Nor would you now have known to which array —  
Trojan or Greek — Tydides might belong ;  
For through the field he rushed with furious speed,  
Like a swollen river when its current takes 105



The torrent's swiftmess, scattering with a sweep  
 The bridges ; nor can massive dikes withstand  
 Its fury, nor embankments raised to screen  
 The grassy meadows, while the rains of Jove  
 Fall heavily, and harvests, late the joy 110  
 Of toiling youth, are beaten to the ground.

Thus by Tydides the close phalanxes  
 Of Troy were scattered, nor could they endure,  
 All numerous as they were, his strong assault.  
 As Pandarus, Lycaon's eminent son, 115  
 Beheld Tydides rush athwart the field,  
 Breaking the ranks, he drew his crooked bow  
 And smote the chief's left shoulder as he came,  
 Striking the hollow corselet. The sharp point  
 Broke through, and blood came gushing o'er the mail.  
 Then called aloud Lycaon's eminent son : — 121

“ Brave Trojans, great in mastery of steeds,  
 Press on ; the bravest of the Grecian host  
 Is smitten, nor, I think, can long survive  
 The grievous wound, if it be true that I, 125  
 At the command of Phœbus, son of Jove,  
 Have left my home upon the Lycian shore.”

Thus boastfully he spake ; but his swift shaft  
 Slew not Tydides, who had now withdrawn.  
 And, standing by his steeds and chariot, spake 130  
 To Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus : —

“ Haste down, kind Sthenelus, and with thy hand  
 Draw the sharp arrow from my shoulder here.”

He spake, and Sthenelus at once leaped down,

Stood by his side, and from his shoulder drew 135  
The wingèd arrow deeply fixed within.

The blood flowed forth upon the twisted rings  
Of mail, while Diomed, the valiant, prayed :—

“ Hear me, O child of ægis-bearing Jove,  
Goddess invincible ! if ever thou 140

Didst aid me or my father in the heat

Of battle, aid me, Pallas, yet again.

Give me to slay this Trojan ; bring him near,

Within my javelin’s reach, who wounded me,

And now proclaims — the boaster — that not long  
Shall I behold the brightness of the sun.” 145

So prayed he, and Minerva heard his prayer  
And lightened all his limbs, — his feet, his hands, —  
And, standing near him, spake these wingèd  
words :—

“ War boldly with the Trojans, Diomed ; 150

For even now I breathe into thy frame

The ancestral might and fearless soul that dwelt

In Tydeus, peerless with the steed and shield.

Lo ! I remove the darkness from thine eyes,

That thou mayst well discern the gods from men ; 155

And if a god should tempt thee to the fight,

Beware to combat with the immortal race ;

Only, should Venus, child of Jupiter,

Take part in battle, wound her with thy spear.”

The blue-eyed Pallas spake, and disappeared ; 160

And Diomed went back into the field

And mingled with the warriors. If before

His spirit moved him fiercely to engage  
The men of Troy, a threefold courage now  
Inspired him. As a lion who has leaped 165  
Into a fold — and he who guards the flock  
Has wounded but not slain him — feels his rage  
Waked by the blow ; — the affrighted shepherd then  
Ventures not near, but hides within the stalls,  
And the forsaken sheep are put to flight, 170  
And, huddling, slain in heaps, till o'er the fence  
The savage bounds into the fields again ; —  
Such was Tydides midst the sons of Troy.  
Astynöüs first he slew, Hypenor next,  
The shepherd of the people. One he pierced 175  
High on the bosom with his brazen spear,  
And smote the other on the collar-bone  
With his good sword, and hewed from neck and spine  
The shoulder. There he left the dead, and rushed  
To Abas and to Polyeidus, sons 180  
Of old Eurydamas, interpreter  
Of visions. Ill the aged man had read  
His visions when they joined the war. They died,  
And Diomed, the valiant, spoiled the slain.  
Xanthus and Thoön he encountered next, 185  
The sons of Phænops, born in his old age.  
No other child had he, to be his heir,  
And he was worn with length of years. These two  
Tydides smote and took their lives, and left  
Grief to their father and regretful cares, 190  
Since he no more should welcome their return

From war, and strangers should divide his wealth.  
Then smote he Chromius and Echemon, sons  
Of Dardan Priam,\* in one chariot both.

As on a herd of beeves a lion springs 195  
While midst the shrubs they browse, and breaks  
their necks, —

Heifer or ox, — so sprang he on the twain  
And struck them, vainly struggling, from their car,  
And spoiled them of their arms, and took their  
steeds,

And bade his comrades lead them to the fleet. 200

Æneas, who beheld him scattering thus  
The embattled ranks before him, straightway went  
Through the thick fight, amid encountering spears,  
In search of godlike Pandarus. He found  
Lycaon's blameless and illustrious son, 205  
And stood before him, and addressed him thus : —

“Where is thy bow, O Pandarus, and where  
Thy wingèd arrows? Where the old renown  
In which no warrior here can vie with thee,  
And none upon the Lycian shore can boast 210  
That he excels thee? Hasten, and lift up  
Thy hands in prayer to Jupiter, and send  
An arrow at this man, whoe'er he be,  
Who thus prevails, and thus afflicts our host,  
And makes the knees of many a strong man weak.  
Strike him, — unless he be some god incensed 216  
At Troy for sacrifice withheld, since hard  
It is to bear the anger of a god.”

Lycaon's son, the far-renowned, replied : —  
“ Aeneas, leader of the Trojans mailed 220  
In brass, to me this man in all things seems  
Like warlike Diomed. I know his shield,  
High helm, and steeds, and yet I may not say  
That this is not a god. But if he be  
The chief of whom I speak, the warlike son 225  
Of Tydeus, not thus madly would he fight,  
Without some god to aid him. By his side  
Is one of the immortals, with a cloud  
About his shoulders, turning from its aim  
The swiftly flying arrow. 'T was but late 230  
I aimed a shaft that pierced the hollow mail  
On his left shoulder, and I thought him sent  
To Pluto, but I slew him not. Some god  
Must be offended with me. I have here  
No steeds or car to mount. Far off at home 235  
There stand within Lycaon's palace-walls  
Eleven chariots, fair and fresh and new :  
Each has an ample cover, and by each  
Are horses yoked in pairs, that champ their oats  
And their white barley. When I left my home, 240  
Lycaon, aged warrior, counselled me,  
Within his sumptuous halls, that with my steeds  
And chariot I should lead the sons of Troy  
In the fierce battle. I obeyed him not :  
Far better if I had. I wished to spare 245  
My horses, lest, so largely fed at home,  
They might want food in the beleaguered town.

So, leaving them, I came on foot to Troy,  
Confiding in my bow, which yet was doomed  
To avail me little, for already I 250  
Have smitten with my arrows the two chiefs,  
Tydides and Atrides, and from both  
Drew the red blood, but only made their rage  
To flame the fiercer. In an evil hour  
I took my bow and quiver from the wall 255  
And came to lead the Trojans for the sake  
Of Hector. But if ever I return  
To see my native country and my wife  
And my tall spacious mansion, may some foe  
Strike off my head if with these hands I fail 260  
To break my bow in pieces, casting it  
Into the flames, a useless weapon now."

The Trojan chief Æneas, answering, said :—  
"Nay, talk not so ; it cannot but be thus,  
Until upon a chariot, and with steeds, 265  
We try our prowess with this man in war.  
Haste, mount my chariot here, and thou shalt see  
How well are Trojan horses trained to range  
The field of battle, in the swift pursuit  
Hither and thither, or in rapid flight ; 270  
And they shall bring us safely to the town  
Should Jove a second time bestow the meed  
Of glory on Tydides. Haste, and take  
The lash and well-wrought reins, while I descend  
To fight on foot ; or haply thou wilt wait 275  
The foe's advance while I direct the steeds."

Then spake again Lycaon's eminent son : —  
 "Keep thou the reins, Æneas, and still guide  
 The horses. With their wonted charioteer,  
 The better shall they bear away the car 280  
 Should we be forced to fly before the arm  
 Of Diomed ; lest, taking flight, they range  
 Unmastered when they hear thy voice no more,  
 Nor bear us from the combat, and the son  
 Of Tydeus, having slain us, shall lead thence 285  
 Thy firm-hoofed coursers. Therefore guide them still,  
 Them and the chariot, while, with this keen spear,  
 I wait the Greek, as he is rushing on."

They spake, and, climbing the magnificent car,  
 Turned toward Tydides the swift-footed steeds. 290  
 The noble son of Capaneus beheld,  
 And said in wingèd words to Diomed : —

"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men !  
 I see two warriors, strong, immensely strong,  
 Coming to combat with thee. Pandarus 295  
 Is one, the skilled in archery, who boasts  
 To be Lycaon's son ; and by his side  
 There comes Æneas, glorying that he sprang  
 From the large-souled Anchises, — borne to him  
 By Venus. Mount we now our car and leave 300  
 The ground, nor in thy fury rush along  
 The van of battle, lest thou lose thy life."

The brave Tydides, with a frown, replied : —  
 "Speak not of flight ; thou canst not yet persuade  
 My mind to that. To skulk or shrink with fear 305

In battle ill becomes me, and my strength  
Is unexhausted yet. It suits me not  
To mount the chariot ; I will meet the foe  
Just as I am. Minerva will not let  
My spirit falter. Ne'er shall those swift steeds 310  
Bear the two warriors hence, — if even one  
Escapes me. One thing more have I to say ;  
And keep it well in mind. Should Pallas deign —  
The wise, forecasting Pallas — to bestow  
On me the glory of o'ercoming both, 315  
Stop thy swift horses, and tie fast the reins  
To our own chariot, and make haste to seize  
The horses of Æneas, guiding them  
Hence from the Trojan to the Grecian host ;  
For they are of the stock which Jupiter 320  
The Thunderer gave to Tros. It was the price  
He paid for Ganymede, and they, of all  
Beneath the eye of morning and the sun,  
Are of the choicest breed. The king of men,  
Anchises, stealthily and unobserved, 325  
Brought to the coursers of Laomedon  
His brood-mare, and obtained the race. Six colts,  
Their offspring, in his courts were foaled. Of these,  
Four for himself he kept, and in his stalls  
Reared them, and two of them, both apt for war, 330  
He gave Æneas. If we make them ours,  
The exploit will bring us honor and renown."

Thus they conferred. Meantime their foes drew  
near,



Urging their fiery coursers on, and first  
Lycaon's eminent son addressed the Greek : — 335

“ My weapon, swift and sharp, the arrow, failed  
To slay thee ; let me try the javelin now,  
And haply that, at least, may reach its mark.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,  
Hurled it against the shield of Diomed. 340  
The brazen point broke through, and reached the  
mail.

Then shouted with loud voice Lycaon's son : —

“ Ha ! thou art wounded in thy flank ; my spear  
Bites deep ; nor long, I think, canst thou survive,  
And great will be my glory gained from thee.” 345

But thus the valiant Diomed replied,  
Incapable of fear : “ Thy thought is wrong.  
I am not wounded, and I well perceive  
That ye will never give the conflict o'er  
Till one of you, laid low amid the dust, 350  
Pour out his blood to glut the god of war.”

He spake, and cast his spear. Minerva kept  
The weapon faithful to its aim. It struck  
The nose, and near the eye ; then passing on  
Betwixt the teeth, the unrelenting edge 355  
Cleft at its root the tongue ; the point came out  
Beneath the chin. The warrior from his car  
Fell headlong ; his bright armor, fairly wrought,  
Clashed round him as he fell ; his fiery steeds  
Started aside with fright ; his breath and strength 360  
Were gone at once. Æneas, with his shield

And his long spear, leaped down to guard the  
slain,

That the Achaians might not drag him thence.

There, lion-like, confiding in his strength,

He stalked around the corpse, and over it 365

Held his round shield and lance, prepared to slay

Whoever came, and shouting terribly.

Tydides raised a stone, — a mighty weight,

Such as no two men living now could lift ;

But he, alone, could swing it round with ease. 370

With this he smote Æneas on the hip,

Where the thigh joins its socket. By the blow

He brake the socket and the tendons twain,

And tore the skin with the rough, jagged stone.

The hero fell upon his knees, but stayed 375

His fall with his strong palm upon the ground ;

And o'er his eyes a shadow came like night.

Then had the king of men, Æneas, died,

But for Jove's daughter, Venus, who perceived

His danger instantly, — his mother, she 380

Who bore him to Anchises when he kept

His beeves, a herdsman. Round her son she cast

Her white arms, spreading over him in folds

Her shining robe, to be a fence against

The weapons of the foe, lest some Greek knight 385

Should at his bosom aim the steel to take

His life. And thus the goddess bore away

From that fierce conflict her belovèd son.

Nor did the son of Capaneus forget

The bidding of the warlike Diomed, 390  
But halted his firm-footed steeds apart  
From the great tumult, with the long reins stretched  
And fastened to the chariot. Next, he sprang  
To seize the horses with fair-flowing manes,  
That drew the chariot of Æneas. These 395  
He drave away, far from the Trojan host,  
To the well-greaved Achaians, giving them  
In charge, to lead them to the hollow ships,  
To his beloved friend Deïpylus,  
Whom he of all his comrades honored most, 400  
As likest to himself in years and mind.  
And then he climbed his car and took the reins,  
And, swiftly drawn by his firm-footed steeds,  
Followed Tydides, who with cruel steel  
Sought Venus, knowing her unapt for war, 405  
And all unlike the goddesses who guide  
The battles of mankind, as Pallas does,  
Or as Bellona, ravager of towns.  
O'ertaking her at last, with long pursuit,  
Amid the throng of warring men, the son 410  
Of warlike Tydeus aimed at her his spear,  
And wounded in her hand the delicate one  
With its sharp point. It pierced the ambrosial robe,  
Wrought for her by the Graces, at the spot  
Where the palm joins the wrist, and broke the skin,  
And drew immortal blood, — the ichor, — such 416  
As from the blessed gods may flow ; for they  
Eat not the wheaten loaf, nor drink dark wine ;

And therefore they are bloodless, and are called  
Immortal. At the stroke the goddess shrieked, 420  
And dropped her son. Apollo in his arms  
Received and in a dark cloud rescued him,  
Lest any of the Grecian knights should aim  
A weapon at his breast to take his life.

Meantime the brave Tydides cried aloud : — 425

“Leave wars and battle, goddess. Is it not  
Enough that thou delude weak womankind?  
Yet, if thou ever shouldst return, to bear  
A part in battle, thou shalt have good cause  
To start with fear, when war is only named.” 430

He spake ; and she departed, wild with pain,  
For grievously she suffered. Instantly  
Fleet-footed Iris took her by the hand  
And led her from the place, her heart oppressed  
With anguish and her fair cheek deathly pale. 435  
She found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn  
From that day’s combat to the left, and sat,  
His spear and his swift coursers hid from sight,  
In darkness. At his feet she fell, and prayed  
Her brother fervently, that he would lend 440  
His steeds that stood in trappings wrought of gold : —

“Dear brother, aid me ; let me have thy steeds  
To bear me to the Olympian mount, the home  
Of gods, for grievously the wound I bear  
Afflicts me. ’T was a mortal gave the wound, — 445  
Tydides, who would even fight with Jove.”

She spake ; and Mars resigned to her his steeds

With trappings of bright gold. She climbed the car,  
Still grieving, and, beside her, Iris took  
Her seat, and caught the reins and plied the lash. 450  
On flew the coursers, on, with willing speed,  
And soon were at the mansion of the gods  
On high Olympus. There the active-limbed,  
Fleet Iris stayed them, loosed them from the car,  
And fed them with ambrosial food. Meanwhile, 455  
The goddess Venus at Dione's feet  
Had cast herself. The mother round her child  
Threw tenderly her arms, and with her hand  
Caressed her brow, and spake, and thus inquired:—

“Which of the dwellers of the skies, dear child, 460  
Has dealt thus cruelly with thee, as one  
Caught in the doing of some flagrant wrong?”

And thus did Venus, queen of smiles, reply:—  
“The son of Tydeus, arrogant Diomed,  
Wounded me as I sought to bear away 465  
From battle's dangers my beloved son  
Æneas, dear beyond all other men:  
For now no longer does the battle rage  
Between the Greeks and Trojans, but the Greeks  
Venture to combat even with the gods.” 470

Dione, great among the goddesses,  
Rejoined: “Submit, my daughter, and endure,  
Though inly grieved; for many of us who dwell  
Upon the Olympian mount have suffered much  
From mortals, and have brought great miseries 475  
Upon each other. First, it was the fate

Of Mars to suffer, when Aloëus' sons,  
Otus and mighty Ephialtes, made  
Their fetters fast upon his limbs. He lay  
Chained thirteen months within a brazen cell ; 420  
And haply there the god, whose thirst of blood  
Is never cloyed, had perished, but for aid  
Which Eribœa gave, the beautiful,  
His step-mother. She made his miseries known  
To Mercury, who set him free by stealth, 425  
Withered and weak with long imprisonment.  
And Juno suffered when Amphitryon's son,  
The valiant, dared to plant in her right breast  
A three-pronged arrow, and she writhed with pain.  
And Pluto suffered, when the hero-son 430  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, with a swift shaft,  
Smote him beside the portals of the dead,  
And left him filled with pain. He took his way  
To high Olympus and the home of Jove,  
Grieving and racked with pain, for deep the dart 435  
Had pierced his brawny shoulder, torturing him.  
There Pæan with his pain-dispelling balms  
Healed him, for he was not of mortal race.  
O daring man and reckless, to make light  
Of such impieties and violate 500  
The sacred persons of the Olympian gods !  
It was the blue-eyed Pallas who stirred up  
Tydides to assail thee thus. The fool !  
He knew not that the man who dares to meet  
The gods in combat lives not long. No child 505

Shall prattling call him father when he comes  
 Returning from the dreadful tasks of war.  
 Let then Tydides, valiant though he be,  
 Beware lest a more potent foe than thou  
 Encounter him, and lest the nobly-born 510  
 Ægialeia, in some night to come —  
 Wise daughter of Adrastus, and the spouse  
 Of the horse-tamer Diomed — call up  
 The servants of her household from their sleep,  
 Bewailing him to whom in youth she gave 515  
 Her maiden troth, — the bravest of the Greeks.”

She spake, and wiped the ichor from the hand  
 Of Venus ; at her touch the hand was healed  
 And the pain left it. Meantime Pallas stood,  
 With Juno, looking on, both teasing Jove 520  
 With words of sarcasm. Blue-eyed Pallas thus  
 Addressed the god : “ O Father Jupiter,  
 Wilt thou be angry at the word I speak ? —  
 As Venus, wheedling some Achaian dame  
 To join the host she loves, the sons of Troy, 525  
 Caressed the fair, arrayed in gay attire,  
 A golden buckle scratched her tender hand.”

As thus she spake, the Father of the gods  
 And mortals, calling golden Venus near,  
 Said, with a smile : “ Nay, daughter, not for thee 530  
 Are tasks of war ; be gentle marriage-rites  
 Thy care ; the labors of the battle-field  
 Pertain to Pallas and the fiery Mars.”

Thus with each other talked the gods, while still

The great in battle, Diomed, pursued 535  
Æneas, though he knew that Phœbus stretched  
His arm to guard the warrior. Small regard  
Had he for the great god, and much he longed  
To strike Æneas down and bear away  
The glorious arms he wore ; and thrice he rushed 540  
To slay the Trojan, thrice Apollo smote  
Upon his glittering shield. But when he made  
The fourth assault, as if he were a god,  
The archer of the skies, Apollo, thus  
With menacing words rebuked him : “ Diomed, 545  
Beware ; desist, nor think to make thyself  
The equal of a god. The deathless race  
Of gods is not as those who walk the earth.”

He spake ; the son of Tydeus, shrinking back,  
Gave way before the anger of the god 550  
Who sends his shafts afar. Then Phœbus bore  
Æneas from the tumult to the height  
Of sacred Pergamus, where stands his fane ;  
And there Latona and the archer-queen,  
Diana, in the temple's deep recess, 555  
Tended him and brought back his glorious strength.  
Meantime the bowyer-god, Apollo, formed  
An image of Æneas, armed like him,  
Round which the Trojans and Achæians thronged  
With many a heavy weapon-stroke that fell 560  
Upon the huge orbs of their ox-hide shields  
And lighter bucklers. Now to fiery Mars  
Apollo spake : “ Mars, Mars, thou plague of men,



Thou steeped in blood, destroyer of walled towns!  
Wilt thou not force this man to leave the field? 565  
Wilt thou not meet in arms this daring son  
Of Tydeus, who would even fight with Jove?  
Already has he wounded, in close fight,  
The goddess Venus at the wrist, and since  
Assaulted me as if he were a god." 570

He said, and on the heights of Pergamus  
Sat down, while the destroyer Mars went forth  
Among the embattled Trojan ranks, to rouse  
Their valor. In the form of Acamus,  
The gallant Thracian leader, he bespake 575  
The sons of Jove-descended Priam thus : —

“ O sons of Priam, him who claims descent  
From Jupiter ! how long will ye submit  
To see your people slaughtered by the Greeks ?  
Is it until the battle-storm shall reach 580  
Your city's stately portals? Even now  
A hero whom we honor equally  
With the great Hector, our Æneas, son  
Of the large-souled Anchises, is struck down.  
Haste, let us rescue our beloved friend.” 585

He spake, and into every heart his words  
Carried new strength and courage. In that hour  
Sarpedon chid the noble Hector thus : —

“ Where is the prowess, Hector, which was thine  
So lately ? Thou hast said that thou alone, 590  
Thy kindred and thy brothers, could defend  
The city, without armies or allies.

Now I see none of these ; they all, like hounds  
Before a lion, crouch and slink away,  
While the confederates bear the brunt of war. 595  
I am but an auxiliar come from far,  
From Lycia, where the eddying Xanthus runs.  
There left I a beloved wife, and there  
An infant child, and large possessions, such  
As poor men covet. Yet do I exhort 600  
My Lycians to the combat, and myself  
Would willingly engage this foe of Troy,  
Although I here have nothing which the Greeks  
Might bear or drive away. Thou standest still,  
Meanwhile, nor dost thou bid the rest to keep 605  
Their ground and bear the battle for their wives.  
Yet have a care, lest, as if caught at length  
In the strong meshes of a mighty net,  
Ye find yourselves the captives and the prey  
Of enemies, who quickly will destroy 610  
Your nobly-peopled city. These are thoughts  
That should engage thy mind by night and day,  
And thou shouldst beg the chiefs of thine allies,  
Called to thy aid from far, that manfully  
They meet the foe, and foil his fierce attack, 615  
And take the cause of this reproach away."

Sarpedon spake ; and Hector, all in arms,  
Stung by his words, and leaping from his car,  
Brandished his spears, and went among the hosts  
And rallied them to battle. Terrible 620  
The conflict that ensued. The men of Troy

Made head against the Greeks : the Greeks stood  
firm,

Nor ever thought of flight. As when the wind  
Strews chaff about the sacred threshing-floors  
While wheat is winnowed, and before the breeze 625  
The yellow Ceres separates the grain

From its light husk, which gathers in white heaps, —  
Even so the Greeks were whitened o'er with dust  
Raised in that tumult by the horses' hoofs  
And rising to the brazen firmament, 630

As toward the fight the charioteers again  
Urged on their coursers. Yet the Greeks withstood  
The onset, and struck forward with strong arms.

Meantime the furious Mars involved the field  
In darkness, to befriend the sons of Troy, 635

And went through all the ranks, and well fulfilled  
The mandate which Apollo gave the god  
Who wields the golden falchion, bidding him  
Kindle the courage of the Trojan host

Whene'er he saw the auxiliar of the Greeks, 640  
Minerva, leave the combat. Then the god

Brought from the sanctuary's inner shrine  
Æneas, — filling with recovered strength  
That shepherd of the people. He beside  
His comrades placed himself, and they rejoiced 645

To see him living and unharmed and strong  
As ever ; yet they questioned not ; their task  
Was different, set them by the god who bears  
The silver bow, and Mars the slayer of men,

And raging Strife that never is appeased. 659

The Ajaces and Ulysses and the son  
Of Tydeus roused the Achaians to the fight.  
For of the strength and clamor of the foe  
They felt no fear, but calmly stood, to bide  
The assault ; as stand in air the quiet clouds 665  
Which Saturn's son upon the mountain-tops  
Piles in still volumes when the north wind sleeps,  
And every ruder breath of blustering air  
That drives the gathered vapors through the sky.  
Thus calmly waited they the Trojan host, 668  
Nor thought of flight. And now Atrides passed  
In haste along their ranks, and gave command : —

“ O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,  
And let no warrior in the heat of fight  
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes ; 669  
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe  
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee  
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.”

So spake the king, and hurled his spear and smote  
Deïcoön, the son of Pergasis, 670  
A chief, and a companion in the war  
Of the great-souled Æneas. He in Troy  
Was honored as men honored Priam's sons,  
For he was ever foremost in the fight. 674  
The weapon struck his shield, yet stopped not there,  
But, breaking through its folds and through the belt,  
Transfixed the part beneath. The Trojan fell  
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall.

Æneas slew the sons of Diocles, —  
Orsilochus and Crethon, eminent Greeks. 680  
Their father dwelt in Pheræ nobly built,  
Amid his riches. From Alpheius he  
Derived his race, — a river whose long stream  
Flows through the meadows of the Pylian land.  
Orsilochus was to Alpheius born, 685  
Lord over many men, and he became  
The father of great Diocles, to whom  
Twin sons were born, well trained in all the arts  
Of warfare, — Crethon and Orsilochus.  
These, in the prime of youth, with their black ships  
Followed the Argives to the coast of Troy 691  
Famed for its generous steeds. They left their home  
To vindicate the honor of the sons  
Of Atreus, — Agamemnon, king of men,  
And Menelaus, — but they found their death. 695  
As two young lions, nourished by their dam  
Amid the thickets of some mighty wood,  
Seizing the beeves and fattened sheep, lay waste  
The stables, till at length themselves are slain  
By trenchant weapons in the shepherd's hand, 700  
So by the weapons of Æneas died  
These twain ; they fell as lofty fir-trees fall.  
But now, when Menelaus saw their fate,  
The mighty warrior, deeply sorrowing, rushed  
Among the foremost, armed in glittering brass, 705  
And brandishing his spear ; for Mars had roused  
His soul to fury, trusting he would meet

Æneas, and would perish by his hand.  
Antilochus, the generous Nestor's son,  
Came also to the van, for anxiously 710  
He feared mischance might overtake the king,  
To make the toils of their long warfare vain ;  
And there he found the combatants prepared  
For battle, with their trusty spears in hand,  
And standing face to face. At once he took 715  
His stand beside the monarch of the Greeks.  
At sight of the two warriors side by side,  
All valiant as he was, Æneas shunned  
The encounter. They, when they had drawn the dead  
Among the Grecian ranks, and to their friends 720  
Given up the hapless brothers, turned to take  
Their place among the foremost in the fight.  
Then, too, Pylæmenes, a chief like Mars,  
And leader of the Paphlagonian host, —  
A valiant squadron armed with shields, — was slain.  
Atreides Menelaus, skilled to wield 726  
The javelin, gave his death-wound. He transfixed  
The shoulder at the collar-bone. Meanwhile  
Antilochus against his charioteer,  
Mydon, the brave son of Atymnias, hurled 730  
A stone that smote his elbow as he wheeled  
His firm-paced steeds in flight. He dropped the  
reins,  
Gleaming with ivory as they trailed in dust.  
Antilochus leaped forward, smiting him  
Upon the temples with his sword. He fell 735

Gasping amidst the sand, his head immersed  
Up to his shoulders, — for the sand was deep, —  
And there remained till he was beaten down  
Before the horses' hoofs. Antilochus,  
Lashing the horses, drave them to the Greeks. 740

Hector beheld, and, springing with loud shouts,  
Stood mid the wavering ranks. The phalanxes  
Of the brave Trojans followed him, for Mars  
And terrible Bellona led them on, —  
Bellona bringing Tumult in her train, 745  
And Mars with brandished lance — a mighty  
weight —

Now stalking after Hector, now before.

Him when the valiant Diomed beheld,  
He trembled ; and, as one who, journeying  
Along a way he knows not, having crossed 750  
A place of drear extent, before him sees  
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,  
And all its tossing current white with foam,  
And stops and turns, and measures back his way,  
So then did Diomed withdraw, and spake : — 755

“ O friends, how greatly must we all admire  
This noble Hector, mighty with the spear  
And terrible in war. There is some god  
Forever near him, warding off the stroke  
Of death ; beside him yonder even now 760  
Stands Mars in semblance of a mortal man.  
Yield, then, and with your faces toward the foe  
Fall back, and strive not with the gods of heaven.”

Even as he spake, the Trojan host drew near,  
And Hector slew two warriors trained to arms, —  
Menesthes and Anchialus, — who came 766  
Both in one chariot to the war. Their fall  
Ajax, the son of Telamon, beheld,  
And pitied, and drew near, and stood, and hurled  
His glittering spear. It smote Ampheius, son 770  
Of Selagus, who, rich in lands and goods,  
Abode in Pæsus. In an evil hour  
He joined the cause of Priam and his sons.  
Him at the belt the spear of Ajax smote,  
And pierced the bowels. With a crash he fell. 775  
Then hastened mighty Ajax to strip off  
The armor, but the Trojans at him cast  
Their pointed spears that glittered as they flew,  
And many struck his shield. He pressed his heel  
Against the slain, and from the body drew 780  
His brazen spear, but could not from the breast  
Loose the bright mail, so thick the weapons came,  
And such the wary dread with which he saw  
The bravest of the Trojans closing round, 784  
Many and fierce, and all with spears outstretched ;  
And he, though strong and valiant and renowned,  
Driven from the ground, gave way to mightier force.  
So toiled the warriors through that stubborn fight,  
When cruel fate urged on Tlepolemus,  
The great and valiant son of Hercules, 790  
To meet Sarpedon, mighty as a god.  
And now as each to each advanced, — the son



And grandson of the cloud-compeller Jove, —  
Thus first Tlepolemus addressed his foe : —

“ Sarpedon, Lycian monarch, what has brought <sup>795</sup>  
Thee hither, trembling thus, and inexpert  
In battle ? Lying flatterers are they  
That call thee son of Jupiter who bears  
The ægis ; for unlike the heroes thou,  
Born to the Thunderer in times of old, <sup>800</sup>  
Nor like my daring father, Hercules  
The lion-hearted, who once came to Troy  
To claim the coursers of Laomedon.  
With but six ships, and warriors but a few,  
He laid the city waste and made its streets <sup>805</sup>  
A desolation. Thou art weak of heart,  
And round thee are thy people perishing ;  
Yet, even wert thou brave, thy presence here  
From Lycia's coast would prove of small avail  
To Troy ; for, slain in combat here by me, <sup>810</sup>  
Thou to the gates of Hades shalt go down.”

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, thus  
Made answer : “ True it is, Tlepolemus,  
That he laid waste the sacred city of Troy  
For the base dealings of Laomedon, <sup>815</sup>  
The monarch who with railing words repaid  
His great deservings, and kept back the steeds  
For which he came so far. But thou — thy fate  
Is slaughter and black death from this my spear ;  
And fame will come to me, and one more soul <sup>820</sup>  
Go down to Hades.” As Sarpedon spake,

Tlepolemus upraised his ashen spear,  
And from the hands of both the chiefs at once  
Their massive weapons flew. Sarpedon smote  
Full in the throat his foe ; the cruel point 825  
Passed through the neck, and night came o'er his  
eyes.

Tlepolemus, in turn, on the left thigh  
Had struck Sarpedon with his ponderous lance.  
The weapon, cast with vigorous hand and arm,  
Pierced deep, and touched the bone ; but Jupiter 830  
Averted from his son the doom of death.

His noble comrades raised and bore away  
The great Sarpedon from the battle-field,  
Trailing the long spear with them. Bitter pain  
It gave him ; in their haste they marked it not, 835  
Nor thought to draw the ashen weapon forth,  
That he might mount the car ; so eagerly  
His anxious bearers hurried from the war.

On the other side the well-armed Greeks took up  
The slain Tlepolemus, to bear him thence. 840  
The great Ulysses, large of soul, beheld,  
And felt his spirit moved, as anxiously  
He pondered whether to pursue the son  
Of Jove the Thunderer, or turn and take  
The life of many a Lycian. Yet to slay 845  
Jove's mighty son was not his destiny,  
And therefore Pallas moved him to engage  
The crowd of Lycian warriors. Then he slew  
Cæranus and Alastor, Chromius,

Alcander, Halius, and Prytanis 850  
Noëmon ; and yet more the noble Greek  
Had slain, if crested Hector, mighty chief,  
Had not perceived the havoc and, arrayed  
In shining armor, hurried to the van  
Of battle, carrying terror to the hearts 855  
Of the Achaïans. As he saw him near,  
Sarpedon was rejoiced, yet sadly said : —

“ O son of Priam, leave me not a prey  
To these Achaïans. Aid me, let me breathe  
My latest breath in Troy, since I no more 860  
Can hope, returning to my native land,  
To gladden my dear wife and little son.”

He spake, and crested Hector answered not,  
Still pressing forward, eager to drive back  
The Greeks in quick retreat, and take the life 865  
Of many a foe. Then did the noble band  
Who bore the great Sarpedon lay him down  
Beneath a shapely beech, a tree of Jove  
The Ægis-bearer. There stout Pelagon,  
His well-beloved comrade, from his thigh 870  
Drew forth the sharp blade of the ashen spear.  
Then the breath left him, and his eyes were closed  
In darkness ; but the light came back again  
As, breathing over him, the fresh north wind  
Revived the spirit in his laboring breast. 875

But not for Mars nor Hector mailed in brass  
Fled the Achaïans to their fleet ; nor yet  
Advanced they on the foe, but step by step

Gave way before him, for they had perceived  
The god of war was with the sons of Troy. 880

Whom first, whom last did Hector, Priam's son,  
And iron Mars lay low? The godlike chief  
Teuthras, and—great among the Grecian knights—  
Orestes, and the Ætolian Trechus, famed  
As spearman, and Enomeus, and the son  
Of Enops, Helemes, and after these  
Belted Oresbius, who in Hyla made  
His home, intent on gathering wealth beside  
The Lake Cephissus, on whose borders dwelt  
Bœotians many, lords of fertile lands. 890

The white-armed goddess Juno, when she saw  
The Argives falling in that cruel fray,  
Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words:—

“O thou unconquerable goddess, born  
To Jove the Ægis-bearer! what is this? 895  
It was an idle promise that we made  
To Menelaus, that he should behold  
Troy, with its strong defences, overthrown,  
And reach his home again, if thus we leave  
Mars the destroyer to his ravages. 900  
Come, let us bring our friends effectual aid.”

So spake she, and her bidding was obeyed  
By blue-eyed Pallas. Juno the august,  
Daughter of mighty Saturn, laid in haste  
The harness, with its ornaments of gold, 905  
Upon the horses. Hebe rolled the wheels,  
Each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends

Of the steel axle, — fellies wrought of gold,  
Bound with a brazen rim to last for aye, —  
A wonder to behold. The hollow naves 910  
Were silver, and on gold and silver cords  
Was slung the chariot's seat ; in silver hooks  
Rested the reins, and silver was the pole  
Where the fair yoke and poitrels, all of gold,  
Were fastened. Juno, eager for the strife, 915  
Led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke.

Then Pallas, daughter of the god who bears  
The ægis, on her father's palace-floor  
Let fall in dainty folds her flowing robe  
Of many colors, wrought by her own hand, 920  
And, putting on the mail of Jupiter  
The Cloud-compeller, stood arrayed in arms  
For the stern tasks of war. Her shoulder bore  
The dreadful ægis with its shaggy brim  
Bordered with Terror. There was Strife, and there  
Was Fortitude, and there was fierce Pursuit, 925  
And there the Gorgon's head, a ghastly sight,  
Deformed and dreadful, and a sign of woe  
When borne by Jupiter. Upon her head  
She placed a golden helmet with four crests 930  
And fair embossed, of strength that might withstand  
The armed battalions of a hundred towns ;  
Then stepped into her shining car, and took  
Her massive spear in hand, heavy and huge,  
With which whole ranks of heroes are o'erthrown 935  
Before the daughter of the Mighty One

Incensed against them. Juno swung the lash  
And swiftly urged the steeds. Before their way,  
On sounding hinges, of their own accord,  
Flew wide the gates of heaven, which evermore 940  
The Hours are watching,—they who keep the mount  
Olympus and the mighty heaven, with power  
To open or to close their cloudy veil.  
Thus through the gates they drave the obedient  
steeds,

And found Saturnius, where he sat apart 945  
From other gods, upon the loftiest height  
Of many-peaked Olympus. Juno there,  
The white-armed goddess, stayed her chariot-wheels,  
And, thus accosting Jove, she questioned him :—

“ O Father Jupiter, does not thy wrath 950  
Rise at those violent deeds of Mars? Thou seest  
How many of the Achaians he has slain,  
And what brave men. Nay, thus it should not be.  
Great grief is mine ; but Venus and the god  
Phœbus, who bears the silver bow, rejoice 955  
To see this lawless maniac range the field,  
And urge him on. O Father Jupiter,  
Wilt thou be angry with me if I drive  
Mars, sorely wounded, from the battle-field? ”

The cloud-compelling Jupiter replied :— 960  
“ Thou hast my leave ; but send to encounter him  
Pallas the spoiler, who has many a time  
Brought grievous troubles on the god of war.”

He spake, and white-armed Juno instantly

Obeded him. With the scourge she lashed the steeds,  
And not unwillingly they flew between 966  
Earth and the starry heaven. As much of space  
As one who gazes on the dark-blue deep  
Sees from the headland summit where he sits —  
Such space the coursers of immortal breed 970  
Cleared at each bound they made with sounding  
hoofs ;

And when they came to Ilium and its streams,  
Where Simoïs and Scamander's channels meet,  
The white-armed goddess Juno stayed their speed,  
And loosed them from the yoke, and covered them  
With darkness. Simoïs ministered, meanwhile, 976  
The ambrosial pasturage on which they fed.

On went the goddesses, with step as light  
As timid doves, and hastened toward the field  
To aid the Achaian army. When they came 980  
Where fought the bravest warriors in a throng  
Around the great horse-tamer Diomed,  
Like ravenous lions or wild boars whose rage  
Is terrible, the white-armed goddess stood,  
And called aloud, — for now she wore the form 985  
Of gallant Stentor, in whose brazen voice  
Was heard a shout like that of fifty men : —

“Shame on you, Argives, — wretches, who in form,  
And form alone, are heroes. While we yet  
Had great Achilles in the war, the men 990  
Of Ilium dared not pass beyond their gates,  
So much they feared his mighty spear ; but now

They push the battle to our hollow ships,  
Far from the town." As thus the goddess spake,  
New strength and courage woke in every breast. 995

Then blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son  
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,  
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound  
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat  
Beneath the ample band of his round shield 1000  
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.  
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb  
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid  
Her hand upon the chariot-yoke, and said :—

"Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself ; 1005  
For he, though low in stature, was most brave ;  
And when he went, an envoy and alone,  
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,  
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof  
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit 1010  
Quietly at the feasts in palace-halls,  
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave  
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won  
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid  
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn, 1015  
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully  
To fight against the Trojans ; but to-day  
Either the weariness of toil unnerves  
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.  
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late, 1020  
The offspring of CEnides skilled in war."



And then the valiant Diomed replied : —  
 “ I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove  
 The Ægis-bearer ; therefore will I speak  
 Freely and keep back nothing. No base fear 1025  
 Unmans me, nor desire of ease ; but well  
 I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.  
 Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,  
 Except that if Jove’s daughter, Venus, joined  
 The battle, I might wound her with my spear. 1030  
 But now I have withdrawn, and given command  
 That all the Greeks come hither ; for I see  
 That Mars is in the field and leads the war.”

Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said : —  
 “ Tydides Diomed, most dear of men, 1035  
 Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet  
 From any other of the gods ; for I  
 Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course  
 Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.  
 Engage him hand to hand ; respect him not, — 1040  
 The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague  
 Of man, the fickle god, who promised me  
 And Juno, lately, to take part with us  
 Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.  
 Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy.” 1045

She spake, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,  
 To draw him from the horses ; instantly  
 He leaped to earth ; the indignant deity  
 Took by the side of Diomed her place ;  
 The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight 1050

Of that great goddess and that man of might.  
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,  
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drave  
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew  
Huge Periphas, the mightiest one of all 1055  
The Ætolian band, — Ochesius' famous son.  
While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet  
About the slain, Minerva hid her face  
In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail  
To see her. As that curse of humankind 1060  
Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,  
He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled  
Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his  
last,  
And came in haste to meet the Grecian knight.  
And now, when they were near, and face to face, 1065  
Mars o'er the chariot-yoke and horses' reins  
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take  
His enemy's life ; but Pallas with her hand  
Caught it and turned it, so that it flew by  
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed 1070  
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,  
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist  
Where girded by the baldric. In that part  
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,  
And drew the weapon back. The furious god 1075  
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,  
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.  
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,

To hear that terrible cry of him whose thirst  
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood. 1080

As when, in time of heat, the air is filled  
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds  
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars  
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud  
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home 1085  
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove  
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed  
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,  
And thus, with wingèd words, complaining said :—

“ O Father Jupiter ! does not thy wrath 1090  
Rise at these violent deeds ? ’Tis ever thus  
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously  
From our own rivalry in favoring man ;  
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,  
For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong, 1095  
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest  
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount  
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.  
Her only thou hast never yet restrained  
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks 1100  
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.  
And now she moves the insolent Diomed  
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.  
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,  
Contending hand to hand ; and then he sought 1105  
To encounter me in arms, as if he were  
The equal of a god. My own swift feet

Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,  
In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,  
Or helplessly been mangled by his sword." 1110

The Cloud-compeller, Jove, replied, and frowned :  
" Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.  
Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount  
I like thee least, who ever dost delight  
In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like 1115  
Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.  
Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,  
And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due  
To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will  
That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share 1120  
My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.  
But wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,  
To any other god, thou hadst long since  
Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command 1125  
To heal the wound ; and Pæon bathed the part  
With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed ;  
For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice  
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,  
The liquid gathers into clots while yet 1130  
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed  
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed  
The god, and robed him richly, and he took  
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars, 1135  
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,

With Pallas, her invincible ally,  
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

## BOOK VI.

NOW from that stubborn conflict of the Greeks  
And Trojans had the gods withdrawn. The  
fight

Of men encountering men with brazen spears  
Still raged from place to place upon the plain  
Between the Xanthus and the Simoïs. 5

And first of all did Ajax Telamon,  
The bulwark of the Achaians, break the ranks  
Of Troy and raise the hopes of those who fought  
Beside him ; for he smote the bravest man  
Of all the Thracian warriors, — Acamas, 10  
Son of Eussorus, strong and large of limb.

His spear-head, through the plumed helmet's cone  
Entering the forehead of the Thracian, pierced  
The bone, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.

The valiant Diomed slew Axylus, 15

The son of Teuthras. To the war he came  
From nobly-built Arisba ; great his wealth,

And greatly was he loved, for courteously

He welcomed to his house beside the way-

All comers. None of these could interpose 20

Between him and his death, for Diomed

Slew him and his attendant charioteer,  
Calysius ; both went down below the earth.

And then Euryalus struck Dresus down,  
And smote Opheltius, and went on to slay 25  
Æsepus and his brother Pedasus ; —

A river-nymph, Abarbareïa, bore  
Both children to Bucolion the renowned.

Bucolion was the eldest of the sons  
Of great Laomedon. His mother reared 30  
The boy in secret. While he fed his sheep,  
He with the river-nymph was joined in love  
And marriage, and she bore him twins ; and these,  
Brave and of shapely limb, Mecisteus' son  
Struck down, and from their shoulders tore the mail.

The warlike Polypcetes overthrew 36

Astyalus ; Ulysses smote to earth  
Pidytes the Percosian with the spear,  
And Teucer Aretaon, nobly born.

The glittering javelin of Antilochus, 40

The son of Nestor, laid Ablerus low ;  
And Agamemnon, king of men, struck down  
Elatus, who on lofty Pedasus

Dwelt, by the smoothly flowing Satnio's stream.

Brave Leïtus slew Phylacus in flight, 45

And by Eurypylus Melanthius fell.

Then valiant Menelaus took alive

Adrastus, whose two coursers, as they scoured

The plain in terror, struck against a branch

Of tamarisk, and, there entangled, snapped 50

The chariot pole, and, breaking from it, fled  
 Whither were others fleeing. From the car  
 Adrastus to the dust beside the wheel  
 Fell, on his face. There, lifting his huge spear,  
 Atrides Menelaus o'er him stood. 55

Adrastus clasped the warrior's knees and said :—  
 "O son of Atreus, take me prisoner,  
 And thou shalt have large ransom. In the house  
 Of my rich father ample treasures lie, —  
 Brass, gold, and tempered steel, — and he shall send  
 Gifts without end when he shall hear that I 61  
 Am spared alive and in the Grecian fleet."

He spake, and moved the conqueror, who now  
 Was minded to give charge that one among  
 His comrades to the Grecian fleet should lead 65  
 The captive. Agamemnon came in haste,  
 And, lifting up his voice, rebuked him thus :—

"O Menelaus, soft of heart, why thus  
 Art thou concerned for men like these? In sooth,  
 Great are the benefits thy household owes 70  
 The Trojans. Nay, let none of them escape  
 The doom of swift destruction by our hands.  
 The very babe within his mother's womb,  
 Even that must die, and all of Ilium born  
 Perish unburied, utterly cut off." 75

He spake ; the timely admonition changed  
 The purpose of his brother, who thrust back  
 The suppliant hero with his hand ; and then  
 King Agamemnon smote him through the loins,

And prone on earth he fell. Upon the breast 80  
Of the slain man Atrides placed his heel,  
And from the body drew the ashen spear.

Then Nestor to the Argives called aloud : —  
“ Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars !  
Let no man here through eagerness for spoil 85  
Linger behind the rest, that he may bear  
Much plunder to the ships ; but let us first  
Strike down our enemies, and afterward  
At leisure strip the bodies of the dead.”

Thus speaking, he revived in every breast 90  
Courage and zeal. Then had the men of Troy  
Sought refuge from the Greeks within their walls,  
O'ercome by abject fear, if Helenus,  
The son of Priam, and of highest note  
Among the augurs, had not made his way 95  
To Hector and Æneas, speaking thus : —

“ O Hector and Æneas, since on you  
Is laid the mighty labor to command  
The Trojans and the Lycians, — for the first  
Are ye in battle, and in council first, — 100  
Here make your stand, and haste from side to side,  
Rallying your scattered ranks, lest they betake  
Themselves to flight, and, rushing to their wives,  
Become the scorn and laughter of the foe.  
And then, so soon as ye shall have revived 105  
The courage of your men, we here will bide  
The conflict with the Greeks, though closely pressed ;  
For so we must. But, Hector, thou depart



To Troy and seek the mother of us both,  
And bid her call the honored Trojan dames 110  
To where the blue-eyed Pallas has her fane,  
In the high citadel, and with a key  
Open the hallowed doors, and let her bring  
What she shall deem the fairest of the robes,  
And amplest, in her palace, and the one 115  
She prizes most, and lay it on the knees  
Of the bright-haired Minerva. Let her make  
A vow to offer to the goddess there  
Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne  
The yoke, if she in mercy will regard 120  
The city, and the wives and little ones  
Of its defenders ; if she will protect  
Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son  
Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee,  
And whom I deem the bravest of the Greeks. 125  
For not so greatly have we held in dread  
Achilles, the great leader, whom they call  
The goddess-born ; but terrible in wrath  
Is Diomed, nor hath his peer in might."

He spake, and Hector of his brother's words 130  
Was not unmindful. Instantly he leaped,  
Armed, from his chariot, shaking his sharp spears ;  
And everywhere among the host he went,  
Exhorting them to combat manfully ;  
And thus he kindled the fierce fight anew. 135  
They, turning from the flight, withstood the Greeks.  
The Greeks fell back and ceased to slay ; they  
thought

That one of the immortals had come down  
From out the starry heaven to help the men  
Of Troy, so suddenly they turned and fought. 140  
Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ O valiant sons of Troy, and ye allies  
Summoned from far ! Be men, my friends ; call back  
Your wonted valor, while I go to Troy  
To ask the aged men, our counsellors, 145  
And all our wives, to come before the gods  
And pray and offer vows of sacrifice.”

So the plumed Hector spake, and then withdrew,  
While the black fell that edged his bossy shield  
Struck on his neck and ankles as he went. 150

Now came into the midst between the hosts  
Glaucus, the offspring of Hippolochus,  
And met the son of Tydeus, — both intent  
On combat. But when now the twain were near,  
And ready to engage, brave Diomed 155  
Spake first, and thus addressed his enemy : —

“ Who mayst thou be, of mortal men ? Most brave  
Art thou, yet never in the glorious fight  
Have I beheld thee. Thou surpassest now  
All others in thy daring, since thou com'st 160  
Within the reach of my long spear. The sons  
Of most unhappy men are they who meet  
My arm ; but — if thou comest from above,  
A god — I war not with the gods of heaven ;  
For even brave Lycurgus lived not long, 165  
The son of Dryas, who engaged in strife

With the celestial gods. He once pursued  
 The nurses of the frantic Bacchus through  
 The hallowed ground of Nyssa. All at once  
 They flung to earth their sacred implements, 170  
 Lycurgus the man-slayer beating them  
 With an ox-driver's goad. Then Bacchus fled  
 And plunged into the sea, where Thetis hid  
 The trembler in her bosom, for he shook  
 With panic at the hero's angry threats. 175  
 Thenceforward were the blessed deities  
 Wroth with Lycurgus. Him did Saturn's son  
 Strike blind, and after that he lived not long,  
 For he was held in hate by all the gods.  
 So will I never with the gods contend. 180  
 But if thou be indeed of mortal race,  
 And nourished by the fruits of earth, draw near ;  
 And quickly shalt thou pass the gates of death."

Hippolochus's son, the far-renowned,  
 Made answer thus : "O large-souled Diomed, 185  
 Why ask my lineage? Like the race of leaves  
 Is that of humankind. Upon the ground  
 The winds strew one year's leaves ; the sprouting  
                   grove  
 Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow  
 In the spring season. So it is with man : 190  
 One generation grows while one decays.  
 Yet since thou takest heed of things like these,  
 And askest whence I sprang, — although to most  
 My birth is not unknown, — there is a town

Lapped in the pasture-grounds where graze the  
steeds 195

Of Argos, Ephyra by name, and there  
Dwelt Sisyphus Æolides, most shrewd  
Of men ; his son was Glaucus, and the son  
Of Glaucus was the good Bellerophon,  
To whom the gods gave beauty and the grace 200  
Of winning manners. Prætus sought his death  
And banished him, for Prætus was the chief  
Among the Argives ; Jupiter had made  
That people subject to his rule. The wife  
Of Prætus, nobly-born Anteia, sought 205  
With passionate desire his secret love,  
But failed to entice, with all her blandishments,  
The virtuous and discreet Bellerophon.  
Therefore went she to Prætus with a lie, —

“ ‘ Die, Prætus, thou, or put Bellerophon 210  
To death, for he has offered force to me.’ ”

“ The monarch hearkened, and was moved to  
wrath ;

And then he would not slay him, for his soul  
Revolted at the deed ; he sent him thence  
To Lycia, with a fatal tablet, sealed, 215  
With things of deadly import writ therein,  
Meant for Anteia’s father, in whose hand  
Bellerophon must place it, and be made  
To perish. So at Lycia he arrived  
Under the favoring guidance of the gods ; 220  
And when he came where Lycian Xanthus flows,

The king of that broad realm received his guest  
With hospitable welcome, feasting him  
Nine days, and offering up in sacrifice  
Nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Morn 225  
Appeared for the tenth time, he questioned him  
And bade him show the token he had brought  
From Prætus. When the monarch had beheld  
The fatal tablet from his son-in-law,  
The first command he gave him was, to slay 230  
Heaven-born Chimæra, the invincible.  
No human form was hers : a lion she  
In front, a dragon in the hinder parts,  
And in the midst a goat, and terribly  
Her nostrils breathed a fierce, consuming flame ; 235  
Yet, trusting in the portents of the gods,  
He slew her. Then it was his second task  
To combat with the illustrious Solymi, —  
The hardest battle he had ever fought —  
So he declared — with men ; and then he slew —  
His third exploit — the man-like Amazons. 241  
Then he returned to Lycia ; on his way  
The monarch laid a treacherous snare. He chose  
From his wide Lycian realm the bravest men  
To lie in ambush for him. Never one 245  
Of these came home again, — Bellerophon  
The matchless slew them all. And when the king  
Saw that he was the offspring of a god,  
He kept him near him, giving him to wife  
His daughter, and dividing with him all 250

His kingly honors, while the Lycians set  
Their richest fields apart — a goodly spot,  
Ploughlands and vineyards — for the prince to till.  
And she who now became his wife brought forth  
Three children to the sage Bellerophon, — 255  
Isandrus and Hippolochus ; and, last,  
Laodameia, who in secret bore  
To all-providing Jupiter a son, —  
Godlike Sarpedon, eminent in arms.  
But when Bellerophon upon himself 260  
Had drawn the anger of the gods, he roamed  
The Alcian fields alone, a prey to thoughts  
That wasted him, and shunning every haunt  
Of humankind. The god whose lust of strife  
Is never sated, Mars, cut off his son 265  
Isandrus, warring with the illustrious race  
Of Solymi ; and Dian, she who guides  
Her car with golden reins, in anger slew  
His daughter. I am of Hippolochus ;  
From him I claim my birth. He sent me forth 270  
To Troy with many counsels and commands,  
Ever to bear myself like a brave man,  
And labor to excel, and never bring  
Dishonor on the stock from which I sprang, —  
The bravest stock by far in Ephyra 275  
And the wide realm of Lycia. 'T is my boast  
To be of such a race and such a blood."

He spake. The warlike Diomed was glad,  
And, planting in the foodful earth his spear,

Addressed the people's shepherd blandly thus :—

“ Most surely thou art my ancestral guest ;      231  
 For noble Ceneus once within his halls  
 Received the blameless chief Bellerophon,  
 And kept him twenty days, and they bestowed  
 Gifts on each other, such as host and guest      235  
 Exchange ; a purple baldric Ceneus gave  
 Of dazzling color, and Bellerophon  
 A double golden goblet ; this I left  
 Within my palace when I came to Troy.  
 Of Tydeus I remember nothing, since      290  
 He left me, yet a little child, and went  
 To Thebes, where perished such a host of Greeks.  
 Henceforward I will be thy host and friend  
 In Argos ; thou shalt be the same to me  
 In Lycia when I visit Lycia's towns ;      295  
 And let us in the tumult of the fray  
 Avoid each other's spears, for there will be  
 Of Trojans and of their renowned allies  
 Enough for me to slay whene'er a god  
 Shall bring them in my way. In turn for thee      300  
 Are many Greeks to smite whomever thou  
 Canst overcome. Let us exchange our arms,  
 That even these may see that thou and I  
 Regard each other as ancestral guests.”

Thus having said, and leaping from their cars,      305  
 They clasped each other's hands and pledged their  
 faith.

Then did the son of Saturn take away

The judging mind of Glaucus, when he gave  
His arms of gold away for arms of brass  
Worn by Tydides Diomed, — the worth 310  
Of fivescore oxen for the worth of nine.

And now had Hector reached the Scæan gates  
And beechen tree. Around him flocked the wives  
And daughters of the Trojans eagerly ;  
Tidings of sons and brothers they required, 315  
And friends and husbands. He admonished all  
Duly to importune the gods in prayer,  
For woe, he said, was near to many a one.

And then he came to Priam's noble hall, —  
A palace built with graceful porticos, 320  
And fifty chambers near each other, walled  
With polished stone, the rooms of Priam's sons  
And of their wives ; and opposite to these  
Twelve chambers for his daughters, also near  
Each other ; and, with polished marble walls, 325  
The sleeping-rooms of Priam's sons-in-law  
And their unblemished consorts. There he met  
His gentle mother on her way to seek  
Her fairest child, Laodice. She took 329  
His hand and held it fast, while thus she spake : —

“ Why art thou come, my child, and why hast left  
The raging fight ? Full hard these hateful Greeks  
Press us, in fighting round the city-walls.  
Thy heart, I know, hath moved thee to repair  
To our high citadel, and lift thy hands 335  
In prayer to Jupiter. But stay thou here



Till I bring pleasant wine, that thou mayst pour  
A part to Jove and to the other gods,  
And drink and be refreshed ; for wine restores  
Strength to the weary, and I know that thou 340  
Art weary, fighting for thy countrymen."

Great Hector of the crested helm replied : —  
" My honored mother, bring not pleasant wine,  
Lest that unman me, and my wonted might  
And valor leave me. I should fear to pour 345  
Dark wine to Jupiter with hands unwashed.  
Nor is it fitting that a man like me,  
Defiled with blood and battle-dust, should make  
Vows to the cloud-compeller, Saturn's son.  
But thou, with incense, seek the temple reared 350  
To Pallas the despoiler, — calling first  
Our honored dames together. Take with thee  
What thou shalt deem the fairest of the robes,  
And amplest, in thy palace, and the one  
Thou prizest most, and lay it on the knees 355  
Of the bright-haired Minerva. Make a vow  
To offer to the goddess in her fane  
Twelve yearling heifers that have never borne  
The yoke, if she in mercy will regard  
The city, and the wives and little ones 360  
Of its defenders ; if she will protect  
Our sacred Ilium from the ruthless son  
Of Tydeus, from whose valor armies flee.  
So to the shrine of Pallas, warrior-queen,  
Do thou repair, while I depart to seek 365

Paris, if he will listen to my voice.  
Would that the earth might open where he stands,  
And swallow him ! Olympian Jupiter  
Reared him to be the bane of all who dwell  
In Troy, to large-souled Priam and his sons. 370  
Could I behold him sinking to the shades,  
My heart would lose its sense of bitter woe."

He spake. His mother, turning homeward, gave  
Charge to her handmaids, who through all the town  
Passed, summoning the matrons, while the queen 375  
Descended to her chamber, where the air  
Was sweet with perfumes, and in which were laid  
Her rich embroidered robes, the handiwork  
Of Sidon's damsels, whom her son had brought —  
The godlike Alexander — from the coast 380  
Of Sidon, when across the mighty deep  
He sailed and brought the high-born Helen thence.  
One robe, most beautiful of all, she chose,  
To bring to Pallas, ampler than the rest,  
And many-hued ; it glistened like a star, 385  
And lay beneath them all. Then hastily  
She left the chamber with the matron train.

They reached Minerva's temple, and its gates  
Were opened by Theano, rosy-cheeked,  
The knight Antenor's wife and Cisseus' child, 390  
Made priestess to the goddess by the sons  
Of Troy. Then all the matrons lifted up  
Their voices and stretched forth their suppliant hands  
To Pallas, while the fair Theano took

The robe and spread its folds upon the lap 325  
 Of fair-haired Pallas, and with solemn vows  
 Prayed to the daughter of imperial Jove : —

“ O venerated Pallas, Guardian-Power  
 Of Troy, great goddess ! shatter thou the lance  
 Of Diomed, and let him fall in death 400  
 Before the Scæan gates, that we forthwith  
 May offer to thee in thy temple here  
 Twelve yearling heifers that have never worn  
 The yoke, if thou wilt pity us and spare  
 The wives of Trojans and their little ones.” 405

So spake she, supplicating ; but her prayer  
 Minerva answered not ; and while they made  
 Vows to the daughter of Almighty Jove,  
 Hector was hastening to the sumptuous home  
 Of Alexander, which that prince had built 410  
 With aid of the most cunning architects  
 In Troy the fruitful, by whose hands were made  
 The bed-chamber and hall and ante-room.  
 There entered Hector, dear to Jove ; he bore  
 In hand a spear eleven cubits long : 415  
 The brazen spear-head glittered brightly, bound  
 With a gold circle. In his room he there  
 Found Paris, busied with his shining arms, —  
 Corselet and shield ; he tried his curvèd bow ;  
 While Argive Helen with the attendant maids 420  
 Was sitting, and appointed each a task.

Hector beheld, and chid him sharply thus : —

“ Strange man ! a fitting time indeed is this,

To indulge thy sullen humor, while in fight  
Around our lofty walls the men of Troy 425  
Are perishing, and for thy sake the war  
Is fiercely blazing all around our town.  
Thou wouldst thyself reprove him, shouldst thou see  
Another warrior as remiss as thou  
In time of battle. Rouse thee, then, and act, 430  
Lest we behold our city all in flames."

Then answered Paris of the godlike form : —  
"Hector ! although thou justly chidest me,  
And not beyond my due, yet let me speak.  
Attend and hearken. Not in sullenness, 435  
Nor angry with the Trojans, sat I here  
Within my chamber, but that I might give  
A loose to sorrow. Even now my wife  
With gentle speeches has besought of me  
That I return to battle ; and to me 440  
That seems the best, for oft doth victory  
Change sides in war. Remain thou yet awhile,  
Till I put on my armor ; or go thou,  
And I shall follow and rejoin thee soon."

He ended. Hector of the beamy helm 445  
Heard him, and answered not ; but Helen spake,  
And thus with soothing words addressed the chief : —

"Brother-in-law, — for such thou art, though I  
Am lost to shame, and cause of many ills, —  
Would that some violent blast when I was born 450  
Had whirled me to the mountain wilds, or waves  
Of the hoarse sea, that they might swallow me,

Ere deeds like these were done! But since the gods  
Have thus decreed, why was I not the wife  
Of one who bears a braver heart and feels 455  
Keenly the anger and reproach of men?  
For Paris hath not, and will never have,  
A resolute mind, and must abide the effect  
Of his own folly. Enter thou meanwhile,  
My brother ; seat thee here, for heavily 460  
Must press on thee the labors thou dost bear  
For one so vile as I, and for the sake  
Of guilty Paris. An unhappy lot,  
By Jupiter's appointment, waits us both, —  
A theme of song for men in time to come." 465

Great Hector of the beamy helm replied : —  
" Nay, Helen, ask me not to sit ; thy speech  
Is courteous, but persuades me not. My mind  
Is troubled for the Trojans, to whose aid  
I hasten, for they miss me even now. 470  
But thou exhort this man, and bid him haste  
To overtake me ere I leave the town.  
I go to my own mansion first, to meet  
My household, — my dear wife and little child ;  
Nor know I whether I may come once more 475  
To them, or whether the great gods ordain  
That I must perish by the hands of Greeks."

So spake the plumèd Hector, and withdrew,  
And reached his pleasant palace, but found not  
White-armed Andromache within, for she 480  
Was in the tower, beside her little son

And well-robed nurse, and sorrowed, shedding tears.  
And Hector, seeing that his blameless wife  
Was not within, came forth again, and stood  
Upon the threshold questioning the maids. 485

“I pray you, damsels, tell me whither went  
White-armed Andromache? Has she gone forth  
To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,  
My brothers’ wives? Or haply has she sought  
The temple of Minerva, where are met 490  
The other bright-haired matrons of the town  
To supplicate the dreaded deity?”

Then said the diligent housewife in reply: —  
“Since thou wilt have the truth, — thy wife is gone  
Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames, 495  
Thy brothers’ wives; nor went she forth to join  
The other bright-haired matrons of the town,  
Where in Minerva’s temple they are met  
To supplicate the dreaded deity  
But to the lofty tower of Troy she went 500  
When it was told her that the Trojan troops  
Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks  
Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,  
Like one distracted, with her son and nurse.”

So spake the matron. Hector left in haste 505  
The mansion, and retraced his way between  
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing  
The mighty city. When at length he reached  
The Scæan gates, that issue on the field,  
His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache, 510

Came forth to meet him, — daughter of the prince  
 Eëtion, who, among the woody slopes  
 Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town  
 Of Thebè, ruled Cilicia and her sons,  
 And gave his child to Hector great in arms. 515  
 She came attended by a maid, who bore  
 A tender child — a babe too young to speak —  
 Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,  
 Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called  
 Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, — 520  
 The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole  
 Defence of Troy. The father on his child  
 Looked with a silent smile. Andromache  
 Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,  
 Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said : — 525  
 “ Too brave ! thy valor yet will cause thy death.  
 Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,  
 Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be  
 Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee  
 To take thy life. A happier lot were mine, 530  
 If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,  
 For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —  
 Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,  
 And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew  
 My father when he sacked the populous town 535  
 Of the Cilicians, — Thebè with high gates.  
 'T was there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore  
 To make his arms a spoil ; he dared not that,  
 But burned the dead with his bright armor on,

And raised a mound above him. Mountain-nymphs,  
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter, 541  
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.  
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,  
And all went down to Hades in one day.  
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all 545  
Among their slow-paced bullocks and white sheep.  
My mother, princess on the woody slopes  
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,  
And only for large ransom gave her back.  
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down 550  
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou  
Art father and dear mother now to me,  
And brother and my youthful spouse besides.  
In pity keep within the fortress here,  
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife 555  
A widow. Post thine army near the place  
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls  
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war  
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot, —  
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus, 560  
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave  
Tydides, whether counselled by some seer  
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds."

Then answered Hector, great in war : " All this  
I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I should stand 565  
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames  
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun  
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart



Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare  
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy, 570  
Upholding my great father's fame and mine ;  
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know  
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,  
And Priam, and the people over whom  
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all. 575  
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,  
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those  
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait  
My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,  
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, — 580  
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek  
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee  
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then  
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,  
And from the fountain of Messeis draw 585  
Water, or from the Hypercæan spring,  
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.  
And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,  
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned  
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought 590  
Around their city.' So shall some one say,  
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him  
Who haply might have kept afar the day  
Of thy captivity. O, let the earth  
Be heaped above my head in death before 595  
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away !"  
So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms

To take the boy ; the boy shrank crying back  
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
His father helmeted in glittering brass, 600  
And eying with affright the horse-hair plume  
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;  
And hastily the mighty Hector took  
The helmet from his brow and laid it down 605  
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed  
His darling son and tossed him up in play,  
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —

“ O Jupiter and all ye deities,  
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become 610  
Among the Trojans eminent like me,  
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,  
' This man is greater than his father was !'  
When they behold him from the battle-field  
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe, — 615  
That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse  
He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast  
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief  
Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed 620  
Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.  
No living man can send me to the shades  
Before my time ; no man of woman born,  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny. 625  
But go thou home, and tend thy labors there, —

The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids  
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain  
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again 630  
His helmet, shadowed with the horse-hair plume,  
While homeward his beloved consort went,  
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.  
Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls  
Of the man-queller Hector. There she found 631  
A troop of maidens, — with them all she shared  
Her grief; and all in his own house bewailed  
The living Hector, whom they thought no more  
To see returning from the battle-field,  
Safe from the rage and weapons of the Greeks. 640

Nor waited Paris in his lofty halls,  
But when he had put on his glorious arms,  
Glittering with brass, he traversed with quick steps  
The city; and as when some courser, fed  
With barley in the stall, and wont to bathe 645  
In some smooth-flowing river, having snapped  
His halter, gayly scampers o'er the plain,  
And in the pride of beauty bears aloft  
His head, and gives his tossing mane to stream  
Upon his shoulders, while his flying feet 650  
Bear him to where the mares are wont to graze, —  
So came the son of Priam — Paris — down  
From lofty Pergamus in glittering arms,  
And, glorious as the sun, held on his way  
Exulting and with rapid feet. He found 651

His noble brother Hector as he turned  
 To leave the place in which his wife and he  
 Had talked together. Alexander then —  
 Of godlike form — addressed his brother thus : —

“ My elder brother ! I have kept thee here 660  
 Waiting, I fear, for me, though much in haste,  
 And came less quickly than thou didst desire.”

And Hector of the plumèd helm replied : —  
 “ Strange being, no man justly can dispraise  
 Thy martial deeds, for thou art truly brave. 665  
 But oft art thou remiss and wilt not join  
 The combat. I am sad at heart to hear  
 The Trojans — they who suffer for thy sake  
 A thousand hardships — speak so ill of thee.  
 Yet let us go : we will confer of this 670  
 Another time, if Jove should e’er vouchsafe  
 That to the immortal gods of heaven we pour  
 In our own halls the cup of liberty  
 When we have chased the well-armed Greeks from  
 Troy.”

## BOOK VII.

**T**HE illustrious Hector spake, and rapidly  
 Passed through the gate, and with him issued  
 forth

His brother Alexander, — eager, both,  
 For war and combat. As when God bestows,

To glad the long-expecting mariners, 5  
A favorable wind while wearily  
They beat the ocean with their polished oars,  
Their arms all nerveless with their length of toil,—  
Such to the expecting Trojans was the sight  
Of the two chiefs. First Alexander slew 10  
Menesthius, who in Arnè had his home,  
A son of Areïthoüs the king.  
Large-eyed Philomedusa brought him forth  
To the mace-bearer Areïthoüs.  
And Hector smote Eïoneus, the spear 15  
Piercing his neck beneath the brazen casque,  
And straightway he dropped lifeless. Glaucus then—  
Son of Hippolochus, and chief among  
The Lycians — in that fiery onset slew  
Iphinoüs, son of Dexius, with his spear. 20  
It pierced the warrior's shoulder as he sprang  
To mount his rapid car, and from the place  
He fell to earth, his limbs relaxed in death  
Now when Minerva of the azure eyes  
Beheld them in the furious combat thus 25  
Wasting the Grecian host, she left the peaks  
Of high Olympus, and came down in haste  
To sacred Ilium. Straight Apollo flew  
To meet her, for he marked from Pergamus  
Her coming, and he greatly longed to give 30  
The victory to the Trojans. As they met  
Beside the beechen tree, the son of Jove,  
The king Apollo, spake to Pallas thus :—

“Why hast thou, daughter of imperial Jove,  
Thus left Olympus in thine eager haste? 35  
Seek'st thou to turn in favor of the Greeks  
War's wavering chances? — for I know too well  
Thou hast no pity when the men of Troy  
Are perishing. But, if thou wilt give ear  
To me, I shall propose a better way. 40  
Cause we the conflict for this day to cease,  
And be it afterward renewed until  
An end be made of Troy, since it hath pleased  
You, goddesses, to lay the city waste.”

And blue-eyed Pallas answered: “Be it so, 45  
O mighty Archer. With a like intent  
I left Olympus for this battle-field  
Of Greeks and Trojans. But by what device  
Think'st thou to bring the combat to a pause?”

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove, 50  
In turn to Pallas: “Let us seek to rouse  
The fiery spirit of the Trojan knight  
Hector, that he may challenge in the field  
Some Greek to meet him, singly and alone,  
In mortal combat. Then the well-armed Greeks, 55  
Stung by the bold defiance, will send forth  
A champion against Priam's noble son.”

He spake. The blue-eyed goddess gave assent:  
And straightway Helenus, beloved son  
Of Priam, in his secret mind perceived 60  
The purpose of the gods consulting thus,  
And came and stood by Hector's side and said:—

"O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove  
 In council, wilt thou hearken to my words  
 Who am thy brother? Cause the Trojans all 65  
 And all the Greeks to sit, while thou shalt stand  
 Proclaiming challenge to the bravest man  
 Among the Achaians to contend with thee  
 In mortal combat. It is not thy fate  
 To fall and perish yet, for thus have said 70  
 The ever-living gods, whose voice I heard."

He spake ; and Hector, hearing him, rejoiced,  
 And went between the hosts. He bore his spear,  
 Holding it in the middle, and pressed back  
 The ranks of Trojans, and they all sat down. 75  
 And Agamemnon caused the well-armed Greeks  
 To sit down also. Meantime Pallas sat,  
 With Phœbus of the silver bow, in shape  
 Like vultures, on the boughs of the tall beech, —  
 The tree of Father Jupiter who bears 80  
 The ægis, — and they looked with great delight  
 Upon the array of warriors in thick rows,  
 Horrid with shields and helms and bristling spears.  
 As when the west wind, rising fresh, breathes o'er  
 The deep, and darkens all its face with waves, 85  
 So seemed the Greeks and Trojans as they sat  
 In ranks upon the field, while Hector stood  
 Between the armies and bespake them thus : —

"Ye Trojans, and ye well-armed Greeks, give ear  
 To what my spirit bids me speak. The son 90  
 Of Saturn, throned on high, hath not vouchsafed

To ratify the treaty we have made,  
But meditates new miseries for us both,  
Till ye possess the towery city of Troy,  
Or, vanquished, yield yourselves beside the barks 95  
That brought you o'er the sea. With you are found  
The bravest sons of Greece. If one of these  
Is moved to encounter me, let him stand forth  
And fight with noble Hector. I propose,  
And call on Jove to witness, that if he 100  
Shall slay me with the long blade of his spear,  
My arms are his to spoil and to bestow  
Among the hollow ships ; but he must send  
My body home, that there the sons of Troy  
And Trojan dames may burn it on the pyre. 105  
But if I take his life, and Phœbus crown  
My combat with that glory, I will strip  
His armor off and carry it away  
To hallowed Ilium, there to hang it high  
Within the temple of the archer-god 110  
Apollo ; but his body I will send  
Back to the well-oared ships, that on the beach  
The long-haired Greeks may hold his funeral rites,  
And rear his tomb by the wide Hellespont.  
And then, in time to come, shall some one say, 115  
Sailing in his good ship the dark-blue deep,  
' This is the sepulchre of one who died  
Long since, and whom, though fighting gallantly,  
Illustrious Hector slew.' So shall he say  
Hereafter, and my fame shall never die." 120



He spake ; but utter silence held them all, —  
Ashamed to shun the encounter, yet afraid  
To meet it, — till at length, with heavy heart,  
Rose Menelaus from his seat, and thus  
Bespake the army with reproachful words : — 125

“ O boastful ones, no longer to be called  
Greek warriors, but Greek women ! a disgrace  
Grievous beyond all others will be ours,  
If none be found in all the Achaian host  
To meet this Hector. May you, every one, 130  
There where ye now are sitting, turn to earth  
And water, craven as ye are, and lost  
To sense of glory ! I will arm myself  
For this encounter. With the immortal gods  
Alone it rests to give the victory.” 135

He spake, and put his glorious armor on.  
Then, Menelaus, had the Trojan's hand  
Ended thy life, for he was mightier far  
Than thou, had not the Achaian kings at once  
Uprisen to hold thee back, while Atreus' son, 140  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, took thy hand  
In his, and made thee listen while he spake : —

“ Sure, noble Menelaus, thou art mad.  
Such frenzied daring suits not with the time.  
Restrain thyself, though thou hast cause for wrath ;  
Nor in thy pride of courage meet in arms 146  
One so much mightier, — Hector, Priam's son,  
Whom every other chief regards with fear,  
Whom even Achilles, braver far than thou,

Dreads to encounter in the glorious fight. 150  
Withdraw, then, to thy comrades, and sit down.  
The Greeks will send some other champion forth  
Against him ; and though fearless, and athirst  
For combat, he, I deem, will gladly bend  
His weary knees to rest should he escape 155  
From that fierce conflict in the lists alive.”

With words like these the Grecian hero changed  
The purpose of his brother, who obeyed  
The prudent counsel ; and with great delight  
The attendants stripped the armor from his breast.  
Then Nestor rose amid the Greeks and said : — 161

“ Ye gods ! a great calamity hath fallen  
Upon Achaia. How the aged chief  
Peleus, the illustrious counsellor and sage,  
Who rules the Myrmidons, will now lament ! — 165  
He who once gladly in his palace-home  
Inquired of me the race and pedigree  
Of the Greek warriors. Were he but to know  
That all of them are basely cowering now  
In Hector's presence, how would he uplift 170  
His hands and pray the gods that from his limbs  
The parted soul might pass to the abode  
Of Pluto ! Would to Father Jupiter  
And Pallas and Apollo that again  
I were as young as when the Pylian host 175  
And the Arcadians, mighty with the spear,  
Fought on the banks of rapid Celadon  
And near to Phæa and Iardan's streams.

There godlike Ereuthalion stood among  
Our foremost foes, and on his shoulders bore 180  
The armor of King Areïthoüs, —  
The noble Areïthoüs, whom men  
And graceful women called the Mace-bearer ;  
For not with bow he fought, nor ponderous lance,  
But broke the phalanxes with iron mace. 185  
Lycurgus slew him, but by stratagem,  
And not by strength ; he from a narrow way,  
Where was no room to wield the iron mace,  
Through Areïthoüs thrust the spear : he fell  
Backward ; the victor took his arms, which Mars 190  
The war-god gave, and which in after-time  
Lycurgus wore on many a battle-field.  
And when within his palace he grew old,  
He gave them to be worn by one he loved, —  
To Ereuthalion, who attended him 195  
In battle, and who, wearing them, defied  
The bravest of our host. All trembled ; all  
Held back in fear, nor dared encounter him.  
But me a daring trust in my own strength  
Impelled to meet him. I was youngest then 200  
Of all the chiefs ; I fought, and Pallas gave  
The victory over him, and thus I slew  
The hugest and most strong of men ; he lay  
Extended in vast bulk upon the ground.  
Would I were young as then, my frame unworn 205  
By years ! and Hector of the beamy helm  
Should meet an adversary soon ; but now

No one of all the chieftains here, renowned  
To be the bravest of the Achaian race,  
Hastens to meet in arms the Trojan chief." 210

Thus with upbraiding words the old man spake ;  
And straight arose nine warriors from their seats.  
The first was Agamemnon, king of men ;  
The second, brave Tydides Diomed ;  
And then the chieftains Ajax, bold and strong ; 215  
And then Idomeneus, with whom arose  
Meriones, his armor-bearer, great  
As Mars himself in battle. After them,  
Eurypylus, Evæmon's valiant son,  
And Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, rose, 220  
And the divine Ulysses, — claiming all  
To encounter noble Hector in the lists.  
But then spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Now let us cast the lot for all, and see  
To whom it falls ; for greatly will he aid 225  
The nobly-armed Achaians, and as great  
Will be his share of honor should he come  
Alive from the hard trial of the fight.”

Then each one marked his lot, and all were cast  
Into the helm of Agamemnon, son 230  
Of Atreus. All the people lifted up  
Their hands in prayer to the ever-living gods,  
And turned their eyes to the broad heaven, and said :

“ Grant, Father Jove, that Ajax, or the son  
Of Tydeus, or the monarch who bears rule 235  
In rich Mycenæ may obtain the lot.”

Such was their prayer, while the Gerenian knight,  
Old Nestor, shook the lots ; and from the helm  
Leaped forth the lot of Ajax, as they wished.

A herald took it, and from right to left 240  
Bore it through all the assembly, showing it  
To all the leaders of the Greeks. No one  
Knew it, and all disclaimed it. When at last,  
Carried through all the multitude, it came  
To Ajax the renowned, who had inscribed 245  
And laid it in the helmet, he stretched forth  
His hand, while at his side the herald stood,  
And took and looked upon it, knew his sign,  
And gloried as he looked, and cast it down  
Upon the ground before his feet, and said :— 250

“O friends ! the lot is mine, and I rejoice  
Heartily, for I think to overcome  
The noble Hector. Now, while I put on  
My armor for the fight, pray ye to Jove,  
The mighty son of Saturn, silently, 255  
Unheard by them of Troy, or else aloud,  
Since we fear no one. None by strength of arm  
Shall vanquish me, or find me inexpert  
In battle, nor was I to that degree  
Ill-trained in Salamis, where I was born.” 260

He spake ; and they to Saturn’s monarch-son  
Prayed, looking up to the broad heaven, and said :—

“O Father Jove ! most mighty, most august !  
Who rulest from the Idæan mount, vouchsafe  
That Ajax bear away the victory 265

And everlasting honor ; but if thou  
Dost cherish Hector and protect his life,  
Give equal strength to both, and equal fame."

Such were their words, while Ajax armed himself  
In glittering brass ; and, when about his limbs 270  
The mail was buckled, forward rushed the chief.  
As moves the mighty Mars to war among  
The heroes whom the son of Saturn sends  
To struggle on the field in murderous strife,  
So the great Ajax, bulwark of the Greeks, 275  
With a grim smile came forward, and with strides  
Firm-set and long, and shook his ponderous spear.  
The Greeks exulted at the sight ; dismay  
Seized every Trojan : even Hector's heart  
Quailed in his bosom ; yet he might not now 280  
Withdraw through fear, nor seek to hide among  
The throng of people, since himself had given  
The challenge. Ajax, drawing near, upheld  
A buckler like a rampart, bright with brass,  
And strong with ox-hides seven. The cunning hand  
Of Tychius, skilled beyond all other men 285  
In leather-work, had wrought it at his home  
In Hyla. He for Ajax framed the shield  
With hides of pampered bullocks in seven folds,  
And an eighth fold of brass, — the outside fold. 290  
This Telamonian Ajax held before  
His breast, as he approached, and threatening  
said : —

"Now shalt thou, Hector, singly matched with me,

Learn by what chiefs the Achaian host is led  
Besides Achilles, mighty though he be 295  
To break through squadrons, and of lion-heart  
Still in the beakèd ships in which he crossed  
The sea he cherishes his wrath against  
The shepherd of the people, — Atreus' son.  
But we have those that dare defy thee yet, 300  
And they are many. Let the fight begin."

Then answered Hector of the plumèd helm : —  
"O high-born Ajax, son of Telamon,  
And prince among thy people, think thou not  
To treat me like a stripling weak of arm, 305  
Or woman all untrained to tasks of war.  
I know what battles are and bloody frays,  
And how to shift to right and left the shield  
Of seasoned hide, and, unfatigued, maintain  
The combat ; how on foot to charge the foe 310  
With steps that move to martial airs, and how  
To leap into the chariot and pursue  
The war with rushing steeds. Yet not by stealth  
Seek I to smite thee, valiant as thou art,  
But in fair open battle, if I may." 315

He spake, and, brandishing his ponderous lance,  
Hurled it ; and on the outer plate of brass,  
Which covered the seven bullock-hides, it struck  
The shield of Ajax. Through the brass and through  
Six folds of hides the irresistible spear 320  
Cut its swift way, and at the seventh was stopped.  
Then high-born Ajax cast his massive spear

In turn, and drove it through the fair, round shield  
Of Priam's son. Through that bright buckler went  
The rapid weapon, pierced the well-wrought mail, <sup>325</sup>  
And tore the linen tunic at the flank.

But Hector stooped and thus avoided death.

They took their spears again, and, coming close,  
Like lions in their hunger, or wild boars  
Of fearful strength, joined battle. Priam's son <sup>330</sup>  
Sent his spear forward, striking in the midst  
The shield of Ajax, but it broke not through  
The brass ; the metal turned the weapon's point.

While Ajax, springing onward, smote the shield  
Of Hector, drove his weapon through, and checked  
His enemy's swift advance, and wounded him <sup>336</sup>  
Upon the shoulder, and the black blood flowed.

Yet not for this did plumèd Hector cease  
From combat, but went back, and, lifting up  
A huge, black, craggy stone that near him lay, <sup>340</sup>  
Flung it with force against the middle boss  
Of the broad sevenfold shield that Ajax bore.

The brass rang with the blow. Then Ajax raised  
A heavier stone, and whirled it, putting forth  
His arm's immeasurable strength ; it brake <sup>345</sup>  
Through Hector's shield as if a millstone's weight  
Had fallen. His knees gave way ; he fell to earth  
Headlong ; yet still he kept his shield. At once  
Apollo raised him up ; and now with swords,  
Encountering hand to hand, they both had flown <sup>350</sup>  
To wound each other, if the heralds sent



As messengers from Jupiter and men  
Had not approached, — Idæus from the side  
Of Troy, Talthybius from the Grecian host, —  
Wise ancients both. Betwixt the twain they held 355  
Their sceptres, and the sage Idæus spake : —

“ Cease to contend, dear sons, in deadly fray ;  
Ye both are loved by cloud-compelling Jove,  
And both are great in war, as all men know.  
The night is come ; be then the night obeyed.” 360

And Telamonian Ajax answered thus : —

“ Idæus, first let Hector speak of this,  
For he it was who challenged to the field  
The bravest of the Grecian host, and I  
Shall willingly obey if he obeys.” 365

To him in turn the plumèd Hector said : —

“ Ajax, although God gave thee bulk and strength  
And prudence, and in mastery of the spear  
Thou dost excel the other Greeks, yet now  
Pause we from battle and the rivalry 370  
Of prowess for this day. Another time  
We haply may renew the fight till fate  
Shall part us and bestow the victory  
On one of us. But now the night is here,  
And it is good to obey the night, that thou 375  
Mayst gladden at the fleet the Greeks and all  
Thy friends and comrades, and that I in turn  
May give the Trojan men and long-robed dames,  
In the great city where King Priam reigns,  
Cause to rejoice, — the dames who pray for me, 380

Thronging the hallowed temple. Let us now  
Each with the other leave some noble gift,  
That all men, Greek or Trojan, thus may say :  
' They fought indeed in bitterness of heart,  
But they were reconciled, and parted friends.' ” 385

He spake, and gave a silver-studded sword  
And scabbard with its fair embroidered belt ;  
And Ajax gave a girdle brightly dyed  
With purple. Then they both departed, — one  
To join the Grecian host, and one to meet 390  
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see  
Hector alive, unwounded, and now safe  
From the great might and irresistible arm  
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led  
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope. 395  
And Ajax also by the well-armed Greeks,  
Exulting in his feats of arms, was brought  
To noble Agamemnon. When the chiefs  
Were in his tents, the monarch sacrificed  
A bullock of five summers to the son 400  
Of Saturn, sovereign Jupiter. They flayed  
The carcass, dressed it, carved away the limbs,  
Divided into smaller parts the flesh,  
Fixed them on spits, and roasted them with care,  
And drew them from the fire. And when the task  
Was finished, and the banquet all prepared, 405  
They feasted, and there was no guest who lacked  
His equal part in that repast. The son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, brave, and lord

Of wide dominions, gave the chine entire 410  
To Ajax as his due. Now when the calls  
Of thirst and hunger ceased, the aged chief  
Nestor, whose words had ever seemed most wise,  
Opened the council with this prudent speech : —

“ Atrides, and ye other chiefs of Greece ! 415  
Full many a long-haired warrior of our host  
Hath perished. Cruel Mars hath spilt their blood  
Beside Scamander's gentle stream ; their souls  
Have gone to Hades. Give thou, then, command,  
That all the Greeks to-morrow pause from war, 420  
And come together at the early dawn,  
And bring the dead in chariots drawn by mules  
And oxen, and consume them near our fleet  
With fire, that we, when we return from war,  
May carry to our native land the bones, 425  
And give them to the children of the slain.  
And then will we go forth and heap from earth,  
Upon the plain, a common tomb for all  
Around the funeral pile, and build high towers  
With speed beside it, which shall be alike 430  
A bulwark for our navy and our host.  
And let the entrance be a massive gate,  
Through which shall pass an ample chariot-way.  
And in a circle on its outer edge  
Sink we a trench so deep that neither steeds 435  
Nor men may pass, if these proud Trojans yet  
Should, in the coming battles, press us sore.”

He spake ; the princes all approved his words.

Meanwhile, beside the lofty citadel  
Of Ilium and at Priam's palace-gates 440  
In turbulence and fear the Trojans held  
A council, and the wise Antenor spake : —

“ Hearken, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies,  
To what my sober judgment bids me speak.  
Send we the Argive Helen back with all 445  
Her treasures ; let the sons of Atreus lead  
The dame away ; for now we wage the war  
After our faith is broken, and I deem  
We cannot prosper till we make amends.”

He spake, and sat him down. The noble chief  
Paris, the fair-haired Helen's husband, rose 451  
To answer him, and spake this wingèd speech : —

“ Thy words, Antenor, please me not. Thy skill  
Could offer better counsels. If those words  
Were gravely meant, the gods have made thee mad.  
But let me here, amid these knights of Troy, 456  
Speak openly my mind. Give up my wife  
I never will ; but all the wealth I brought  
With her from Argos I most willingly  
Restore, with added treasures of my own.” 460

He said, and took his seat, and in the midst  
Dardanian Priam rose, a counsellor  
Of godlike wisdom, and thus sagely spake : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies !  
I speak the thought that rises in my breast. 465  
Take now, as ye are wont, your evening meal,  
And set a watch and keep upon your guard ;

But let Idæus to the hollow ships  
 Repair at morning, and to Atreus' sons —  
 To Agamemnon and his brother king — 470  
 Make known what Paris, author of this strife,  
 Proposes, and with fairly ordered speech  
 Ask further if they will consent to pause  
 From cruel battle till we burn the dead :  
 Then be the war renewed till fate shall part 475  
 The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake. The assembly listened and obeyed ;  
 All through the camp in groups they took their meal.  
 But with the morn Idæus visited  
 The hollow ships, and found the Achaian chiefs, 480  
 Followers of Mars, in council near the prow  
 Of Agamemnon's bark ; and, standing there,  
 The loud-voiced herald spake his message thus : —

"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs  
 Of all the tribes of Greece, I come to you 485  
 From Priam and the eminent men of Troy,  
 To say, if it be pleasing to your ears,  
 What Alexander, author of the war,  
 Proposes. All the wealth which in his ships  
 He brought to Troy—would he had perished first!—  
 He will, with added treasures of his own, 491  
 Freely restore ; but her who was the wife  
 Of gallant Menelaus he denies  
 To render back, though all who dwell in Troy  
 Join to demand it. I am furthermore 495  
 Bidden to ask if you consent to pause

From cruel battle till we burn our dead :  
Then be the war renewed till fate shall part  
The hosts and give to one the victory."

He spake ; and all were silent for a space. 500  
Then spake at length the valiant Diomed : —

" Let none consent to take the Trojan's goods,  
Nor even Helen ; for a child may see  
The utter ruin hanging over Troy."

He spake. The admiring Greeks confirmed with  
shouts 505

The words of Diomed the knight, and thus  
King Agamemnon to Idæus said : —

" Idæus, thou thyself hast heard the Greeks  
Pronounce their answer. What to them seems good  
Pleases me also. For the slain, I give 510  
Consent to burn them ; to the dead we bear  
No hatred ; when they fall the rite of fire  
Should soon be paid. Let Juno's husband, Jove  
The Thunderer, bear witness to our truce."

The monarch spake, and raised to all the gods 515  
His sceptre, while Idæus took his way  
To hallowed Ilium. There in council sat  
Trojans and Dardans, waiting his return.  
He came, and standing in the midst declared  
His message. Then they all went forth in haste, 520  
Some to collect the slain and some to fell  
Trees in the forest. From their well-benched ships  
The Achaians also issued, some to bring  
The dead together, some to gather wood.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun  
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays 526  
Smote the surrounding fields. The Trojans met,  
But found it hard to know their dead again.

They washed away the clotted blood, and laid —  
Shedding hot tears — the bodies on the cars. 530  
And since the mighty Priam's word forbade  
All wailing, silently they bore away  
Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the  
pyre

With aching hearts, and, when they had consumed  
The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy. 535  
The nobly-armed Achaïans also heaped  
Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile  
With aching hearts ; and when they had consumed  
Their dead with fire they sought their hollow ships.

And ere the morning came, while earth was gray  
With twilight, by the funeral pile arose 541  
A chosen band of Greeks, who, going forth,  
Heaped round it from the earth a common tomb  
For all, and built a wall and lofty towers  
Near it, — a bulwark for the fleet and host. 545  
And in the wall they fitted massive gates,  
Through which there passed an ample chariot-way ;  
And on its outer edge they sank a trench, —  
Broad, deep, — and planted it with pointed stakes.  
So labored through the night the long-haired Greeks.

The gods who sat beside the Thunderer Jove 551  
Admired the mighty labor of the Greeks ;

But Neptune, he who shakes the earth, began : —

“ O Father Jove, henceforth will any one  
Of mortal men consult the immortal gods ? 555  
Seest thou not how the long-haired Greeks have reared  
A wall before their navy, and have drawn  
A trench around it, yet have brought the gods  
No liberal hecatombs ? Now will the fame  
Of this their work go forth wherever shines 560  
The light of day, and men will quite forget  
The wall which once we built with toiling hands —  
Phœbus Apollo and myself — around  
The city of renowned Laomedon.”

And cloud-compelling Jove in wrath replied : —  
“ Earth-shaking power ! what words are these ?

Some god 566  
Of meaner rank and feebler arm than thou  
Might haply dread the work the Greeks have planned.  
But as for thee, thy glory shall be known  
Wherever shines the day ; and when at last 570  
The crested Greeks, departing in their ships,  
Shall seek their native coasts, do thou o'erthrow  
The wall they built, and sink it in the deep,  
And cover the great shore again with sand.  
Thus shall their bulwark vanish from the plain.” 575

So talked they with each other while the sun  
Was setting. But the Achæians now had brought  
Their labors to an end ; they slew their steers  
Beside the tents and shared the evening meal,  
While many ships had come to land with store 580



Of wine from Lemnos, which Euneus sent, —  
Euneus whom Hypsipyle brought forth  
To Jason, shepherd of the people. These  
Brought wine, a thousand measures, as a gift  
To Agamemnon and his brother king, 585  
The sons of Atreus. But the long-haired Greeks  
Bought for themselves their wines ; some gave their  
brass,  
And others shining steel ; some bought with hides,  
And some with steers, and some with slaves, and thus  
Prepared an ample banquet. Through the night 590  
Feasted the long-haired Greeks. The Trojan host  
And their auxiliar warriors banqueted  
Within the city-walls. Through all that night  
The Great Disposer, Jove, portended woe  
To both with fearful thunderings. All were pale 595  
With terror ; from their beakers all poured wine  
Upon the ground, and no man dared to drink  
Who had not paid to Saturn's mighty son  
The due libation. Then they laid them down  
To rest, and so received the balm of sleep. 600

## BOOK VIII.

NOW morn in saffron robes had shed her light  
O'er all the earth, when Jove the Thunderer  
Summoned the gods to council on the heights  
Of many-peaked Olympus. He addressed  
The assembly, and all listened as he spake : — 5  
“ Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses !  
While I declare the thought within my breast.  
Let none of either sex presume to break  
The law I give, but cheerfully obey,  
That my design may sooner be fulfilled. 10  
Whoever, stealing from the rest, shall seek  
To aid the Grecian cause, or that of Troy,  
Back to Olympus, scourged and in disgrace,  
Shall he be brought, or I will seize and hurl  
The offender down to rayless Tartarus, 15  
Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth,  
With iron gates and threshold forged of brass,  
As far beneath the shades as earth from heaven.  
Then shall he learn how greatly I surpass  
All other gods in power. Try if ye will, 20  
Ye gods, that all may know : suspend from heaven  
A golden chain ; let all the immortal host  
Cling to it from below : ye could not draw,  
Strive as ye might, the all-disposing Jove  
From heaven to earth. And yet, if I should choose  
To draw it upward to me, I should lift, 26

With it and you, the earth itself and sea  
Together, and I then would bind the chain  
Around the summit of the Olympian mount,  
And they should hang aloft. So far my power 30  
Surpasses all the power of gods and men."

He spake ; and all the great assembly, hushed  
In silence, wondered at his threatening words,  
Until at length the blue-eyed Pallas said : —

" Our Father, son of Saturn, mightiest 35  
Among the potentates, we know thy power  
Is not to be withstood, yet are we moved  
With pity for the warlike Greeks, who bear  
An evil fate and waste away in war.  
If such be thy command, we shall refrain 40  
From mingling in the combat, yet will aid  
The Greeks with counsel which may be their guide,  
Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly."

—The Cloud-compeller Jove replied, and smiled : —  
" Tritonia, daughter dear, be comforted. 45  
I spake not in the anger of my heart,  
And I have naught but kind intents for thee.

He spake, and to his chariot yoked the steeds,  
Fleet, brazen-footed, and with flowing manes  
Of gold, and put his golden armor on, 50  
And took the golden scourge, divinely wrought,  
And, mounting, touched the coursers with the lash  
To urge them onward. Not unwillingly  
Flew they between the earth and starry heaven,  
Until he came to Ida, moist with springs 55

And nurse of savage beasts, and to the height  
Of Gargarus, where lay his sacred field,  
And where his fragrant altar fumed. He checked  
Their course, and there the Father of the gods  
And men released them from the yoke and caused 60  
A cloud to gather round them. Then he sat,  
Exulting in the fulness of his might,  
Upon the summit, whence his eye beheld  
The towers of Ilium and the ships of Greece.

Now in their tents the long-haired Greeks had  
shared 65

A hasty meal, and girded on their arms.  
The Trojans, also, in their city armed  
Themselves for war, as eager for the fight,  
Though fewer ; for a hard necessity  
Forced them to combat for their little ones 70  
And wives. They set the city-portals wide,  
And forth the people issued, foot and horse  
Together, and a mighty din arose.  
And now, when host met host, their shields and  
spears

Were mingled in disorder ; men of might 75  
Encountered, cased in mail, and bucklers clashed  
Their bosses ; loud the clamor : cries of pain  
And boastful shouts arose from those who fell  
And those who slew, and earth was drenched with  
blood.

While yet 't was morning, and the holy light 80  
Of day grew bright, the men of both the hosts

Were smitten and were slain ; but when the sun  
Stood high in middle heaven, the All-Father took  
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates 84  
Which bring the sleep of death, — the fate of those  
Who tamed the Trojan steeds, and those who warred  
For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst  
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate  
Of Greece in that day's fight sank down until 89  
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of Troy  
Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heaven.  
With that the Godhead thundered terribly  
From Ida's height, and sent his lightnings down  
Among the Achaian army. They beheld .  
In mute amazement and grew pale with fear. 95

Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,  
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground, nor stayed  
The chieftains Ajax, ministers of Mars.  
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,  
Alone was left behind, and he remained 100  
Unwillingly. A steed of those that drew  
His car was sorely wounded by a shaft  
Which Alexander, fair-haired Helen's spouse,  
Sent from his bow. It pierced the forehead where  
The mane begins, and where a wound is death. 105  
The arrow pierced him to the brain ; he reared  
And whirled in torture with the wound, and scared  
His fellow-coursers. While the aged man  
Hastened to sever with his sword the thongs  
That bound him to the car, the rapid steeds 110

Of Hector bore their valiant master on  
With the pursuing crowd. The aged chief  
Had perished then, if gallant Diomed  
Had not perceived his plight. He lifted up  
His voice, and, shouting to Ulysses, said : — 115

“ High-born Ulysses, man of subtle shifts,  
Son of Laertes, whither dost thou flee ?  
Why like a coward turn thy back ? Beware,  
Lest there some weapon smite thee. Stay and guard  
This aged warrior from his furious foe.” 120

So spake he ; but the much-enduring man,  
Ulysses, heard not the reproof, and passed  
Rapidly toward the hollow ships of Greece.  
Tydides, single-handed, made his way  
Among the foremost warriors, till he stood 125  
Before the horses of the aged son  
Of Neleus, and in wingèd accents said : —

“ The younger warriors press thee sore, old chief !  
Thy strength gives way ; the weariness of age  
Is on thee ; thy attendant is not strong ; 130  
Thy steeds are slow. Mount, then, my car, and see  
What Trojan horses are ; how rapidly  
They turn to right and left, and chase and flee.  
I took them from the terror of the field,  
Æneas. To our servants leave thine own, 135  
While we with these assault the Trojan knights,  
And teach even Hector that the spear I wield  
Can make as furious havoc as his own.”

He spake ; and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,

Complied. The two attendants, valiant men, — 140  
Sthenelus and the good Eurymedon, —  
Took charge of Nestor's steeds. The chieftains  
climbed

The car of Diomed, and Nestor took  
Into his hand the embroidered reins and lashed  
The horses with the scourge. They quickly came  
To<sup>\*</sup> Hector. As the Trojan hastened on, 145  
The son of Tydeus hurled a spear ; it missed,  
But spared not Eniopeus, him who held  
The reins, the hero's charioteer, and son  
Of brave Thebæus. In the breast between 150  
The paps it smote him ; from the car he fell,  
And the swift horses started back ; his soul  
And strength passed from him. Hector bitterly  
Grieved for his death, yet left him where he fell,  
And sought another fitting charioteer. 155  
Nor had the fiery coursers long to wait  
A guide, for valiant Archeptolemus,  
The son of Iphitus, was near at hand.

And him he caused to mount the chariot drawn  
By his fleet steeds, and gave his hand the reins. 160

Then great had been the slaughter ; fearful deeds  
Had then been done ; the Trojans had been scared  
Into their town like lambs into the fold, —  
Had not the Father of the immortal gods  
And mortal men beheld, and from on high 165  
Terribly thundered, sending to the earth  
A bolt of fire. He flung it down before

The car of Diomed ; and fiercely glared  
The blazing sulphur ; both the frightened steeds  
Cowered trembling by the chariot. Nestor's hand  
Let fall the embroidered reins ; his spirit sank 171  
With fear, and thus he said to Diomed : —

“ Tydides, turn thy firm-paced steeds, and flee.  
Dost thou not see that victory from Jove  
Attends thee not ? To-day doth Saturn's son 175  
Award the glory to the Trojan chief.  
Hereafter he will make it ours, if such  
Be his good pleasure. No man, though he be  
The mightiest among men, can thwart the will  
Of Jupiter, with whom abides all power.” 180

The great in battle, Diomed, replied : —  
“ Truly, O ancient man, thou speakest well ;  
But this it is that grieves me to the heart, —  
That Hector to the Trojan host will say,  
‘ I put to flight Tydides, and he sought 185  
Shelter among his ships.’ Thus will he boast  
Hereafter ; may earth open then for me ! ”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined : —  
“ What, son of warlike Tydeus, hast thou said ?  
Though Hector call thee faint of heart and weak, 190  
The Trojans and Dardanians, and the wives  
Of the stout-hearted Trojans armed with shields,  
Whose husbands in their youthful prime thy hand  
Hath laid in dust, will not believe his words.”

Thus having said, he turned the firm-paced steeds  
Rearward, and mingled with the flying crowd. 196



And now the Trojans and their leader gave  
A mighty cry, and poured on them a storm  
Of deadly darts, and crested Hector raised  
His thundering voice and shouted after them : — 200

“ O son of Tydeus ! the swift-riding Greeks  
Have honored thee beyond all other men,  
At banquets, with high place and delicate meats  
And flowing cups. They will despise thee now,  
For thou art like a woman. Timorous girl ! 205  
Take thyself hence, and never think that I  
Shall yield to thee, that thou mayst climb our  
towers

And bear away our women in thy ships ;  
For I shall give thee first the doom of death.”

He spake ; and Diomed, in doubtful mood, 210  
Questioned his spirit whether he should turn  
His steeds and fight with Hector. Thrice the  
thought

Arose within his mind, and thrice on high  
Uttered the all-forecasting Jupiter  
His thunder from the Idæan mount, a sign 215  
Of victory changing to the Trojan side.  
Then Hector to the Trojans called aloud : —

“ Trojans and Lycians all, and ye who close  
In deadly fight, the sons of Dardanus !  
Acquit yourselves like men, my friends ; recall 220  
Your fiery valor now, for I perceive  
The son of Saturn doth award to me  
Victory and vast renown, and to the Greeks

Destruction. Fools ! who built this slender wall  
 Which we condemn, which cannot stand before 225  
 The strength I bring ; our steeds can overleap  
 The trench they digged. When I shall reach their  
 fleet,

Remember the consuming power of fire,  
 That I may give their vessels to the flames,  
 And hew the Achaians down beside their prows, 230  
 While they are wrapped in the bewildering smoke."

He spake ; and then he cheered his coursers  
 thus : —

" Xanthus, Podargus, Lampus nobly bred,  
 And Æthon, now repay the generous care,  
 The pleasant grain which my Andromache, 235  
 Daughter of great Eëtion, largely gives.  
 She mingles wine that ye may drink at will  
 Ere yet she ministers to me, who boast  
 To be her youthful husband. Let us now  
 Pursue with fiery haste, that we may seize 240  
 The shield of Nestor, the great fame of which  
 Has reached to heaven, — an orb of massive gold  
 Even to the handles. Let us from the limbs  
 Of Diomed, the tamer of fleet steeds,  
 Strip off the glorious mail that Vulcan forged : 245  
 This done, our hope may be that all the Greeks  
 Will climb their galleys and depart to-night."

So boasted he ; but queenly Juno's ire  
 Was kindled, and she shuddered on her throne  
 Till great Olympus trembled. Thus she spake 250

To Neptune, mighty ruler of the deep . —

“ Earth-shaker ! thou who rulest far and wide !  
Is there no pity for the perishing Greeks  
Within that breast of thine ? They bring to thee  
At Helicè and Ægæ costly gifts 255  
And many, wherefore thy desire should be  
That they may win the victory. If the gods  
Who favor the Achaïans should combine  
To drive the Trojans back, and hold in check  
High-thundering Jupiter, the God would sit 260  
In sullen grief on Ida’s top alone.”

Earth-shaking Neptune answered in disdain : —  
“ O Juno, rash in speech ! what words are these ?  
Think not that I can wish to join the gods  
In conflict with the monarch Jupiter, 265  
The son of Saturn, mightier than we all.”

So held they colloquy. Meanwhile the space  
Betwixt the galleys and the trench and wall  
Was crowded close with steeds and shielded men ;  
For Hector, son of Priam, terrible 270  
As Mars the lightning-footed, drave them on  
Before him. Jove decreed him such renown.  
And now would he have given that noble fleet  
To the consuming flame, if Juno, queen  
Of heaven, had not beheld, and moved the heart 275  
Of Agamemnon to exhort the Greeks  
That they should turn and combat. With quick  
steps

He passed beside the fleet, among the tents,

Bearing in his strong hand his purple robe,  
And climbed the huge black galley which had  
brought 280

Ulysses to the war, — for in the midst  
It lay, and thence the king might send his voice  
To either side, as far as to the tents  
Of Ajax and Achilles, who had moored  
Their galleys at the different extremes 285  
Of the long camp, confiding in their might  
Of arm and their own valor. Thence he called,  
With loud, clear utterance, to the Achaian host : —

“ O Greeks ! shame on ye ! cravens who excel  
In form alone ! Where now are all the boasts 290  
Of your invincible valor, — the vain words  
Ye uttered pompously when at the feast  
In Lemnos sitting ye devoured the flesh  
Of hornèd beeves, and drank from bowls of wine,  
Flower-crowned, and bragged that each of you  
would be 295

A match for fivescore Trojans, or for twice  
Fivescore ? And now we all are not a match  
For Hector singly, who will give our fleet  
Soon to consuming flames. O Father Jove,  
Was ever mighty monarch visited 300  
By thee with such affliction, or so robbed  
Of high renown ! And yet in my good ship,  
Bound to this luckless' coast, I never passed  
By thy fair altars that I did not burn  
The fat and thighs of oxen, with a prayer 305

That I might sack the well-defended Troy.  
Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled, —  
That we may yet escape and get us hence ;  
Nor let the Trojans thus destroy the Greeks.”

He spake, and wept. The All-Father, pitying him,  
Consented that his people should escape 311  
The threatened ruin. Instantly he sent  
His eagle, bird of surest augury,  
Which, bearing in his talons a young fawn,  
The offspring of a nimble-footed roe, 315  
Dropped it at the fair altar where the Greeks  
Paid sacrifice to Panomphæan Jove.

And they, when they beheld, and knew that Jove  
Had sent the bird, took courage, rallying,  
And rushed against the Trojans. Then no chief 320  
Of all the Greeks — though many they — could boast  
That he before Tydides urged his steeds  
To sudden speed and drave them o’er the trench,  
And mingled in the combat. First of all  
He struck down Agelaus, Phradmon’s son, 325  
Armed as he was, who turned his car to fly,  
And as he turned, Tydides with his spear  
Transfixed his back between the shoulder-blades,  
And drave the weapon through his breast. He fell  
To earth, his armor clashing with his fall. 330  
Then Agamemnon followed, and with him  
His brother Menelaus ; after these  
The chieftains Ajax, fearful in their strength ;  
Idomeneus, and he who bore his arms, —

Meriones, like Mars in battle-field ; 335  
Eurypylus, Evæmon's glorious son ;  
And ninthly Teucer came, who bent his bow  
Beneath the shield of Ajax Telamon, —  
For Ajax moved his shield from side to side,  
And thence the archer looked abroad, and aimed 340  
His arrows thence. Whoever in the throng  
Was struck fell lifeless. Teucer all the while,  
As hides a child behind his mother's robe,  
Sheltered himself by Ajax, whose great shield  
Concealed the chief from sight. What Trojan first  
Did faithful Teucer slay? Orsilochus, 345  
Dætor, and Ophelestes, Ormenus,  
Chromius, and Lycophontes nobly born,  
And Hamopaon, Polyæmon's son,  
And Melanippus, — one by one the shafts 350  
Of Teucer stretched them on their mother earth.  
Then Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced  
As he beheld him, with his sturdy bow,  
Breaking the serried phalanxes of Troy ;  
And came, and, standing near, bespoke him thus : —  
“ Beloved Teucer ! son of Telamon, 355  
Prince of the people ! ever be thy shafts  
Aimed thus, and thou shalt be the light and pride  
Of Greece, and of thy father Telamon,  
Who reared thee from a little child with care 360  
In his own halls, though spurious was thy birth.  
Go on to do him honor, though he now  
Be far away. And here I say to thee, —

And I will keep my word, — if Jupiter  
The Ægis-bearer and Minerva deign 365  
To let me level the strong walls of Troy,  
To thee will I assign the noblest prize  
After my own, — a tripod, or two steeds  
And chariot, or a wife to share thy bed.”

And thus the blameless Teucer made reply : — 370  
“ Why, glorious son of Atreus, wouldst thou thus  
Admonish me, while yet I do my best,  
And pause not in the combat ? From the time  
When we began to drive the enemy back  
To Ilium, I have smitten and have slain 375  
Their warriors with my bow. Eight barbèd shafts  
I sent, and each has pierced some warlike youth ;  
But this fierce wolf-dog have I failed to strike.”

He spake, and sent another arrow forth  
At Hector with an eager aim. It missed 380  
Its mark, but struck Gorgythion down, the brave  
And blameless son of Priam ; through his breast  
The arrow went. Fair Castianira brought  
The warrior forth, — a dame from Æsymba,  
Beautiful as a goddess. As within 385  
A garden droops a poppy to the ground,  
Bowed by its weight and by the rains of spring,  
So drooped his head within the heavy casque.

And then did Teucer send another shaft  
At Hector, eager still to smite. It missed 390  
Its aim again, for Phœbus turned aside  
The arrow, but it struck the charioteer

Of Hector, Archeptolemus the brave,  
When rushing to the fight, and pierced his breast  
Close to the nipple ; from the car he fell, 395  
The swift steeds started back, and from his limbs  
The life and strength departed. A deep grief  
For his slain charioteer came darkly o'er  
The mind of Hector, yet, though sorrowing,  
He left him where he fell, and straightway called 400  
Cebriones, his brother, who was near,  
To mount and take the reins. Cebriones  
Heard and obeyed. Then from the shining car  
Leaped Hector with a mighty cry, and seized  
A ponderous stone, and, bent to crush him, ran 405  
At Teucer, who had from his quiver drawn  
One of his sharpest arrows, placing it  
Upon the bowstring. As he drew the bow,  
The strong-armed Hector hurled the jagged stone,  
And smote him near the shoulder, where the neck  
And breast are sundered by the collar-bone, — 411  
A fatal spot. The bowstring brake ; the arm  
Fell nerveless ; on his knees the archer sank,  
And dropped the bow. Then did not Ajax leave  
His fallen brother to the foe, but walked 415  
Around him, sheltering him beneath his shield,  
Till two dear friends of his — Menestheus, son  
Of Echius, and Alastor nobly born —  
Approached, and took him up and carried him,  
Heavily groaning, to the hollow ships. 420

Then did Olympian Jove again inspire



The Trojan host with valor, and they drave  
 The Achaians backward to the yawning trench.  
 Then Hector came, with fury in his eyes,  
 Among the foremost warriors. As a hound, 425  
 Sure of his own swift feet, attacks behind  
 The lion or wild boar, and tears his flank,  
 Yet warily observes him as he turns,  
 So Hector followed close the long-haired Greeks,  
 And ever slew the hindmost as they fled. 430  
 Yet now, when they in flight had crossed again  
 The trench and palisades, and many a one  
 Had died by Trojan hands, they made a halt  
 Before their ships, and bade each other stand,  
 And lifted up their hands and prayed aloud 435  
 To all the gods ; while Hector, urging on  
 His long-maned steeds, and with stern eyes that  
 seemed

The eyes of Gorgon or of murderous Mars,  
 Hither and thither swept across the field.

The white-armed Juno saw, and, sorrowing, 440  
 Addressed Minerva with these wingèd words : —

“ Ah me ! thou daughter of the God who bears  
 The ægis, shall we not descend to aid  
 The perishing Greeks in their extremity ?  
 A cruel doom is theirs, to fall, destroyed 445  
 By one man’s rage, — the terrible assault  
 Of Hector, son of Priam, who has made  
 Insufferable havoc in the field.”

And thus in turn the blue-eyed Pallas spake : —

“That warrior long ere this had lost his life, 450  
Slain by the Greeks on his paternal soil,  
But that my father's mind is warped by wrath.  
Unjust to me and harsh, he thwarts my aims,  
Forgetting all I did for Hercules,  
His son, — how often, when Eurystheus set 455  
A task too hard for him, I saved his life.  
To heaven he raised his eyes and wept, and Jove  
Despatched me instantly to succor him.  
And yet if I, in my forecasting mind,  
Had known all this when he was bid to bring 460  
From strong-walled Erebus the dog of hell,  
He had not safely crossed the gulf of Styx.  
But now Jove hates me ; now he grants the wish  
Of Thetis, who hath kissed his knees and touched  
His beard caressingly, and prayed that he 465  
Would crown the overthrower of walled towns,  
Achilles, with great honor. Well, the time  
Will come when he shall call me yet again  
His dear Minerva. Hasten now to yoke  
For us thy firm-paced steeds, while in the halls 470  
Of ægis-bearing Jupiter I brace  
My armor on for war, — and I shall see  
If Hector of the beamy helm, the son  
Of Priam, will rejoice when we appear  
Upon the field again. Assuredly 475  
The men of Troy shall die, to feast the birds  
Of prey and dogs beside the Grecian fleet.”

She ended, and the white-armed deity

Juno obeyed her. Juno the august,  
The mighty Saturn's daughter, hastily 480  
Caparisoned the golden-bitted steeds.  
Meanwhile, Minerva on the palace-floor  
Of Jupiter let drop the gorgeous robe  
Of many hues, which her own hands had wrought,  
And, putting on the Cloud-compeller's mail, 485  
Stood armed for cruel war. And then she climbed  
The glorious car, and took in hand the spear —  
Huge, heavy, strong — with which she overthrows  
The serried phalanxes of valiant men  
Whene'er this daughter of the Almighty One 490  
Is angered. Juno bore the lash, and urged  
The coursers to their speed. The gates of heaven  
Opened before them of their own accord, —  
Gates guarded by the Hours, on whom the care  
Of the great heaven and of Olympus rests, 495  
To open or to close the wall of cloud.  
Through these they guided their impatient steeds.

From Ida Jupiter beheld, in wrath,  
And summoned Iris of the golden wings,  
And bade her do this errand : " Speed thee hence, 500  
Fleet Iris ! turn them back ; allow them not  
Thus to defy me : it is not for them  
To engage with me in war. I give my word, —  
Nor shall it lack fulfilment, — I will make  
The swift steeds lame that draw their car, and hurl  
The riders down, and dash the car itself 506  
To fragments. Ten long years shall wear away

Before they cease to suffer from the wounds  
Made by the thunderbolt. Minerva thus  
May learn the fate of those who strive with Jove. 513  
With Juno I am less displeased, for she  
Is ever bent to thwart my purposes."

He spake ; and Iris, with the tempest's speed  
Departing, bore the message from the heights  
Of Ida to the great Olympus, where, 515  
Among the foremost passes of the mount,  
All seamed with hollow vales, she met and stayed  
The pair, delivering thus the word of Jove : —

"Now whither haste ye? What strange madness  
fires

Your breasts? The son of Saturn suffers not 520  
That ye befriend the Greeks. He threatens thus, —  
And will fulfil his threat, — that he will make  
The coursers lame that draw your car, and hurl  
The riders down, and dash the car itself  
To fragments, and that ten long years must pass 525  
Ere ye shall cease to suffer from the wounds  
Made by the thunderbolt. So shalt thou learn,  
O Pallas! what it is to strive with Jove.  
With Juno is he less displeased, for she  
Is ever bent to thwart his purposes ; 530  
But thou, he says, art guilty above all,  
And shameless as a hound, if thou dare lift  
Thy massive spear against thy father Jove."

So spake fleet-footed Iris, and withdrew ;  
And thus again to Pallas Juno said : — 535

“Child of the *Ægis*-bearer ! let us strive  
With Jove no longer for the sake of men,  
But let one perish and another live,  
As chance may rule the hour, and let the God,  
Communing with his secret mind, mete out 540  
To Greeks and Trojans their just destiny.”

She spake, and turned the firm-paced coursers  
back,  
The coursers with fair-flowing manes. The Hours  
Unyoked them, bound them to the ambrosial stalls,  
And leaned against the shining walls the car ; 545  
While Juno and Minerva went among  
The other deities and took their place  
Upon their golden seats, though sad at heart.  
Then with his steeds, and in his bright-wheeled car,  
Came Jove from Ida to the dwelling-place 550  
Of gods upon Olympus. There did he  
Who shakes the islands loose the steeds and bring  
The chariot to its place, and o’er it spread  
Its covering of lawn. The Thunderer  
Seated himself upon his golden throne, 555  
The great Olympus trembling as he stepped ;  
While Juno and Minerva sat apart  
Together, nor saluted him, nor asked  
Of aught ; but he perceived their thoughts and  
said : —

“Juno and Pallas ! why so sad ? Not long 560  
Ye toiled in glorious battle to destroy  
The Trojans, whom ye hold in bitter hate :

This strength of mine, and this invincible arm  
Not all the gods upon the Olympian mount  
Can turn to flight, while your fair limbs were seized  
With trembling ere ye entered on the shock 566  
And havoc of the war. Now let me say —  
And well the event would have fulfilled my words —  
That, smitten with the thunder from my hand,  
Your chariots never would have brought you back 570  
To this Olympus and the abode of gods.”

He spake ; while Pallas and the queen of heaven  
Repined with close-pressed lips, and in their hearts  
Devised new mischiefs for the Trojan race.

Silent Minerva sat, nor dared express 575  
The anger that she bore her father Jove ;  
But Juno could not curb her wrath, and spake : —

“ What words, austere Saturnius, hast thou said ?  
Thou art, we know, invincible in might ;  
Yet must we sorrow for the heroic Greeks, 580  
Who, by a cruel fate, are perishing.  
We stand aloof from war, if thou require ;  
Yet would we counsel the Achaian host,  
Lest by thy wrath they perish utterly.”

And then the Cloud-compeller, answering, said : —  
“ O Juno, large-eyed and august, if thou 586  
Look forth to-morrow, thou shalt then behold  
The all-powerful son of Saturn laying waste  
With greater havoc still the mighty host  
Of warlike Greeks. For Hector, great in war, 590  
Shall pause not from the conflict, till he rouse

The swift-paced son of Peleus at the ships,  
 When, pent in narrow space, the armies fight  
 For slain Patroclus : such the will of fate.  
 As for thyself, I little heed thy rage : 595  
 Not even shouldst thou wander to the realm  
 Where earth and ocean end, where Saturn sits  
 Beside Iapetus, and neither light  
 Of overgoing suns nor breath of wind  
 Refreshes them, but gulfs of Tartarus 600  
 Surround them, — shouldst thou even thither bend  
 Thy way, I shall not heed thy rage, who art  
 Beyond all others shamelessly perverse.”

He ceased ; but white-armed Juno answered not.  
 And now into the sea the sun's bright light 605  
 Went down, and o'er the foodful earth was drawn  
 Night's shadow. Most unwillingly the sons  
 Of Troy beheld the sunset. To the Greeks  
 Eagerly wished the welcome darkness came.

Then from the fleet illustrious Hector led 610  
 The Trojans, and beside the eddying stream,  
 In a clear space uncumbered by the slain,  
 Held council. There, alighting from their cars,  
 They listened to the words that Hector spake, —  
 Hector, beloved of Jove. He held a spear, 615  
 In length eleven cubits, with a blade  
 Of glittering brass, bound with a ring of gold.  
 On this he leaned, and spake these wingèd words : —

“ Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies.  
 But now I thought that, having first destroyed 620

The Achaian host and fleet, we should return  
This night to wind-swept Ilium. To their aid  
The darkness comes, and saves the Greeks, and  
saves

Their galleys ranged along the ocean-side.  
Obey we, then, the dark-browed night ; prepare 625  
Our meal ; unyoke the steeds with flowing manes,  
And set their food before them. Bring at once  
Oxen and fatlings of the flock from town,  
And from your dwellings bread and pleasant wine.  
And let us gather store of wood, to feed 630  
A multitude of blazing fires all night,  
Till Morning, daughter of the Dawn, appear, —  
Fires that shall light the sky, lest in the hours  
Of darkness with their ships the long-haired Greeks  
Attempt escape across the mighty deep. 635  
And, that they may not climb their decks unharmed,  
Let every foeman bear a wound to cure  
At home, — an arrow-wound or gash of spear,  
Given as he leaps on board. So other foes  
Shall dread a conflict with the knights of Troy. 640  
And let the heralds, dear to Jove, command  
That all grown youths and hoary-headed men  
Keep watch about the city in the towers  
Built by the gods ; and let the feebler sex  
Kindle large fires upon their hearths at home ; 645  
And let the guard be strengthened, lest the foe  
Should steal into the city while its sons  
Are all abroad. Thus let it be till morn,



Brave Trojans ! I but speak of what the time  
Requires, and on the morrow I shall speak 650  
Of what the Trojan knights have then to do.  
My prayer to Jove and to the other gods,  
And my hope is, that I may drive away  
These curs, brought hither by an evil fate  
In their black ships. All night will we keep watch,  
And, arming, with the early morn renew 656  
The desperate conflict at the hollow ships.  
Then shall I see if valiant Diomed  
Tydides has the power to make me leave  
The Grecian galleys for the city-walls, 660  
Or whether I shall slay him with my spear  
And take his bloody spoils. To-morrow's sun  
Will make his valor known, if he withstand  
The assault of this my weapon. Yet I think  
The sunrise will behold him slain among  
The first, with many comrades lying round.  
Would that I knew myself as certainly  
Secure from death and the decays of age,  
And to be held in honor like the gods  
Apollo and Minerva, as I know 670  
This day will bring misfortune to the Greeks !”

So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host  
Applauded ; from the yoke forthwith they loosed  
The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars  
With halters ; to the town they sent in haste 675  
For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,  
And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine,

And gathered fuel in large store. The winds  
Bore up the fragrant fumes from earth to heaven.

So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through  
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed. 681  
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth  
Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart, 685  
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,  
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships  
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone  
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire  
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars — 690  
Champing their oats and their white barley — stood,  
And waited for the golden morn to rise.

## BOOK IX.

THE Trojans thus kept watch ; while through  
the night

The power of Flight, companion of cold Fear,  
Wrought on the Greeks, and all their bravest men  
Were bowed beneath a sorrow hard to bear.  
As when two winds upturn the fishy deep, — 5  
The north wind and the west, that suddenly  
Blow from the Thracian coast ; the black waves rise  
At once, and fling the sea-weed to the shore, —

Thus were the Achaians troubled in their hearts.

Atrides, deeply grieving, walked the camp, 10  
And bade the clear-voiced heralds call by name  
To council all the chiefs, but not aloud.  
The king himself among the foremost gave  
The summons. Sadly that assembly took  
Their seats ; and Agamemnon in the midst 15  
Rose, shedding tears, — as down a lofty rock,  
Darkening its face, a fountain's waters flow, —  
And, deeply sighing, thus addressed the Greeks :—

“ O friends ! the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !  
Saturnian Jove hath in an evil snare 20  
Most cruelly entangled me. He gave  
His promise once that I should overthrow  
This strong-walled Ilium, and return ; but now  
He meditates a fraud, and sends me back  
To Argos without glory, and with loss 25  
Of many warriors. Thus doth it seem good  
Doubtless to Jove Almighty, who hath cast  
The towers of many a city down to earth,  
And will cast others down, — his might excels  
All other might. But let us now obey, 30  
As I shall counsel you, and in our ships  
Haste to our own dear country ; for I see  
That Troy with its broad streets can ne'er be ours.”

He spake ; and all were silent. Silent long  
Remained the sorrow-stricken sons of Greece, 35  
Till Diomed, the brave in battle, spake : —

“ First of the chiefs I speak, to disapprove,

Atrides, thy rash purpose : 't is my right  
In council ; nor, O king, be thou displeased.  
Thou first among the Greeks hast taunted me 40  
With lack of valor, calling me unapt  
For war and weak of arm. The young and old  
Have heard the taunt. One of two gifts the son  
Of wily Saturn hath bestowed on thee :  
High rank and rule o'er all the rest he gave, 45  
But gave thee not the nobler quality  
Of fortitude. Dost thou then truly deem  
The Greeks unapt for war and weak of arm,  
As thou hast said ? Thou longest to return :  
Go, then ; the way is open ; by the sea 50  
The barks that brought thee from Mycenæ lie,  
A numerous fleet. Yet others will remain —  
Long-haired Achaians — till we overthrow  
The city. Should they also pine for home,  
Then let them flee, with all their ships ; while I 55  
With Sthenelus fight on until we make  
An end of Troy, — for with the gods we came."

He spake. The Greeks applauded ; all admired  
The words of the horse-tamer Diomed.

Nestor the knight then rose, and thus he spake :—

"O son of Tydeus, eminently brave 60  
Art thou among thy comrades in the field,  
And great in council. No one here condemns  
The sentence thou hast given ; among the Greeks  
Is no one who denies what thou hast said ; 65  
Yet hast thou not said all. Thy years are few, —

So few, thou mightest be my youngest son ;  
And yet thou speakest wisely to the kings  
Of Greece, and thy discourse is just and right.  
Now I, who boast of far more years than thou, 70  
Will speak of this that yet remains, and none —  
Not even Agamemnon — will gainsay  
What I advise. A wretch without a tie  
Of kin, a lawless man without a home,  
Is he who takes delight in civil strifes. 75  
But let us now give way to the dark night,  
And make our banquets ready. Let the guards  
Lie down within the trenches which we digged  
Without the wall : be this the young men's charge.  
And thou, Atrides, do thou now begin, 80  
Who art supreme, and make a feast for all  
The elder chiefs ; it shall become thee well :  
Thy tents are full of wine, which ships from Thrace  
Bring every day across the mighty deep,  
And thou hast all things ready, and a host 85  
Of menials. Then, when many throng the board,  
Thou shalt defer to him who counsels thee  
Most wisely ; for the Greeks have urgent need  
Of prudent counsels, when the foe so close  
Beside our galleys lights his multitude 90  
Of watch-fires. Who that sees them can rejoice ?  
This night will rescue or destroy our host."

He spake. They listened all, and willingly  
Obeyed him. Forth in armor went the guards,  
Led by the chieftain Thrasymedes, son 95

Of Nestor, by Ascalaphus, who claimed  
His birth from Mars, and by Ialmenus  
His brother, and Deïpyrus, with whom  
There followed Aphareus, Meriones,  
And Lycomedes, Creon's noble son. 100

Seven were the leaders of the guards ; with each  
A hundred youths in warlike order marched,  
Bearing long spears ; and when they reached the  
space

Between the trench and wall they sat them down,  
And kindled fires and made their evening meal. 105

Atrides brought the assembled elder chiefs  
To his pavilion, and before them set  
A generous banquet. They put forth their hands  
And shared the feast ; and when the calls of thirst  
And hunger ceased, the aged Nestor first 110  
Began to counsel them ; the chief, whose words  
Had lately seemed of wisest import, now  
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered speech :—

“ Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king !  
What I shall say begins and ends with thee, 115  
For thou dost rule o'er many nations. Jove  
Hath given to thee the sceptre, and the power  
To make their laws, that thou mayst seek their good.  
Thou, therefore, of all men, shouldst speak and hear  
In council, and shouldst follow willingly 120  
Another's judgment when it best promotes  
The general weal ; for all depends on thee.  
Now let me say what seems to me most wise ;

For better counsel none can give than this  
Which now I meditate, and which to give 125  
I purposed from the hour when thou, great king,  
Didst bear the maid Briseis from the tent  
Of the enraged Achilles, unapproved  
By me, who strove to change thy rash design.  
Then didst thou yield thee to thy haughty will, 130  
And didst dishonor a most valiant man,  
Whom the immortals honor. Thou didst take  
And still dost keep the prize he fairly won.  
Let it be now our study to appease  
The hero with large gifts and soothing words.” 135

Then Agamemnon, king of men, replied : —  
“ O ancient man, most truly hast thou named  
My faults. I erred, and I deny it not.  
That man indeed is equal to a host  
Whom Jupiter doth love and honor thus, 140  
Humbling the Achaian people for his sake.  
And now, since, yielding to my wayward mood  
I erred, let me appease him, if I may,  
With gifts of priceless worth. Before you all  
I number them, — seven tripods which the fire 145  
Hath never touched, six talents of pure gold,  
And twenty shining caldrons, and twelve steeds  
Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,  
Whose feet have won me prizes in the games.  
No beggar would he be, nor yet with store 150  
Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay  
The prizes those swift steeds have brought to me.

Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,  
I give moreover, — Lesbians, whom I chose  
When he o'erran the populous Lesbian isle, — 155  
Damsels in beauty who excel their sex.  
These I bestow, and with them I will send  
Her whom I took away, — Briseis, pure —  
I swear it with a mighty oath — as pure  
As when she left his tent. All these I give 160  
At once ; and if by favor of the gods  
We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,  
He shall load down his galley with large store  
Of gold and silver, entering first when we,  
The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then may he choose  
Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful 166  
Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come  
Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked  
With milky kine, he may become to me  
A son-in-law, and cherished equally 170  
With my sole son Orestes, who is reared  
Most royally. Three daughters there, within  
My stately palace-walls, — Chrysothemis,  
Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell,  
And he may choose among them, and may lead 175  
Home to the house of Peleus her who best  
Deserves his love. Nor need he to endow  
The bride, for I will give an ampler dower  
Than ever father to his daughter gave, —  
Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle, 180  
Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed



Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-fields,  
 Æpeia beautiful, and Pegasus  
 With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea,  
 And stand the last before you reach the coast 185  
 Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds  
 Their dwellers are, and they will honor him  
 As if he were a god, and, ruled by him,  
 Will pay large tribute. These will I bestow,  
 Let but his anger cool and his resolve 190  
 Give way. 'T is Pluto who is deaf to prayer  
 And ne'er relents, and he, of all the gods,  
 Most hateful is to men. Now let the son  
 Of Peleus yield at length to me, who stand  
 Above him in authority and years." 195

Then answered Nestor the Gerenian knight : —  
 " Atrides Agamemnon ! glorious king !  
 Gifts not to be contemned thou offerest  
 To Prince Achilles. Let us now despatch  
 A chosen embassy, who shall proceed 200  
 At once to where Pelides holds his tent.  
 I name the men ; and cheerfully will they  
 Perform the duty : Phœnix, dear to Jove,  
 Shall be their leader, mighty Ajax next,  
 And then high-born Ulysses ; heralds twain 205  
 Shall follow, — Hódus and Eurybates.  
 And now be water brought to cleanse our hands,  
 And charge be given that no ill-omened word  
 Be uttered, while we pray that Jupiter,  
 The son of Saturn, will assist our need." 210

He spake ; and all approved the words he said.  
Then poured the heralds water on the hands  
Of those who sat. The young men crowned with wine  
The goblets, and in seemly order passed  
The brimming cups, distributing to each. 215  
Part to the gods they poured, and next they drank  
As each might choose, and then the embassy  
Hastened from Agamemnon's tent. To each  
Gerenian Nestor spake in turn, and fixed  
His eyes on each intently, — most of all 220  
Upon Ulysses, — and with many a charge  
To turn Pelides from his angry mood.  
Along the edge of the resounding deep  
They went, and as they walked they offered prayer  
To earth-embracing Neptune, that their words 225  
Might move the great soul of Æacides.  
And now they came where lay the Myrmidons  
Among their tents and ships. Achilles there  
Drew solace from the music of a harp  
Sweet-toned and shapely, in a silver frame, 230  
Part of the spoil he took when he o'erthrew  
Eëtion's town. To soothe his mood he sang  
The deeds of heroes. By him sat alone  
Patroclus, silent till the song should cease.  
On moved the messengers, — before them walked  
High-born Ulysses, — till they stood beside 235  
Achilles. He beheld, and with the harp  
Sprang from his seat, surprised. Patroclus saw  
The heroes also, and arose. Their hands

The swift Achilles took in his, and said : — 240

“Welcome ! Ye come as friends. Some pressing  
cause

Must surely bring you hither, whom I prize,  
Wronged as I am, beyond all other Greeks.”

Thus speaking, the great son of Peleus led  
His guests still farther on, and seated them 245  
On couches spread with purple coverings,  
And thus addressed Patroclus, who was near : —

“Son of Menœtius, bring a larger vase,  
And mingle purer wine, and place a cup  
For each, since these are most beloved friends, — 250  
These warriors who now sit beneath my roof.”

He spake. Patroclus hearkened, and obeyed  
His well-beloved friend, who meantime placed  
A block beside the fire, and on it laid  
Chines of a sheep and of a fatling goat, 255  
And of a sow, the fattest of her kind.  
Automedon stood by and held them fast ;  
Achilles took the knife and skilfully  
Carved them in portions, and transfix'd the parts  
With spits. Patroclus, the divine in form, 260  
Woke to a blaze the fire ; and when the flame  
Had ceased to rise he raked the glowing coals  
Apart, and o'er them stretched the spits, and  
strewed,

Raising the flesh, the sacred salt o'er all.  
And when he had made ready and had spread 265  
The banquet on the board, Patroclus took

The bread and offered it to all the guests  
In shapely canisters. Achilles served  
The meats, and took his seat against the wall,  
In front of great Ulysses. There he bade 270  
His friend Patroclus offer sacrifice,  
Casting the first rich morsels to the flames.  
The guests put forth their hands and shared the  
feast ;

And when the calls of hunger and of thirst  
Were felt no longer, Ajax gave a nod 275  
To Phœnix, which divine Ulysses saw,  
And filled his cup and drank to Peleus' son : —

“Thy health, Achilles ! Princely feasts like this  
Attend us both in Agamemnon's tent

And here, — for here is all that makes a feast 280  
Complete ; yet now is not the time to think  
Of pleasant banquets, for our thoughts are turned —  
O Jove-born warrior ! — to a fearful time  
Of slaughter, and the fate of our good ships, —  
Whether we save them harmless, or the foe 285  
Destroy them, if thou put not on thy might.

For now the haughty Trojans, and the troops  
Who come from far to aid them, pitch their camp  
Close to our fleet and wall, and all around  
Kindle their many fires, and boast that we 290  
No longer have the power to drive them back  
From our black galleys. Jupiter, the son  
Of Saturn, shows them favorable signs  
With lightnings from above ; and, terrible

In aspect and in valor, Hector makes 295  
Sad havoc, trusting in the aid of Jove,  
And neither reverences gods nor men, —  
Such rage possesses him. He prays that soon  
The morn may rise, that he may hew the prows  
From all our ships and give them to the flames, 300  
And slay the Greeks, bewildered with the smoke.  
For me, I greatly fear the gods will grant  
That he fulfil his threat, and that our doom  
Will be to perish on the Trojan coast,  
And far away from Argos, famed for steeds. 305  
Rise, then, though late, — rise with a resolute mind,  
And from the hard-pressed sons of Greece drive back  
The assailing Trojans. Thou wilt else lament  
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done  
And shall admit no cure. Bethink thee well 310  
How from the Greeks thou mayst avert the day  
Of their destruction. O my friend, when first  
He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's help  
From Phthia's coast, thy father Peleus said : —  
“ ‘ My child, from Juno and Minerva comes 315  
The gift of valor, if they choose to give.  
But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,  
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof  
From sharp contentions, that the old and young  
Among the Greeks may honor thee the more.’ 320  
“ Such was the old man's charge, forgotten now.  
Yield, then, and lay thy wrath aside. Large gifts  
Doth Agamemnon offer, to appease

Thy wounded spirit. Hear me, if thou wilt,  
Recount what gifts the monarch in his tent 325  
Hath promised thee : — Seven tripods which the fire  
Hath never touched ; six talents of pure gold ;  
And twenty shining caldrons ; and twelve steeds  
Of hardy frame, victorious in the race,  
Whose feet have won him prizes in the games. 330  
No beggar would he be, nor yet with store  
Of gold unfurnished, in whose coffers lay  
The prizes those swift-footed steeds have won.  
Seven faultless women, skilled in household arts,  
He offers, — Lesbians, whom he chose when thou  
Didst overrun the populous Lesbian isle, — 335  
In beauty eminent among their sex.  
These he bestows, and with them he will send  
Her whom he took away, — Briseis, pure —  
He swears it with a mighty oath — as pure 340  
As when she left thy tent. All these he gives  
At once ; and if, by favor of the gods,  
We lay the mighty city of Priam waste,  
Thou shalt load down thy galley with large store  
Of gold and silver, entering first when we, 345  
The Greeks, divide the spoil. Then mayst thou  
choose  
Twice ten young Trojan women, beautiful  
Beyond their sex save Helen. If we come  
Safe to Achaian Argos, richly stocked  
With milky kine, thou mayst become to him 350  
A son-in-law, and cherished equally

With his sole son Orestes, who is reared  
Right royally. Three daughters there, within  
The monarch's stately halls, — Chrysothemis,  
Laodice, and Iphianassa, — dwell, 355  
And thou mayst choose among them, and mayst  
lead

Home to the house of Peleus her who best  
Deserves thy love. Nor needest thou endow  
The bride, for he will give an ampler dower  
Than ever father to his daughter gave, — 360  
Seven cities with thronged streets, — Cardamyle,  
Enope, grassy Hira, Pheræ famed  
Afar, Antheia with rich pasture-grounds,  
Æpeia beautiful, and Pedasus  
With all its vineyards ; all are near the sea, 365  
And stand the last before you reach the coast  
Of sandy Pylos. Rich in flocks and herds  
Their dwellers are, and they will honor thee  
As if thou wert a god, and, ruled by thee,  
Will pay large tribute. These will he bestow, 370  
Let but thine anger cease. But if the son  
Of Atreus and his gifts still move thy hate,  
At least have pity on the afflicted Greeks,  
Pent in their camp, who now would honor thee  
As if thou wert a god ; and thou shalt gain 375  
Great glory as their champion, and shalt slay  
This Hector, who even now is close at hand,  
And in a murderous frenzy makes his boast  
That none of all the chieftains whom the fleet

Of Greece brought hither equals him in might." 380

The swift Achilles answered him and said : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and versed  
In wise devices, let me frankly speak  
Just as I think, and just as I shall act,  
And then ye will not importune me more. 385

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,  
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,  
Utters another. I shall speak as seems  
To me the best ; nor deem I that the son  
Of Atreus or the other Greeks can move 390

My settled purpose, since no thanks are paid  
To him who with the enemy maintains  
A constant battle : equal is the meed  
Of him who stands aloof and him who fights  
Manfully ; both the coward and the brave 395  
Are held in equal honor, and they die

An equal death, — the idler and the man  
Of mighty deeds. For me there is no store  
Of wealth laid up from all that I have borne,  
Exposing life in battle. As a bird 400

Brings to her unfledged young the food she finds,  
Though she herself be fasting, so have I  
Had many a night unvisited by sleep,  
And passed in combat many a bloody day,  
Fighting beside these warriors for their wives. 405  
Twelve cities have I with my fleet laid waste,  
And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown  
Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.



Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,  
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave. 410  
He, loitering in his fleet, received them all ;  
Few he distributed, and many kept.  
To chiefs and princes he indeed assigned  
Prizes, which now they hold. From me alone  
Of all the Greeks he takes my prize ; he takes 415  
My bride, whom well I loved ; — and let him keep  
The damsel. But what need is there that Greeks  
Wage war against the Trojans ? For what cause  
Did Agamemnon, gathering from our realms  
An army, lead it hither ? Was it not 420  
Because of fair-haired Helen ? Are the sons  
Of Atreus, then, the only men on earth  
Who love their wives ? Nay, every good man loves  
And cherishes his spouse ; and mine I loved  
Tenderly, though the captive of my spear : 425  
And now, since he hath taken my reward  
Away and treacherously dealt with me,  
Let him not try again, for I am warned,  
And he will not persuade me. Let him take  
Counsel with thee, Ulysses, and the rest, 430  
How to drive back the enemy and save  
The fleet from flames. Already has he done  
Much without me ; a rampart he has raised,  
And round it dug a deep, broad trench, and filled  
The trench with palisades. Yet can he not 435  
Resist the man-destroyer Hector thus.  
This Hector, when I fought among the Greeks,

Never would fight at distance from the walls,  
And ventured not beyond the Scæan gates  
And beechen tree. There waited he for me 443  
Upon a time, and scarce escaped with life  
From my assault. Now, since I do not choose  
To fight with noble Hector, I shall pay,  
To-morrow, sacrifice to Jupiter  
And all the gods, and load my galleys well, 445  
And draw them to the water. Then shalt thou  
See — if thou care for such a sight — my ships  
Sailing upon the fishy Hellespont  
At early morning, with their crews on board  
Eager to pull the oar ; and if the god 450  
Of ocean grant a prosperous voyage, then  
On the third day we reach the fertile coast  
Of Phthia. Large possessions left I there  
When I came hither in an evil hour ;  
And thither I shall carry with me gold 455  
And ruddy brass, and women of fair forms,  
And burnished steel, — the spoils I won in war.  
The prize he gave me, Agamemnon, son  
Of Atreus, takes, with many insults, back.  
Bear him this message, — give it openly, 460  
That others of the Greeks may be like me  
Indignant should he impudently dare  
To wrong them also : — Let him ne'er again,  
Though shameless, dare to look me in the face.  
I will not join in council or in act 465  
With him : he has deceived and wronged me once,

And now he cannot wheedle me with words.  
Let once suffice. I leave him to himself,  
To perish. All-providing Jupiter  
Hath made him mad. I hate his gifts ; I hold 470  
In utter scorn the giver. Were his gifts  
Tenfold — nay, twenty-fold — the worth of all  
That he possesses, and with added wealth  
From others, — all the riches that flow in  
Upon Orchomenus, or Thebes, the pride 475  
Of Egypt, where large treasures are laid up,  
And through whose hundred gates rush men and  
steeds,  
Two hundred through each gate ; — nay, should he  
give  
As many gifts as there are sands and dust  
Of earth, — not even then shall Atreus' son 480  
Persuade me, till I reap a just revenge  
For his foul contumelies. I will wed  
No child of Agamemnon Even though  
She vied with golden Venus in her charms,  
And with the blue-eyed Pallas in her skill, 485  
I would not wed her. Let him choose among  
The Greeks a fitter husband, — one whose rule  
Is wider than my own. For if the gods  
Preserve me, and I reach my home again,  
My father, Peleus, will bestow on me 490  
A consort. Many are the Achaian maids,  
Daughters of chiefs who hold our citadels  
In Hellas, and in Phthia, and of these,

Her who shall most delight me I will make  
My well-beloved wife. My soul has longed 495  
Earnestly, with a fitting spouse betrothed  
Duly, to make my dwelling there, and there  
Enjoy the wealth which aged Peleus won ;  
For not to be compared with life is all  
The wealth which, as men say, was treasured up 500  
In Ilium's populous town in time of peace,  
Ere the Greeks came, nor all the stores contained  
Within the stony threshold of the god  
Who bears the bow, Apollo, on the coast  
Of rocky Pytho. We may gather spoil 505  
Of oxen and of fatling sheep, and bring  
Tripods from war, and yellow-maned steeds :  
The breath of man no force can seize or hold,  
And when it leaves the enclosure of the teeth  
It comes not back. My mother said to me — 510  
The goddess, silver-footed Thetis, said —  
A twofold fate conducts me to my death ; —  
If I remain to fight beneath the walls  
Of Ilium, my return will be cut off,  
But deathless my renown ; if I return 515  
To the dear land in which my fathers dwell,  
My glory will be nought, but long my life,  
And late will come to me the stroke of death.  
And now I counsel all to sail for home,  
For never will ye see the overthrow 520  
Of lofty Ilium. Jove the Thunderer  
Stretches his great hand o'er her, and her sons

Take courage. Go ye now, and take with you  
This message to the princes of the Greeks, —  
As is the office of an embassy, — 525  
And bid them meditate some wiser plan  
To save their galleys and the host of Greeks  
Within the hollow barks. The plan which brought  
You hither cannot serve you while I keep  
My anger unappeased. Let Phoenix stay 530  
To pass the night with us, that he may sail  
To-morrow, if it please him, to the land  
We love ; I take him not against his will.”

He ceased ; and silent were the ambassadors,  
Astonished at his passionate words. At last 535  
Phoenix, the aged knight, with many tears  
And sighs, took up the word, in grief and fear  
Lest Hector should destroy the Grecian fleet : —

“ Illustrious son of Peleus, if indeed  
Thou wilt return, nor carest to repel 540  
From our swift galleys the consuming fire,  
Because thou art offended, how shall I,  
Dear child, remain without thee ? When at first  
Peleus, the aged knight, from Phthia sent  
Thee, yet a boy, to Agamemnon’s aid, 545  
Unskilled as then thou wert in cruel war  
And martial councils, — where men also gain  
A great renown, — he sent me with thee, charged  
To teach thee both, that so thou mightst become  
In words an orator, in warlike deeds 550  
An actor. Therefore, my beloved child,

Not willingly shall I remain behind ;  
Not even though a god should promise me  
That, overcoming the decays of age,  
I might become a beardless youth again, 555  
As when from Hellas and its companies  
Of lovely maids I came a fugitive,  
And left Amyntor, son of Ormenus, —  
My father, — angry with me for the sake  
Of a fair-tressèd wanton, whom he loved, 560  
Treating my mother basely. To my knees  
My mother came and prayed me ceaselessly,  
First, to possess the woman, that she then  
Might loathe the elder one ; and I obeyed.  
My father knew it, and with many a curse 565  
Invoked the hateful furies to forbid  
That any child who owed his birth to me  
Should ever sit upon his knees. The gods —  
The Jove of Hades and dread Proserpine —  
Confirmed his curse. To slay him with the sword 570  
Was my first thought. Some god subdued my wrath,  
Reminding me of what the public voice  
Would say, and infamy that would ensue, —  
Lest I among the Achaians should be called  
A parricide. I could not brook to dwell 575  
Within my father's palace while he thus  
Was wroth with me. My kindred and my friends  
Came round me, and besought me to remain,  
And stayed beside me. Many a fatling ewe  
And many a slow-paced ox with curving horns 580

They slew, and many a fattened swine they stretched  
Over the flame of Vulcan. From the casks  
Of the old chief his wine was freely drawn.  
Nine nights they slept surrounding me, while each  
Kept watch in turn : nor ever were the fires 585  
Put out ; one blazed beneath the portico  
Of the fair hall, and near the chamber-door  
Another glimmered in the vestibule.  
But when upon me rose the tenth dark night,  
I broke my aptly-jointed chamber-doors, 590  
And issued forth, and easily o'erleaped  
The wall around the palace, quite unseen  
Of watching men and of the serving maids.  
I fled through spacious Hellas to the fields  
Of Phthia, nurse of flocks, and to her king, 595  
Peleus, who kindly welcomed me, and loved  
Me as a father loves his only son,  
Born to large wealth in his declining years.  
He made me rich, and gave me sovereign rule  
Over much people. My abode was fixed 600  
In farthest Phthia, where I was the prince  
Of the Dolopians. As for thee, my care,  
Godlike Achilles, made thee what thou art.  
I loved thee from my soul : thou wouldst not go  
With any other to the feast, nor take 605  
Thy food at home until upon my knees  
I placed thee, carved thy meats, and gave them thee,  
And poured thy wine. The tunic on my breast  
Was often wetted by thee when the wine

Gushed in thy petulant childhood from thy lips. 610  
Thus many things did I endure for thee,  
And many toils perform ; and since the gods  
Vouchsafed no son to me, it was my thought  
To train thee as a son, that thou mightst be,  
O godlike man ! the bulwark of my age. 615  
And now subdue that mighty spirit of thine :  
Ill it becomes thee to be merciless :  
The gods themselves are placable, though far  
Above us all in honor and in power  
And virtue. We propitiate them with vows, 620  
Incense, libations, and burnt-offerings,  
And prayers for those who have offended. Prayers  
Are daughters of almighty Jupiter, —  
Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, — that painfully  
Follow Misfortune's steps ; but strong of limb 625  
And swift of foot Misfortune is, and, far  
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,  
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers  
Do afterwards redress. Whoe'er receives  
Jove's daughters reverently when they approach, 630  
Him willingly they aid, and to his suit  
They listen. Whosoever puts them by  
With obstinate denial, they appeal  
To Jove, the son of Saturn, and entreat  
That he will cause Misfortune to attend 635  
The offender's way in life, that he in turn  
May suffer evil and be punished thus.  
Wherefore, Achilles ! do thou also yield



The honor due Jove's daughters, freely given  
By other valiant men. If Atreus' son 640  
Brought thee no gifts, nor promised others still,  
But kept his anger, I would never ask  
That thou shouldst lay aside thy wrath and come  
To help the Argives in their bitter need.  
But he bestows large gifts, and adds a pledge 645  
Of others yet in store, and he hath sent  
The best men of the army, who to thee  
Are dearest, to entreat thee. Spurn thou not  
These, nor their embassy, although at first  
Thine anger was not causeless. We have heard 650  
The praise of heroes of the elder time,  
Inflamed to vehement anger, yet appeased  
By gifts, and yielding to persuasive words.  
One instance I remember : long ago  
It happened, and I will relate it here 655  
Among my friends. Around the city-walls  
Of Calydon did the Curetes strive  
In battle with the Ætolians ; they destroyed  
Each other fearfully. The Ætolians fought  
To save the pleasant town of Calydon, 660  
And the Curetes warred to lay it waste.  
Diana of the golden throne had caused  
The war, displeased with Ceneus, who withheld  
From her the first-fruits of his fertile field :  
While hecatombs were burnt in sacrifice 665  
To feast the other gods, to her alone —  
Daughter of Jove — no offering was brought ;

For either he forgot, or thought the rite  
Of little moment ; but he greatly erred.  
And now the child of Jove, the archer-queen, 670  
Incensed, sent forth against him from the wood  
A white-tusked wild boar, which upon his lands  
Entered, and ravaged them, and brought to earth  
Many tall trees : tree after tree they fell,  
With roots upturn, and all the blossoms on, 75  
That promised fruit. Him Meleager, son  
Of CENEUS, slew, with many hunters called  
From neighboring cities, bringing many hounds.  
A few could not subdue him : he had made  
Many already mount the funeral pile. 680  
Diana kindled round the boar a strife  
For the beast's head and bristly hide, — a war  
'Twixt the Curetes and the Ætolian band  
Of braves. The war, while Meleager fought,  
Went not with the Curetes, nor could they, 685  
Though many, keep the field. But wrath at last  
Seized Meleager, — wrath, which rages oft  
Even in prudent minds. Incensed against  
Althæa, his own mother, he remained  
At home with Cleopatra, his young wife, 690  
The beauteous, whom a delicate-footed dame,  
Marpessa, daughter of Evenus, bore  
To Idas, bravest in his time among  
The sons of men, — so brave that once he drew  
A bow against Apollo for the sake 695  
Of his neat-footed bride. The honored pair

Within the palace used to call their child  
Alcyone ; for when the archer-god,  
Apollo, from her husband bore away  
The mother, Cleopatra sadly wailed, 700  
As wails the halcyon. So beside his spouse  
Dwelt Meleager, brooding ever o'er  
The violent anger which his mother's curse  
Had kindled. Grieving for a brother's death,  
She supplicated heaven, and often struck 705  
Her hands against the teeming earth, and called—  
Kneeling, her bosom all bedewed with tears—  
On Pluto and the cruel Proserpine,  
To put her son to death. From Erebus  
The pitiless Erinnyes, wandering 710  
In darkness, heard the prayer. Then straightway  
rose

A sound of fearful tumult at the gates :  
The towers were battered, and the elder chiefs  
Of the Ætolians hastened to entreat  
The aid of Meleager, and they sent 715  
Priests of the gods, a chosen band, to pray  
That he would come to their defence. Large gifts  
They promised. Where the soil of Calydon  
Was best, they bade him choose a fruitful field  
Of fifty acres, half for vines, and half, 720  
Cleared of the trees, for tillage. Earnestly  
Did aged Ceneus, famed for horsemanship,  
Beseech him ; to the chamber of his son,  
High-roofed, he climbed, and at the threshold shook

The massive doors with knocking as he sued. 725  
His sisters and his reverend mother joined  
Their supplications : he resisted still.  
And much his friends, the dearest and most prized,  
Besought him, but they vainly strove to swerve  
His steadfast mind, till his own chamber felt 730  
The assault, and the Curetes climbed the walls  
To fire the populous city. Then the nymph,  
His graceful wife, entreated him with tears,  
And spake of all the horrors which o'ertake  
A captured city, — all the men cut off 735  
By massacre, the houses given to flames,  
The children and deep-bosomed women dragged  
Into captivity. Her sorrowful words  
He heard ; his spirit was disturbed ; he went  
To gird his glittering armor on, and thus 740  
He saved the Ætolians from a fearful doom,  
Obeying his own impulse. The reward  
Of rare and costly gifts they gave him not,  
Though thus he rescued them. Be not thy thought  
Like his, my friend ; let no invisible power 745  
Persuade thee thus to act. Far worse it were  
To wait, and when our fleet is all on fire  
Offer thy aid. Accept the gifts at once :  
Then will the Greeks, as if thou wert a god,  
Hold thee in honor. If without the gifts 750  
Thou enter later on the field of fight,  
Thou wilt not have like honor with the host,  
Although thou turn the assault of battle back.”

Then did Achilles, swift of foot, reply : —  
“ O ancient Phœnix, father, loved of Jove,  
Such honor need I not ; for the decree  
Of Jove, I deem, already honors me,  
And will detain me by my beakèd ships  
While breath is in my lungs, and I have power  
To move these knees. Yet one thing I would say, —  
And bear it thou in mind, — vex not my soul 76x  
With weeping and lamenting for the sake  
Of Agamemnon ; it becomes thee not —  
Thou who art loved by me — to yield thy love  
To him, unless thou wouldst incur my hate. 76s  
And thou shouldst be the enemy of him  
Who wrongs me. Reign thou equally with me,  
And share my honors. These will carry back  
My answer. Thou remain, and, softly couched,  
Sleep here : with early morn will we consult 77o  
Whether to leave this region or remain.”

He spake, and, nodding to Patroclus, gave  
A signal to prepare an ample couch  
For Phœnix, while the other chiefs prepared  
To leave the tent. Then Ajax Telamon, 775  
The godlike chief, addressed his comrades thus : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled  
In sage devices, let us now depart,  
Since, as it seems, the end for which we came  
Cannot be compassed thus, and we must bear 78o  
With speed the unwelcome answer to the Greeks,  
Who sit expecting us ; while in his breast

The implacable Achilles bears a fierce  
And haughty heart, nor doth he heed the claim  
Of that close friendship of his fellow-chiefs, 785  
Which at the Grecian fleet exalted him  
Above all others. Unrelenting one !  
Even for a brother's death a price is paid,  
Or when a son is slain : the slayer dwells  
At home among his people, having made 790  
The appointed expiation. He to whom  
The fine is offered takes it, and his thirst  
Of vengeance is appeased. But in thy heart  
The gods have kindled an unquenchable rage,  
All for a single damsel, — and behold, 795  
Seven more we offer, passing beautiful,  
With many gifts beside. Let, then, thy mood  
Be softened : have respect to thine own roof ;  
For we are guests beneath it, sent from all  
The assembled host, and strong is our desire 800  
To be thy dearest and most cherished friends  
Of all the Achaïans, many as they are.”

Achilles the swift-footed answered thus : —  
“ Illustrious Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Prince of the people ! all that thou hast said, 805  
I well perceive, is prompted by thy heart.  
Mine swells with indignation when I think  
How King Atreides mid the assembled Greeks  
Heaped insults on me, as if I had been  
A wretched vagabond. But go ye now 810  
And bear my message. I shall never think

Of bloody war till noble Hector, son  
 Of Priam, slaughtering in his way the Greeks,  
 Shall reach the galleys of the Myrmidons,  
 To lay the fleet in flames. But when he comes 815  
 To my own tent and galley, he, I think,  
 Though eager for the combat, will desist."

He spake. Each raised a double cup and poured  
 Libations to the gods ; they then returned  
 Beside the fleet. Ulysses led the way. 820

Patroclus bade the attendant men and maids  
 Strew with all speed a soft and ample bed  
 For Phœnix. They obeyed, and spread the couch  
 With skins of sheep, dyed coverlets, and sheets  
 Of lawn ; and there the old man lay to wait 825  
 The glorious morn. Meantime Achilles slept  
 Within the tent's recess, and by him lay  
 Phorbas's daughter, whom he carried off  
 From Lesbos, — Diomedè, rosy-checked.  
 Upon the other side Patroclus lay, 830  
 With slender-waisted Iphis by his side,  
 Given by the great Achilles when he took  
 Scyros the tall, where Enyëus ruled.

Now when the ambassadors were come within  
 The tent of Agamemnon, all the chiefs 835  
 Rose, one by one, and, lifting up to them  
 Their golden goblets, asked the news they brought  
 And first Atrides, king of men, inquired : —

" Renowned Ulysses, glory of the Greeks !  
 Tell me, will he protect our fleet from flames, 840

Or does he, in his wrath and pride, refuse?"

Then spake the hardy chief Ulysses thus :—  
" Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king  
Of men ! he will not let his wrath abate,  
But rages yet more fiercely, and contemns 845  
Thee and thy gifts. He leaves thee to consult  
With thine Achaians by what means to save  
The fleet and army ; for himself he means  
To-morrow, with the early dawn, to launch  
His well-appointed galleys on the sea, 850  
And will advise the other Greeks to spread  
The sails for home, since they will never see  
The overthrow of lofty Troy, for Jove  
The Thunderer stretches his protecting hand  
Above her, and her sons have taken heart. 855  
Such are his words ; and those who went with me  
Are present, — Ajax and the heralds both,  
Sage men, — the witnesses to what I say.  
The aged Phœnix stays behind to sleep,  
And on the morrow to attend his chief 860  
To their beloved country, — if he will,  
For else by no means will he take him hence."

He spake ; and all were silent, all amazed  
At what they heard, for these were bitter words.  
Long sat the sons of Greece in silent thought, 865  
Till Diomed, the great in battle, spake :—

" Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king  
Of men ! I would thou hadst not deigned to ask  
The illustrious son of Peleus for his aid,



With offer of large gifts ; for arrogant 870  
 He is at all times : thou hast made him now  
 More insolent. Now leave him to himself,  
 To go or to remain : he yet will fight  
 When his mood changes, or some god within  
 Shall move him. Let us do what I advise : — 875  
 Betake we all ourselves to rest, but first  
 Refresh ourselves with food and wine ; in them  
 Is strength and spirit. When the rosy morn  
 Shall shine, command thou that the foot and horse  
 Be speedily drawn up before the fleet, 880  
 And thou encourage them with cheerful words,  
 And fight among them in the foremost rank.”

He spake. The kings assented, and admired  
 The words of the horse-tamer Diomed ;  
 And, pouring out libations, to their tents 885  
 They all departed, and lay down to rest,  
 And took into their souls the balm of sleep.

## BOOK X.

ALL the night long the captains of the Greeks  
 Slept at the ships, and pleasant was their  
 sleep, —

Save only Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
 The shepherd of the people. Not to him —  
 Vexed with a thousand cares — came gentle sleep.

As when the husband of the light-haired queen      6  
Of heaven sends forth his thunders, ushering in  
Some wide-involving shower, — rain, hail, or snow  
Whitening the fields, — or opening o'er some land  
The ravenous jaws of unrelenting war, —      10  
So frequent were the groans which from his heart  
Atrides uttered ; for within his breast  
His heart was troubled. Looking toward the plain  
Of Troy, he wondered at the many fires  
Blazing before the city, and the sound      15  
Of flutes and fifes, and tumult of the crowd.  
But when he turned him toward the fleet and host  
Of Greece, he tore his hair, and flung it up  
To Jove, and vented his great heart in groans.  
And now at length it seemed to him most wise      20  
To seek Neleian Nestor, and with him  
Devise some plan by which to turn aside  
The threatened evil from the Greeks. He rose,  
And drew his tunic o'er his breast, and laced  
The graceful sandals to his well-shaped feet ;      25  
And o'er his shoulders threw the blood-stained hide  
Of a huge tawny lion, that reached down  
Even to the ground ; and took in hand his spear.  
Meantime with like uneasy thoughts oppressed  
Was Menelaus, to whose eyes there came      30  
No slumber, — dreading lest calamity  
Should light upon the Greeks, who for his sake  
Had crossed the sea to carry war to Troy.  
And first he threw a leopard's spotted hide

O'er his broad back, and placed the brazen helm 35  
Upon his head, and took in his strong grasp  
A spear, and went to bid his brother wake, —  
His brother, the chief ruler over all  
The men of Greece, and honored like a god.  
He found him at his galley's prow in act 40  
To sheath his shoulders in the shining mail,  
And pleased to greet his coming. To the king  
Thus Menelaus, great in battle, spake : —

“ Why arm thyself, my brother? Wouldst thou  
send

A warrior to explore the Trojan camp? 45  
None will accept the task, I fear, to creep  
Alone at dead of night, a spy, within  
The hostile lines ; — a bold man must he be.”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —  
“ Most noble Menelaus, much we need 50  
Wise counsel — thou and I — to save our men  
And galleys from destruction, since the will  
Of Jove is changed. Now hath the God respect  
To Hector's sacrifices ; for in truth  
I never saw — I never heard of one 55  
Who in one day performed such mighty deeds  
As Hector, dear to Jove, just now hath wrought,  
Though not the son of goddess or of god.  
Those deeds will be, I deem, for many a day  
A cause of bitter sorrow to the Greeks, — 60  
Such evil hath he wrought. Now go at once,  
And from their galleys call Idomeneus

And Ajax ; while to noble Nestor's tent  
I go, and pray that he will rise and give  
Their orders to the sacred band of guards ; — 65  
For they will hearken to him, since his son  
Commands them jointly with Meriones,  
The armor-bearer of Idomeneus, —  
Both named by us to that important trust."

Then Menelaus, great in battle, said : — 70  
"What wilt thou, then, and what dost thou command, —

That I remain with them until thou come,  
Or, having given the message, seek thee here ?"

Again the monarch Agamemnon spake : —  
"Wait there, lest as we go I meet thee not, 75  
For many ways are through the camp. But thou,  
In going, shout aloud and bid them all  
Be vigilant, accosting every one  
By his paternal name, and giving each  
Due honor : bear thyself not haughtily : 80  
We too must labor ; for when we were born  
Jove laid this hard condition on us all."

So spake he, and, dismissing with that charge  
His brother, hastened to where Nestor lay,  
The shepherd of his people. Him he found 85  
On his soft couch within his tent beside  
His dark-brown ship. Around him scattered shone  
His arms, — a shield, two spears, a gleaming helm,  
And pliant belt, with which the ancient man  
Girded himself when arming to lead on 90

His men to murderous fight ; — for not to age  
The warrior yielded yet. He raised his head,  
And, leaning on his elbow, questioned thus  
Atrides : “ Who art thou that traversest  
The camp beside the fleet at dead of night, 95  
Alone, while others sleep? Com’st thou to find  
One of the guardsmen, or a comrade? Speak ;  
Come not in silence thus : what wouldst thou have? ”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : —  
“ O Nestor, son of Neleus, whom the Greeks 100  
All glory in ! thou certainly wilt know  
Atrides Agamemnon, whom the will  
Of Jove hath visited with hardships great  
Beyond what others bear, to last while breath  
Is in my lungs, and while my knees can move. 105  
I wander thus abroad because sweet sleep  
Comes not to close my eyelids, and the war  
And slaughter of the Greeks distress me sore.  
For them I greatly fear, my heart is faint,  
My mind confounded. In my breast the heart 110  
Pants, and my limbs all tremble. If thou wilt, —  
For, as I see, thou also dost not sleep, —  
Come with me to the guards, that we may know  
Whether, o’ercome by toil and weariness,  
They give themselves to slumber and forget 115  
Their watch. The foe is near us in his camp,  
And how know we that even now by night  
He plans not, to attack us in our tents? ”

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —

“Atrides Agamemnon, glorious king 120  
Of men, almighty Jove will not perform  
For Hector all that Hector plans and hopes ;  
And heavier cares, I think, will yet be his  
When once Achilles’ wrath is turned away.  
Yet willingly I join thee. Let us call 125  
The other chiefs, — Ulysses, Diomed,  
Both mighty spearmen ; Ajax, swift of foot ;  
And the brave son of Phyleus. It were well  
To send and bid the mightier Ajax come,  
And King Idomeneus, for farthest off 130  
The ships of both are stationed. I shall chide  
Thy brother Menelaus — though he be  
Honored and dear, and though it please thee not —  
For sleeping, while he leaves such toils as these  
To thee alone. He should be here among 135  
The chiefs, exhorting them to valiant deeds ;  
For now the hour of bitter need is come.”

Again spake Agamemnon, king of men : —  
“At other times, old chief, I would have begged  
That thou shouldst blame him : he is oft remiss, 140  
And late to act ; but not because of sloth,  
Or want of spirit, — but he looks to me  
And waits for my example. Yet to-night  
He rose before me, sought me, and is sent  
To call the chiefs whom thou hast named ; and now  
Let us go on, and meet them where they wait, 145  
Among the guards and just before the gates, —  
For I appointed that the trysting-place.”

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —  
“ Then let no Greek condemn him, or refuse 150  
To heed and to obey when he shall speak.”

He spake, and drew his tunic o'er his breast,  
Laced the fair sandals to his shapely feet,  
And round him fastened, with a clasp, his cloak, —  
A double web of purple, with full folds 155  
And flowing pile. He grasped a massive spear,  
Its blade of trenchant brass. And first he sought  
The galleys of the Achaians brazen-mailed.  
There shouted Nestor the Gerenian knight,  
To raise Ulysses, best of counsellors, 160  
Jove-like in wisdom ; who perceived the voice,  
And issued from his tent in haste, and said : —

“ What brings you forth to walk the camp at night,  
Beside the ships alone ; what urgent cause ? ”

Then answered Nestor, the Gerenian knight : — 165  
“ Son of Laertes, nobly born, and skilled  
In wise devices, be thou not displeased :  
A fearful woe impends above the Greeks :  
Come, then, and call the other chiefs, to give  
Their counsel whether we shall flee or fight.” 170

He spake ; and wise Ulysses, entering  
His tent again, upon his shoulders laid  
His well-wrought shield, and joined them as they  
went,

Till, coming to Tydides Diomed,  
They found him by his tent among his arms, 175  
His comrades sleeping round him with their shields

Beneath their heads. Their spears were set upright,  
The nether points in earth. The polished brass  
Gleamed like the lightnings of All-Father Jove.

In sleep the hero lay ; a wild bull's hide 130  
Was spread beneath him, and a carpet dyed  
With glowing colors propped his head. The knight,  
Gerenian Nestor, touched him with his foot  
And roused him, and addressed him chidingly : —

“ O son of Tydeus ! wilt thou calmly sleep 135  
All the night long ? And hast thou, then, not heard  
That on a height amidst the plain the sons  
Of Troy are stationed, near the ships, and small  
The space that parts the enemy's camp from ours ? ”

He spake. The son of Tydeus sprang from sleep  
At once, and answered him with winged words : —

“ Thy labors are too constant, aged man ; 140  
Thou shrinkest from no hardship. Are there not  
Young men among the Greeks to walk the camp  
And call the kings ? Thou never takest rest.” 145

And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied : —  
“ Well hast thou said, my friend, for I have sons  
Without reproach, and I have many troops ;  
And any one of these might walk the camp  
And give the summons. But to-night there lies 200  
A hard necessity upon the Greeks,  
And their destruction and their rescue hang  
Balanced on a knife's edge. Come then, since thou  
Art younger, call swift Ajax and the son  
Of Phyleus, if thou wouldst relieve my age.” 205



He spake ; and Diomed around him flung  
A tawny lion's ample hide, that reached  
Down to his feet, and took his spear and went  
And summoned the two kings, and brought them  
forth.

Now when they came among the assembled guard,  
Its leaders were not slumbering ; every man 211  
Sat watchful and in arms. As dogs that guard  
Flocks in a sheepfold hear some savage beast  
That comes through thickets down the mountain-  
side ;

Loud is the clamor of the dogs and men, 215  
And sleep is frightened thence, — so gentle sleep  
Fled from the eyes of those who watched, that night,  
Sadly, with eyes turned ever toward the plain,  
Intently listening for the foe's approach.

The aged Nestor saw them, and rejoiced, 220  
And thus encouraged them with wingèd words : —

“ Watch thus, dear youths, let no one yield to sleep,  
Lest we become the mockery of the foe.”

He spake, and crossed the trench ; and with him  
went

The Grecian leaders, they who had been called 225  
To council. With them went Meriones  
And Nestor's eminent son, for they had both  
Been summoned. Crossing to the other side  
Of that deep trench, they found an open space  
Clear of the dead, in which they sat them down, —  
Just where the fiery Hector, having slain 231

•

Many Achaïans, turned him back when night  
Came o'er him. There they sat to hold debate ;  
And thus spake Nestor the Gerenian knight : —

“ Friends ! is there none among you who so far <sup>235</sup>  
Trusts his own valor that he will to-night  
Venture among the Trojans ? He perchance  
Might capture on the borders of the camp  
Some foeman wandering, or might bring report  
Of what they meditate, and whether still <sup>240</sup>  
They mean to keep their station far from Troy  
And near our ships, or, since their late success,  
Return to Ilium. Could he safely bring  
This knowledge back to us, his meed were great, —  
Glory among all men beneath the sky, <sup>245</sup>  
And liberal recompense. As many chiefs  
As now command our galleys, each would give  
A black ewe with a suckling lamb, — such gifts  
No one hath yet received, — and he should sit  
A guest at all our banquets and our feasts.” <sup>250</sup>

He spake ; and all were silent for a space.  
Then Diomed, the great in battle, said : —

“ Nestor, my resolute spirit urges me  
To explore the Trojan camp, that lies so near ;  
Yet, were another warrior by my side, <sup>255</sup>  
I should go forth with a far surer hope,  
And greater were my daring. For when two  
Join in the same adventure, one perceives  
Before the other how they ought to act ;  
While one alone, however prompt, resolves <sup>260</sup>

More tardily and with a weaker will."

He spake ; and many a chief made suit to share  
The risk with Diomed. The ministers  
Of Mars, the chieftains Ajax, asked to go ;  
Meriones desired it ; Nestor's son 265  
Greatly desired to join the enterprise ;  
Atrides Menelaus, skilled to wield  
The spear, desired it ; and that hardy chief,  
Ulysses, longed to explore the Trojan camp,  
For full of daring aims was the great soul 270  
Within his bosom. Agamemnon then,  
The king of men, took up the word and said :—

"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,  
Choose from the many chiefs, who ask to bear  
A part with thee, the bravest. Be not moved 275  
By deference to take the worse and leave  
The abler warrior. Pay no heed to rank,  
Or race, or wide extent of kingly rule."

Thus spake the king ; for in his heart he feared  
For fair-haired Menelaus. Diomed, 280  
The great in battle, then addressed them all :—

"Ye bid me choose : how, then, can I o'erlook  
Godlike Ulysses, prudent in resolve,  
And firm in every danger, well beloved  
By Pallas. Give me him, and our return 285  
Is sure, though from consuming flames ; for he  
Is wise to plan beyond all other men."

Ulysses, nobly born and hardy, spake  
In turn : "Tydides, praise me not too much,

Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks, 290  
Who know me. Meantime let us haste to go,  
For the night wears away, and morn is near.  
The stars are high, two thirds of night are past, —  
The greater part, — and scarce a third remains.’

He spake ; and both arrayed themselves for fight.  
The mighty warrior Thrasymedes gave 295  
The two-edged sword he wore to Diomed, —  
Whose own was at the galleys, — and a shield.  
The hero then put on his helmet, made  
Of tough bull-hide, with neither cone nor crest, —  
Such as is worn by beardless youths. A bow, 302  
Quiver, and sword Meriones bestowed  
Upon Ulysses, placing on his brows  
A leathern helmet, firmly laced within  
By many a thong, and on the outer side 305  
Set thickly with a tusky boar’s white teeth,  
Which fenced it well and skilfully. A web  
Of woollen for the temples lined the work.  
This helm Autolycus once bore away  
From Eleon, the city where he sacked 310  
The stately palace of Amyntor, son  
Of Ormenus. The captor gave the prize  
To the Cytheran chief, Amphidamas,  
Who bore it to Scandeia, and in turn  
Bestowed it upon Molus as his guest, 315  
And Molus gave it to Meriones,  
His son, to wear in battle. Now at last  
It crowned Ulysses’ temples. When the twain

Were all accoutred in their dreadful arms,  
Forward they went, and left the assembled chiefs,  
While, sent by Pallas forth, upon their right 321  
A heron flew beside their path. The bird  
They saw not, for the night was dark, but heard  
Its rustling wings. Ulysses at the sound  
Rejoiced, and supplicated Pallas thus :— 325

“Hear ! daughter of the Ægis-bearer Jove !  
Thou who art near me in all dangers, thou  
Whose eye is on me wheresoe’er I go,  
Befriend me, Pallas, yet again, and grant  
That, laden with great glory, we return 330  
Safe to the galleys, mighty deeds performed,  
And woe inflicted on the Trojan race.”

Next Diomed, the great in battle, prayed :—  
“Daughter invincible of Jove, give ear  
Also to me. Be with me now, as once 335  
Thou didst attend on Tydeus nobly born,  
My father, when he bore an embassy  
To Thebè from the Achæians. He beside  
The Asopus left the Achæians mailed in brass,  
And bore a friendly message to the sons 340  
Of Cadmus, and on his return performed  
Full many a mighty deed with aid from thee,  
Great goddess ! for thou stoodest by his side.  
Stand now by me ; be thou my shield and guard ;  
And I, in turn, will offer up to thee 345  
A yearling heifer, broad between the horns,  
Which never ploughman yet hath tamed to bear

The yoke. Her to thine altar will I bring,  
With gilded horns, to be a sacrifice.”

So prayed they. Pallas listened to their prayers ;  
And, having supplicated thus the child 351  
Of Jove Almighty, the two chiefs went on  
Like lions through the darkness of the night,  
Through slaughter, heaps of corpses, and black blood.

Nor now had Hector suffered the brave sons 355  
Of Troy to sleep, but summoned all the chiefs,  
Leaders, and princes of the host, and thus  
Addressed the assembly with well-ordered words:—

“ Who of you all will promise to perform  
The task I set him, for a large reward ? 360  
For ample shall his meed be. I will give  
A chariot and two steeds with lofty necks,  
Swifter than the swift galleys of the Greeks.  
Great glory will be his whoever dares  
Approach those ships and bring the knowledge  
thence 365

Whether the fleet is guarded as before,  
Or whether, yielding to our arms, the foe  
Is meditating flight, and, through the night  
O’ercome with weariness, keeps watch no more.”

He spake ; and all were silent for a space. 370  
Now there was one, among the Trojan chiefs,  
Whose father was Eumedes, of the train  
Of reverend heralds. Dolon was his name,  
And he was rich in gold and brass, deformed  
In face but swift of foot, an only son 375

Among five sisters. He stood forth among  
The Trojans, and replied to Hector thus :—

“ My daring spirit, Hector, urges me  
To visit the swift ships and learn the state  
Of the Greek host. But hold thy sceptre forth, 380  
And solemnly attest the gods that thou  
Wilt give to me the horses, and the car  
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son  
Of Peleus. I shall not explore in vain,  
Nor balk thy hope of me ; for I will pass 385  
Into the camp until I reach the ship  
Of Agamemnon, where the chiefs are now  
Debating whether they shall fly or fight.”

He spake ; and Hector held the sceptre forth,  
And swore : “ Be Jupiter the Thunderer, 390  
Husband of Juno, witness, that those steeds  
Shall bear no other Trojan than thyself.  
That honor I confirm to thee alone.”

He spake. It was an idle oath, yet gave  
New courage to the spy, who instantly 395  
Upon his shoulders hung his crooked bow,  
And round him flung a gray wolf's hide, and placed  
A casque of otter-skin upon his head,  
And took his pointed javelin, and made haste  
To reach the Grecian fleet. Yet was he doomed 400  
Never to leave that fleet again, nor bring  
Tidings to Hector. Soon was he beyond  
The crowd of men and steeds, and eagerly  
Held on his way. Ulysses first perceived

His coming, and thus spake to Diomed : — 425

“Some one, Tydides, from the enemy’s camp  
Is coming, either as a spy, or else  
To spoil the dead. First let us suffer him  
To pass us by a little on the plain,  
Then let us rush and seize him. Should his speed  
Be greater than our own, let us attack 431  
The fugitive with spears, and drive him on  
To where our ships are lying, from his camp,  
Lest, flying townward, he escape our hands.”

He spake ; and both lay down without the path,  
Among the dead, while he unwarily 436  
Passed by them. When he now had gone as far  
As two yoked mules might at the furrow’s end  
Precede a pair of oxen, — for by mules 439  
The plough is drawn more quickly through the soil  
Of the deep fallow, — then they rose, and rushed  
To seize him. As he heard their steps he stopped,  
In hope that his companions had been sent  
From Troy by Hector to conduct him back.  
But when they came within a javelin’s cast, 445  
Or haply less, he saw that they were foes,  
And moved his nimble knees, and turned to flee,  
While rapidly they followed. As two hounds,  
Sharp-toothed, and trained to track their prey, pursue  
Through forest-grounds some fawn or hare that runs  
Before them panting, so did Diomed 451  
And terrible Ulysses without stop  
Follow the fugitive, to cut him off



From his own people. In his flight he came 434  
Where soon he would have mingled with the guards,  
Close to the fleet. Then Pallas breathed new strength  
Into Tydides, that no other Greek  
Might boast that he had wounded Dolon first,  
And steal the honor. Therefore, with his spear  
Uplifted, Diomed rushed on and spake : — 440

“Stop, or my spear o’ertakes thee, nor wilt thou  
Escape a certain death from this right hand.”

He spake, and hurled his spear—but not to  
smite —

At Dolon, over whose right shoulder passed  
The polished weapon, and, descending, pierced 445  
The ground. Then Dolon, pale and fear-struck,  
stopped,  
And quaked, with chattering teeth and stammering  
speech.

They, breathless with the chase, came up and seized  
His hands, while, bursting into tears, he spake : —

“Take me alive, and ye shall have from me 450  
A ransom : there is store of brass and gold  
And well-wrought steel, of which a princely share  
My father will bestow when he shall hear  
Of me alive and at the Grecian fleet.”

The crafty chief Ulysses answered thus : — 455  
“Take heart, and cease to think of death, but tell,  
And truly, why thou camest to our fleet :  
Was it to strip the bodies of the dead ?  
Camest thou, sent by Hector, as a spy

Among our ships, or of thine own accord ?” 460

And Dolon answered, trembling still with fear : —  
“ Hector, against my will and to my hurt,  
Persuaded me. He promised to bestow  
On me the firm-paced coursers, and the car  
Engrailed with brass, which bear the illustrious son  
Of Peleus, and enjoined me by the aid 466  
Of darkness to approach the foe and learn  
Whether ye guard your galleys as before,  
Or, overcome by us, consult on flight,  
And, wearied with the hardships of the day, 470  
Have failed to set the accustomed nightly watch.”

The man of craft, Ulysses, smiled, and said : —  
“ Truly, thy hope was set on princely gifts, —  
The steeds of war-renowned Æacides,  
Hard to be reined by mortal hands, or driven 475  
By any, save by Peleus’ son himself,  
Whom an immortal mother bore. But come,  
Tell me, — and tell the truth, — where hast thou left  
Hector, the leader of the host, and where  
Are laid his warlike arms ; where stand his steeds ;  
Where are the sentinels, and where the tents 481  
Of other chiefs ? On what do they consult ?  
Will they remain beside our galleys here,  
Or do they meditate, since, as they say,  
The Greeks are beaten, a return to Troy ? ” 485

Dolon, Eumedes’ son, made answer thus : —  
“ What thou requirest I will truly tell.  
Hector is with his counsellors, and now,

Apart from all the bustle, at the tomb  
Of Ilus the divine, he plans the war. 490  
Sentries, of whom thou speakest, there are none ;  
No chosen band, O hero ! has in charge  
To guard the camp. By all their blazing fires,  
Constrained by need, the Trojans keep awake,  
And each exhorts his fellow to maintain 495  
The watch : not so the auxiliar troops who came  
From far : they sleep, and since they have no wives  
Nor children near, they let the 'Trojans watch."

Then thus the man of wiles, Ulysses, spake : —  
"How sleep they, — mingled with the knights of  
Troy 500  
Or by themselves ? Tell me, that I may know."

Dolon, Eumedes' son, made answer thus : —  
"What thou requirest I will truly tell.  
On one hand, toward the sea, the bowmen lie  
Of Caria and Pæonia, and with them 505  
Lelegans, Caucons, and the gallant tribe  
Of the Pelasgians. On the other hand,  
Toward Thymbra, are the Lycians, the proud race  
Of Mysia, Phrygia's knights, and cavalry  
Of the Mæonians. Why should ye inquire 510  
The place of each ? If ye design to-night  
To penetrate into the 'Trojan camp,  
There are the Thracians, newly come, apart  
From all the others : with them is their king,  
Rhesus, the son of Eioneus ; his steeds 515  
Are far the largest and most beautiful

I ever saw, — the snow is not so white,  
The wind is not so swift. His chariot shines  
With gold and silver, and the coat of mail  
In which he came to Troy is all of gold, 520  
And gloriously and marvellously bright,  
Such as becomes not mortal men to wear,  
But the gods only. Now to your swift ships  
Lead me ; or bind me fast with thongs, and here  
Leave me till your return ; and ye shall know 525  
Whether the words I speak be true or false.”

Then sternly spake the gallant Diomed : —  
“ Once in our hands a prisoner, do not think,  
O Dolon ! to escape, though thou hast told  
Things that shall profit us. For if we now 530  
Release thee thou wilt surely come again  
To the Greek fleet, a spy, or openly  
To fight against us. If I take thy life,  
’T is certain thou wilt harm the Greeks no more.”

He spake. And as the suppliant took his chin 535  
In his large hand, and had begun a prayer,  
He smote him with his sword at the mid-neck,  
And cut the tendons both ; the severed head,  
While yet he spake, fell, rolling in the dust.  
And then they took his helm of otter-skin, 540  
The wolf’s-hide, sounding bow, and massive spear.  
The nobly born Ulysses in his hand  
Lifted the trophies high, devoting them  
To Pallas, deity of spoil, and prayed : —

“ Delight thyself, O goddess, in these arms, 545

For thee we first invoke, of all the gods  
Upon Olympus. Guide us now to find  
The camp and coursers of the sons of Thrace."

He spake ; and, raising them aloft, he hung  
The spoils upon a tamarisk, and brake 550  
Reeds and the spreading branches of the tree  
To form a mark, that so on their return  
They might not, in the darkness, miss the spot.  
Then onward, mid strewn arms and pools of blood,  
They went, and soon were where the Thracians lay.  
There slept the warriors, overpowered with toil ; 556  
Their glittering arms were near them, fairly ranged  
In triple rows, and by each suit of arms  
Two coursers. Rhesus slumbered in the midst.  
Near him were his fleet horses, which were made  
Fast to the chariot's border by the reins. 561  
Ulysses saw them first, and, pointing, said : —

" This is the man, O Diomed, and these  
The steeds, described by Dolon whom we slew.  
Come, then ; put forth thy strength of arm, for ill  
Doth it become thee to stand idle here, 566  
Armed as thou art. Loose thou the steeds ; or else  
Slay thou the men, and leave the steeds to me."

He spake. The blue-eyed Pallas straightway gave  
Strength to Tydides, who on every side 570  
Dealt slaughter. From the smitten by the sword  
Rose fearful groans ; the ground was red with blood.  
As when a ravening lion suddenly  
Springs on a helpless flock of goats or sheep,

So fell Tydides on the Thracian band, 575  
Till twelve were slain. Whomever Diomed  
Approached and smote, the sage Ulysses seized,  
And drew him backward by the feet, that thus  
The flowing-manèd coursers might pass forth  
Unhindered, nor, by treading on the dead, 580  
Be startled ; for they yet were new to war.  
Now when the son of Tydeus reached the king, —  
The thirteenth of his victims, — him he slew  
As he breathed heavily ; for on that night  
A fearful dream, in shape CEnides' son, 585  
Stood o'er him, sent by Pallas. Carefully  
Ulysses meantime loosed the firm-paced steeds,  
And, fastening them together, drave them forth,  
Urging them with his bow : he had not thought  
To take the showy lash that lay in sight 590  
On the fair chariot-seat. In going thence  
He whistled, as a sign to Diomed,  
Who lingered, pondering on his next exploit, —  
Whether to seize the chariot where was laid  
The embroidered armor, dragging it away ; 595  
Or, lifting it aloft, to bear it thence ;  
Or take more Thracian lives. As thus his thoughts  
Were busy, Pallas, standing near him, spake : —  
“ O son of large-souled Tydeus, think betimes  
Of thy return to where the galleys lie ; 600  
Else may some god arouse the sons of Troy,  
And thou be forced to reach the ships by flight.”  
She spake. He knew the goddess by her voice,

And leaped upon a steed. Ulysses lashed  
The horses with his bow, and on they flew 605  
Toward the swift galleys of the Grecian host.

Apollo, bearer of the silver bow,  
Kept no vain watch, and, angry when he saw  
Minerva at the side of Diomed,  
Down to the mighty host of Troy he came, 610  
And roused from sleep a Thracian counsellor, —  
Hippocoön, a kinsman of the house  
Of Rhesus. Leaping from his couch, he saw  
The vacant spot where the swift steeds had stood,  
And, weltering in their blood, the dying chiefs. 615  
He saw, and wept aloud, and called by name  
His dear companion. Then a clamor rose,  
And boundless tumult, as the Trojans came  
All rushing to the spot, and marvelling  
At what the daring warriors, who were now 620  
Returning to the hollow ships, had done.

And when these warriors now had reached the spot  
Where Hector's spy was slain, Ulysses, dear  
To Jupiter, reined in the fiery steeds,  
And Diomed leaped down and took the spoil 625  
Blood-stained, and gave it to Ulysses' hands,  
And mounted. Then again they urged the steeds,  
Which, not unwilling, flew along the way.  
First Nestor heard the approaching sound, and  
said : —

“Friends, chiefs and princes of the Greeks, my  
heart — 630

Truly or falsely — urges me to speak.  
The trampling of swift steeds is in my ears.  
O that Ulysses and the gallant son  
Of Tydeus might be bringing at this hour  
Firm-footed coursers from the enemy's camp ! 635  
Yet must I fear that these, our bravest chiefs,  
Have met disaster from the Trojan crew."

While he was speaking yet, the warriors came.  
They sprang to earth ; their friends, rejoicing, flocked  
Around them, greeting them with grasp of hands 640  
And with glad words, while the Gerenian knight,  
Nestor, inquired : " Declare, illustrious chief,  
Glory of Greece, Ulysses, how ye took  
These horses : from the foe ; — or did some god  
Bestow them ? They are glorious as the sun. 645  
Oft am I midst the Trojans, for, though old,  
I lag not idly at the ships ; yet ne'er  
Have my eyes looked on coursers like to these.  
Some god, no doubt, has given them, for to Jove,  
The God of storms, and Pallas, blue-eyed child 650  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, ye both are dear."

Then sage Ulysses answered : " Pride of Greece !  
Neleian Nestor, truly might a god  
Have given us nobler steeds than even these.  
All power is with the gods. But these of which 655  
Thou askest, aged man, are brought from Thrace,  
And newly come. Brave Diomed hath slain  
Their lord, and twelve companions by his side, —  
All princes. Yet another victim fell, —



A spy whom, near our ships, we put to death, — 660  
A man whom Hector and his brother chiefs  
Sent forth by midnight to explore our camp.”

He spake, and gayly caused the firm-paced steeds  
To pass the trench ; the other Greeks, well pleased,  
Went with him. When they reached the stately tent  
Of Diomed, they led the coursers on 665

To stalls where Diomed's fleet horses stood  
Champing the wholesome corn, and bound them there  
With halters neatly shaped. Ulysses placed  
Upon his galley's stern the bloody spoil 670  
Of Dolon, to be made an offering

To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,  
They washed from knees and neck and thighs the  
grime

Of sweat ; and when in the salt wave their limbs  
Were cleansed, and all the frame refreshed, they  
stepped 675

Into the polished basins of the bath,  
And, having bathed and rubbed with fragrant oil  
Their limbs, they sat them down to a repast,  
And from a brimming jar beside them drew,  
And poured to Pallas first, the pleasant wine. 680

## BOOK XI.

NOW did the Morning from her couch beside  
Renowned Tithonus rise, that she might bring  
The light to gods and men, when Jupiter  
To the swift galleys of the Grecian host  
Sent baleful Strife, who bore in hand aloft 5  
War's ensigns. On the huge black ship that brought  
Ulysses, in the centre of the fleet,  
She stood, where she might shout to either side, —  
To Telamonian Ajax in his tents  
And to Achilles, who had ranged their ships 10  
At each extreme of the Achaian camp,  
Relying on their valor and strong arms.  
Loud was the voice, and terrible, in which  
She shouted from her station to the Greeks,  
And into every heart it carried strength 15  
And the resolve to combat manfully  
And never yield. The battle now to them  
Seemed more to be desired than the return  
To their dear country in their roomy ships.  
Atrides called aloud, exhorting them 20  
To gird themselves for battle. Then he clad  
Himself in glittering brass. First to his thighs  
He bound the beautiful greaves with silver clasps,  
Then fitted to his chest the breastplate given  
By Cinyras, a pledge of kind intent ; — 25  
For, when he heard in Cyprus that the Greeks

Were bound for Ilium in their ships, he sent  
This gift, a homage to the king of men ; —  
Ten were its bars of tawny bronze, and twelve  
Were gold, and twenty tin ; and on each side 30  
Were three bronze serpents stretching toward the  
neck,

Curved like the colored bow which Saturn's son  
Sets in the clouds, a sign to men. He hung  
His sword, all glittering with its golden studs,  
About his shoulders. In a silver sheath 35  
It nestled, which was slung on golden rings.  
And then he took his shield, a mighty orb,  
And nobly wrought and strong and beautiful,  
Bound with ten brazen circles. On its disk  
Were twenty bosses of white tin, and one 40  
Of tawny bronze just in the midst, where glared  
A Gorgon's-head with angry eyes, round which  
Were sculptured Fear and Flight. Along its band  
Of silver twined a serpent wrought in bronze,  
With three heads springing from one neck and  
formed 45

Into an orb. Upon his head he placed  
A helmet rough with studs on every side,  
And with four bosses, and a horse-hair plume  
That nodded fearfully on high. He took  
In hand two massive spears, brass-tipped and sharp,  
That shone afar and sent their light to heaven, 51  
Where Juno and Minerva made a sound  
Like thunder in mid-sky, as honoring

The sovereign of Mycenæ rich in gold.

Each chief gave orders to his charioteer 55

To stay his horses firmly by the trench,  
While they rushed forth in arms. At once arose,  
Ere yet the sun was up, a mighty din.

They marshalled by the trench the men on foot ;  
The horse came after, with short space between. 60

The son of Saturn sent among their ranks  
Confusion, and dropped down upon the host  
Dews tinged with blood, in sign that he that day  
Would send to Hades many a valiant chief.

The Trojans, on their side, in the mid-plain 65  
Drew up their squadrons on a hill, around

The mighty Hector, and Polydamas  
The blameless, and Æneas, who among  
The sons of Troy was honored like a god,  
And three sons of Antenor, who were named 70  
Agenor and the noble Polybus

And the young Acamas of godlike bloom,  
There Hector in the van uplifted bore  
His broad round shield. As some portentous star  
Breaks from the clouds and shines, and then again  
Enters their shadow, Hector thus appeared 76

Among the foremost, issuing his commands,  
Then sought the hindmost. All in brass, he shone  
Like lightnings of the Ægis-bearer, Jove.

As when two lines of reapers, face to face, 80  
In some rich landlord's field of barley or wheat  
Move on, and fast the severed handfuls fall,

So, springing on each other, they of Troy  
And they of Argos smote each other down,  
And neither thought of ignominious flight. 85  
They met each other man to man ; they rushed  
Like wolves to combat. Cruel Strife looked on  
Rejoicing ; she alone of all the gods  
Was present in the battle ; all the rest,  
Far off, sat quiet in their palaces, 90  
The glorious mansions built for them along  
The summits of Olympus. Yet they all  
Blamed Saturn's son that he should honor thus  
The Trojans. The All-Father heeded not  
Their murmurings, but, seated by himself 95  
Apart, exulting in his sovereignty,  
Looked on the city of Troy, the ships of Greece,  
The gleam of arms, the slayers, and the slain.

While yet 't was morn, and still the holy light  
Of day was brightening, fast the weapons smote 100  
On either side, and fast the people fell ;  
But at the hour when on the mountain-slope  
The wood-cutter makes ready his repast,  
Weary with felling lofty trees, and glad  
To rest, and eager for the grateful meal, 105  
The Greeks, encouraging each other, charged  
And broke the serried phalanxes of Troy.  
First Agamemnon, springing forward, slew  
The shepherd of his people and their chief,  
Bienor, and his trusty comrade next, — 110  
The charioteer Oileus, who had leaped

Down from his chariot to confront the king.  
Him Agamemnon with his trenchant spear  
Smote in the forehead as he came. The helm  
Of massive brass was vain to stay the blow : 115  
The weapon pierced it and the bone, and stained  
The brain with blood ; it felled him rushing on.  
The monarch stripped the slain, and, leaving them  
With their white bosoms bare, went on to slay  
Isus and Antiphus, King Priam's sons, — 120  
One born in wedlock, one of baser birth, —  
Both in one chariot. Isus held the reins  
While Antiphus, the high-born brother, fought.  
These had Achilles once on Ida's height  
Made prisoners, as they fed their flocks ; he bound  
Their limbs with osier bands, but gave them up 126  
For ransom to the Trojans. Now the king  
Of men, Atrides Agamemnon, pierced  
Isus above the nipple with his spear,  
And with his falchion smiting Antiphus 130  
Beside the ear, he hurled him from his car.  
Then hastening up, and stripping from the dead  
Their shining mail, he knew them ; he had seen  
Both at the ships to which the fleet of foot,  
Achilles, brought them bound from Ida's side. 135  
As when a lion comes upon the haunt  
Of a swift hind, to make an easy prey  
Of her young fawns, and, with his powerful teeth  
Seizing them, takes their tender lives ; while she,  
Though nigh, can bring no aid but yields herself 140

To mortal fear, and, to escape his rage,  
Flies swiftly through the wood of close-grown oaks,  
With sweaty sides, — thus none of all the host  
Of Trojans could avert from Priam's sons  
Their fate, but fled in terror from the Greeks. 145  
Next on Pisander and Hippolochus  
Atrides rushed, — brave warriors both, and sons  
Of brave Antimachus, the chief who took  
Gold and rich gifts from Paris, and refused  
To let the Trojans render Helen back 150  
To fair-haired Menelaus. His two sons,  
Both in one car, and reining their fleet steeds,  
Atrides intercepted ; they let fall  
The embroidered reins, dismayed, as, lion-like,  
Forward he came ; and, cowering, thus they  
prayed : — 155

“ Take us alive, Atrides, and accept  
A worthy ransom, for Antimachus  
Keeps in his halls large treasures, — brass and gold,  
And well-wrought steel ; and he will send, from these,  
Large ransom, hearing we are at the fleet 160  
Alive.” So prayed they with bland words, and met  
Harsh answer : “ Since ye call Antimachus  
Your father, who in Trojan council once  
Proposed that Menelaus, whom we sent  
A legate with Ulysses the divine, 165  
Should not return to Greece, but suffer death,  
Your blood must answer for your father's guilt.”

So spake the king, and, striking with his spear

Pisander's breast, he dashed him from the car.

Prone on the ground he lay. Hippolochus 170

Leaped down and met the sword. Atrides lopped

His hands and drave the weapon through his neck,

And sent the head to roll among the crowd.

And then he left the dead, and rushed to where

The ranks were in disorder; with him went 175

His well-armed Greeks ; there they who fought on  
foot

Slaughtered the flying foot ; the horsemen there

Clove horsemen down ; the coursers' trampling feet

Raised the thick dust to shadow all the plain ;

While Agamemnon cheered the Achaians on, 180

And chased and slew the foe. As when a fire

Seizes a thick-grown forest, and the wind

Drives it along in eddies, while the trunks

Fall with the boughs amid devouring flames,

So fell the flying Trojans by the hand 185

Of Agamemnon. Many high-maned steeds

Dragged noisily their empty cars among

The ranks of battle, never more to bear

Their charioteers, who lay upon the earth

The vulture's feast, a sorrow to their wives. 190

But Jove beyond the encountering arms, the dust,

The carnage, and the bloodshed and the din

Bore Hector, while Atrides in pursuit

Was loudly cheering the Achaians on.

Meantime the Trojans fled across the plain 195

Toward the wild fig-tree growing near the tomb





But when Atrides, wounded by a spear 225  
Or arrow, shall ascend his chariot, then  
Will I nerve Hector's arm with strength to slay  
Until he come to the good ships of Greece,  
And the sun set, and hallowed night come down."

He spake ; and she, whose feet are like the wind  
In swiftness, heeded the command, and flew 231  
From Ida's summit to the sacred town  
Of Troy, and found the noble Hector, son  
Of warlike Priam, standing mid the steeds  
And the strong chariots, and, approaching, said : —

" O Hector, son of Priam, and like Jove 236  
In council ! Jove the All-Father bids me say,  
As long as thou shalt see the king of men,  
Atrides, in the van, and dealing death  
Among the ranks of warriors, thou shalt still 240  
Give way, encouraging thy men to hold  
Unflinching battle with the enemy ;  
But when Atrides, wounded by a spear  
Or arrow, shall ascend his chariot, then  
Will Jove endue thy arm with strength to slay 245  
Until thou come to the good ships of Greece,  
And the sun set, and hallowed night come down."

So the fleet Iris spake, and went her way ;  
While Hector, leaping from his car in arms,  
And wielding his sharp spears, went everywhere 250  
Among the Trojan ranks, exhorting them  
To combat, and renewed the stubborn fight.  
They rallied and stood firm against the Greeks.

The Greeks, in turn, made strong their phalanxes.  
The battle raged again, as front to front 255  
They stood, while Agamemnon eagerly  
Pressed forward, proud to lead the van in fight.

Say, Muses, dwellers of Olympus ! who  
First of the 'Trojans or their brave allies  
Encountered Atreus' son ? Iphidamas, 260  
Son of Antenor, strong and daring, bred  
On the rich soil of Thrace, the nurse of flocks.  
His grandsire Cisseus, from whose loins the fair  
Theano sprang, had reared him from a child  
Within his palace ; and, when he attained 265  
Youth's glorious prime, still kept him, giving him  
His child to wife. He wedded her, but left  
At once the bridal chamber when he heard  
Of the Greek war on Ilium, and set sail  
With twelve beaked galleys. These he afterward 270  
Left at Percopè, — marching on to Troy.  
And he it was who came to meet the son  
Of Atreus. As the heroes now drew near  
Each other, Agamemnon missed his aim ;  
His thrust was parried. Then Iphidamas 275  
Dealt him beneath the breastplate on the belt  
A vigorous blow, and urged the spear with all  
His strength of arm ; yet through the plated belt  
It could not pierce, for there it met a plate  
Of silver, and its point was turned like lead. 280  
With lion strength, Atrides seized and drew  
The weapon toward him, plucked it from the hand

That held it, and let fall his falchion's edge  
Upon the Trojan's neck and laid him dead.  
Unhappy youth ! he slept an iron sleep, — 285  
Slain fighting for his country, far away  
From the young virgin bride yet scarcely his,  
For whom large marriage-gifts he made, — of beeves  
A hundred, — and had promised from the flocks  
That thronged his fields a thousand sheep and goats.  
Atrides Agamemnon spoiled the slain, 291  
And bore his glorious armor off among  
The Argive host. Antenor's elder son,  
Illustrious Coön, saw, and bitter grief  
For his slain brother dimmed his eyes. He stood  
Aside, with his spear couched, while unaware 295  
The noble Agamemnon passed, and pierced  
The middle of the monarch's arm below  
The elbow ; through the flesh the shining point  
Passed to the other side. The king of men, 300  
Atrides, shuddered, yet refrained not then  
From combat ; but with his wind-seasoned spear  
He rushed on Coön, who, to drag away  
His father's son Iphidamas, had seized  
The body by the feet, and called his friends, 305  
The bravest, to his aid. Atrides thrust  
His brazen spear below the bossy shield,  
And slew him as he drew the corpse, and o'er  
The dead Iphidamas struck off his head.  
Thus were Antenor's sons — their doom fulfilled —  
Sent by Atrides to the realm of death. 311

And then he ranged among the enemy's ranks  
With wielded lance and sword and ponderous stones,  
While yet the warm blood issued from his wound.  
But when the wound grew dry, and ceased to flow 315  
With blood, keen anguish seized his vigorous frame.  
As when a woman feels the piercing pangs  
Of travail brought her by the Ilythian maids,  
Daughters of Juno, who preside at births,  
And walk the ministers of bitter pains, — 320  
Such anguish seized on Agamemnon's frame ;  
And, leaping to his chariot-seat, he bade  
The guider of the steeds make haste to reach  
The roomy ships, for he was overcome 324  
With pain ; but first he shouted to the Greeks : —

“ O friends, the chiefs and princes of the Greeks !  
Yours is the duty to drive back the war  
From our good ships, since all-disposing Jove  
Forbids me, for this day, to lead the fight.”

He spake. The charioteer applied the lash, 332  
And not unwillingly the long-maned steeds  
Flew toward the hollow ships ; upon their breasts  
Gathered the foam ; beneath their rapid feet  
Arose the dust, as from the battle's din  
They bore the wounded warrior. Hector saw 335  
The flight of Agamemnon, and aloud  
Called to the Trojans and the Lycians thus : —

“ Trojan and Lycian warriors, and ye sons  
Of Dardanus, who combat hand to hand,  
Be men ; be mindful of your fame in war. 340

Our mightiest foe withdraws ; Saturnian Jove  
Crowns me with glory. Urge your firm-paced steeds  
On the brave Greeks, and win yet nobler fame."

He spake. His words gave courage and new  
strength

To every heart. As when a hunter cheers 345  
His white-toothed dogs against some lioness  
Or wild boar from the forest, Hector thus,  
The son of Priam, terrible as Mars  
The slayer of men, cheered on the gallant sons  
Of Troy against the Greeks. Himself, inspired 350  
With fiery valor, rushed among the foes  
In the mid-battle foremost, like a storm  
That swoops from heaven, and on the dark-blue sea  
Falls suddenly, and stirs it to its depths.

Who then was slain the first, and who the last, 355  
By Hector, Priam's son, whom Jove designed  
To honor? First, Asæus ; Dolops, son  
Of Clytis ; and Autonoüs ; and then  
Opites and Opheltius ; next to whom  
Æsymnus, Agelaus, Orus fell, 360  
And resolute Hipponoüs the last.  
All these, the princes of the Greeks, he slew,  
Then smote the common crowd. As when a gale  
Blows from the west upon the mass of cloud  
Piled up before the south-wind's powerful breath, 365  
And tears it with a mighty hurricane,  
While the swoln billows tumble, and their foam  
Is flung on high before the furious blast,

So by the sword of Hector fell the heads  
Of the Greek soldiery ; and there had been 370  
Ruin and ravage not to be repaired,  
And the defeated Greeks had flung themselves  
Into their ships, had not Ulysses then  
Exhorted thus Tydides Diomed : —

“ Tydides ! what has quenched within our hearts  
Their fiery valor ? Come, my friend, and take 376  
Thy stand beside me : foul disgrace were ours  
Should crested Hector make our fleet his prize.”

And thus the valiant Diomed replied : —  
“ Most willingly I stand, and bear my part 380  
In battle ; but with little hope, for Jove,  
The God of storms, awards the day to Troy.”

He spake, and pierced Thymbræus with his spear  
Through the left breast, and dashed him from his car.  
Meanwhile Ulysses struck Molion down, 385  
The prince's stately comrade. These they left  
Never to fight again, and made their way  
Through the thick squadrons, carrying, as they went,  
Confusion with them. As two fearless boars  
Rush on the hounds, so, mingling in the war, 390  
They bore the foe before them, and the Greeks  
Welcomed a respite from the havoc made  
By noble Hector. Next they seized a car  
Which bore two chiefs, the bravest of their host, —  
Sons of Percosian Merops, who was skilled 395  
Beyond all men in portents. He enjoined  
His sons to keep aloof from murderous war.

Yet did they not obey him, for the fate  
That doomed the twain to death impelled them on ;  
And Diomed, the mighty with the spear, 400  
Spoiled them of life, and bore their armor off,  
A glittering prize. Meantime Ulysses slew  
Hippodamus, and next Hypirochus.  
The son of Saturn looked from Ida's height,  
And bade the battle rage on either side 405  
With equal fury : both the encountering hosts  
Slew and were slain. Tydides with his spear  
Smote on the hip the chief Agastrophus,  
The son of Pæon, thoughtless wretch, whose steeds  
Were not at hand for flight ; his charioteer 410  
Held them at distance, while their master rushed  
Among the foremost warriors till he fell.  
Hector perceived his fall, as through the files  
He looked, and straightway hastened to the spot  
With shouts ; and after him came rapidly 415  
The phalanxes of Trojans. Diomed,  
The great in battle, shuddered as he saw,  
And thus addressed Ulysses, who was near :—

“ Lo ! the destroyer, furious Hector, comes !  
Let us stand firm, and face and drive him back.” 420

He said, and cast his brandished lance, nor missed  
The mark : it smote the helm on Hector's head.  
The brass glanced from the brass ; it could not pierce  
To the fair skin ; the high and threefold helm —  
A gift from Phœbus — turned the point aside. 425  
The chief fell back, and, mingling with the throng,



Dropped on one knee, and yet upheld himself  
With one broad palm upon the ground, while night  
Darkened his eyes. The son of Tydeus sprang  
To seize his spear, which now stood fixed in earth  
Among the foremost warriors. In that time 431  
Did Hector breathe again, and, having leaped  
Into his chariot, he avoided death,  
By mingling with the crowd ; while, spear in hand,  
Brave Diomed pursued him, shouting thus : — 435

“ This time, thou cur, hast thou escaped thy  
doom,

Though it was nigh thee. Phœbus rescues thee —  
The god to whom thou dost address thy prayers —  
Whene’er thou ventur’st mid the clash of spears. 440  
Yet will I surely slay thee when we meet,  
If any god be on my side ; and now  
I go to strike where’er I find a foe.”

He spake, and struck the son of Pæon down,  
Skilful to wield the spear. But now the spouse  
Of fair-haired Helen — Alexander — stood 445  
Leaning against a pillar by the tomb  
Of the Dardanian Ilus, who had been  
An elder of the people ; and he bent  
His bow against the monarch Diomed,  
Who at that moment knelt to strip the slain 450  
Of the rich breastplate, and the shield that hung  
Upon his shoulders, and the massive casque.  
The Trojan drew the bow’s elastic horn,  
And sent an arrow that not vainly flew,

But, striking the right foot, pierced through, and  
reached

455

The ground beneath. Then Paris, with a laugh,  
Sprang from his ambush, shouting boastfully : —

“ Lo, thou art smitten ! Not in vain my shaft  
Has flown ; and would that it had pierced thy groin  
And slain thee ! Then the Trojans had obtained 460  
Reprieve from slaughter, — they who dread thee now  
As bleating goats a lion.” Undismayed,  
The valiant Diomed made answer thus : —

“ Archer and railer ! proud of thy smart bow,  
And ogler of the women ! wouldst thou make 465  
Trial of valor hand to hand with me,

Thy bow should not avail thee, nor thy sheaf  
Of many arrows. Thou dost idly boast  
That thou hast hit my foot. I heed it not.

It is as if a woman or a child 470  
Had struck me. Lightly falls the weapon-stroke  
Of an unwarlike weakling. ’T is not so

With me, for when one feels my weapon’s touch,  
It passes through him, and he dies ; his wife  
Tears with her hands her cheeks ; his little ones 475  
Are orphans ; earth is crimsoned with his blood ;  
And flocking round his carcass in decay,  
More numerous than women, are the birds.”

He spake. Ulysses, mighty with the spear,  
Came near and stood before him while he sat 480  
Concealed, and drew the arrow from his foot.  
Keen was the agony that suddenly

Shot through his frame : he leaped into his car,  
 And bade his charioteer make haste to reach  
 The roomy ships : the pain had reached his heart.  
 Ulysses, the great spearman, now was left 486  
 Alone, no Greek remaining by his side ;  
 For fear had seized them all. With inward grief  
 The hero thus addressed his mighty soul : —

“ What will become of me ? A great disgrace 490  
 Will overtake me if I flee in fear  
 Before this multitude ; and worse will be  
 My fate if I am taken here alone,  
 While Jove has driven away the other Greeks  
 In terror. Why these questions, since I know 495  
 That cowards skulk from combat, while the brave,  
 Wounded or wounding others, keeps his ground ? ”

While thus he reasoned with himself, the ranks  
 Of Trojans armed with bucklers came and closed  
 Around their dreaded enemy. As when 500  
 A troop of vigorous dogs and youths assail  
 From every side a wild boar issuing forth  
 From a deep thicket, whetting the white tusks  
 Within his crooked jaws ; they press around,  
 And hear his gnashings, yet beware to come 505  
 Too nigh the terrible animal, — so rushed  
 The Trojans round Ulysses, the beloved  
 Of Jupiter. Then first the hero smote  
 Deïopites on the shoulder-blade,  
 And next struck Thoön down, and Ennomus, 510  
 And in the navel pierced Chersidamas

With his sharp spear, below the bossy shield,  
When leaping from his chariot. In the dust  
He fell, and grasped the earth with dying hands.  
Ulysses left them there, and with his spear 515  
He wounded Charops, son of Hippasus,  
And brother of brave Socus. Socus saw,  
And hastened to his aid, and, standing near,  
The godlike chief bespake Ulysses thus :—

“ Renowned Ulysses ! of whose arts and toils 520  
There is no end, thou either shalt to-day  
Boast to have slain two sons of Hippasus,  
Brave as they are, and stripped them of their arms,  
Or, smitten by my javelin, lose thy life.”

He spake, and smote the Grecian's orbèd shield.  
The swift spear, passing through the shining disk, 526  
And fixed in the rich breastplate, tore the skin  
From all his side ; yet Pallas suffered not  
The blade to reach the inner parts. At once  
The chief perceived that Socus had not given 530  
A mortal wound, and, falling back a step,  
Thus spake : “ Unhappy youth, thy doom will soon  
O'ertake thee. Though thou forcest me to pause  
From combat with the Trojans, I declare,  
This day thou sufferest the black doom of death. 535  
Thou, smitten by my spear, shalt bring to me  
Increase of glory, and shalt yield thy soul  
To the grim horseman Pluto.” Thus he spake,  
While Socus turned to flee ; and as he turned,  
Ulysses with the spear transfix'd his back, 540

And drave the weapon through his breast : he fell,  
With armor clashing, to the earth, while thus  
The great Ulysses gloried over him : —

“ O Socus ! son of warlike Hippasus  
The horseman ! death has overtaken thee, 545  
And thou couldst not escape. Unhappy one !  
Now thou art dead thy father will not come  
To close thy eyes, nor she, the honored one  
Who gave thee birth ; but birds of prey shall flap  
Their heavy wings above thee, and shall tear 550  
Thy flesh, while I in dying shall receive  
Due funeral honors from the noble Greeks.”

He spake, and from his wounded side drew forth,  
And from his bossy shield, the ponderous spear  
Which warlike Socus threw. A gush of blood 555  
Followed, and torturing pain. Now, when they saw  
Ulysses bleed, the gallant sons of Troy  
Called to each other, rushing in a crowd  
To where he stood. Retreating as they came,  
He shouted to his comrades. Thrice he raised 560  
His voice as loud as human lungs could shout ;  
Thrice warlike Menelaus heard the cry,  
And spake at once to Ajax at his side : —

“ Most noble Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Prince of thy people ! to my ear is brought 565  
The cry of that unconquerable man,  
Ulysses, seemingly as if the foe  
Had hemmed him round alone, and pressed him sore  
In combat. Break we through the crowd, and bring

Succor, lest harm befall him, though so brave, — 570  
Fighting among the Trojans thus alone, —  
And lest the Greeks should lose their mighty chief.”

He spake, and led the way ; his godlike friend  
Followed. They found Ulysses, dear to Jove, —  
The Trojans thronging round him like a troop 575  
Of ravening jackals round an antlered stag  
Which one who hunts upon the mountain-side  
Hath stricken with an arrow from his bow :  
By flight the stag escapes, while yet the blood  
Is warm and easily the limbs are moved ; 580  
But when at last the shaft hath quelled his strength,  
The hungry jackals in the forest-shade  
Among the hills attack him, till by chance  
The dreaded lion comes ; alarmed, they flee,  
And he devours the prey. So in that hour, 585  
Many and brave, the sons of Troy pursued  
Ulysses, skilled in war and wiles ; while he  
Wielded the spear and warded off the day  
Of death. Then Ajax, coming near him, stood,  
With his tall buckler, like a tower of strength 590  
Beside him, and the Trojans fled in fear  
On all sides. Warlike Menelaus took  
Ulysses by the hand, and led him forth  
From the thronged spot, while his attendant brought  
The chariot near him. Ajax sprang upon 595  
The Trojans, slaying Doryclus, a son  
Of Priam, basely born. Then Pandocus  
He wounded ; next he struck Lysander down,

Pyrasus and Pylartes. As a stream,  
 Swoln to a torrent by the showers of Jove, 600  
 Sweeps down, from hill to plain, dry oaks and pines,  
 And pours into the sea a muddy flood,  
 So mighty Ajax routed and pursued  
 The Trojans o'er the plain, and cut his way  
 Through steeds and warriors. Hector knew not this.  
 He fought where, on the battle's left, beside 606  
 The Xanthus, fastest fell the slain, and round  
 Great Nestor and the brave Idomeheus  
 Arose a mighty tumult. In that throng  
 Did Hector mingle with his spear and steeds, 610  
 Performing feats of valor, and laid waste  
 The ranks of youthful warriors. Yet the Greeks  
 Would not have yielded ground, if Paris, spouse  
 Of fair-haired Helen, had not forced the chief  
 Machaon, fighting gallantly, to pause ; 615  
 For with an arrow triple-barbed he pierced  
 The chief's right shoulder, and the valiant Greeks  
 Feared lest the battle turn and he be slain.  
 And thus Idomeneus to Nestor said :—

“ Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks, 620  
 Haste, mount thy chariot ; let Machaon take  
 A place beside thee ; urge thy firm-paced steeds  
 Rapidly toward the fleet ; a leech like him,  
 Who cuts the arrow from the wound and soothes  
 The pain with balms, is worth a host to us.” 625

He spake ; and the Gerenian knight obeyed,  
 And climbed the car in haste. Machaon, son

Of Æsculapius the peerless leech,  
Mounted beside him ; Nestor lashed the steeds,  
And toward the roomy ships, which well they knew,  
And longed to reach, they flew with eager speed.

Meantime Cebriones, who had his seat 632  
By Hector in the chariot, saw the ranks  
Of Troy disordered, and addressed the chief :—

“While we, O Hector, here are mid the Greeks  
Just in the skirts of the tumultuous fray, 635  
The other Trojans, men and steeds, are thrown  
Into confusion where the warriors throng,  
For Telamonian Ajax puts their ranks  
To rout ; I know him well by that broad shield 640  
Borne on his shoulders. Thither let us drive  
Our steeds and chariot, where in desperate strife  
Meet horse and foot and hew each other down,  
And a perpetual clamor fills the air.” 644

He spake ; and with the whistling lash he struck  
The long-maned steeds, and, as they felt the stroke,  
Forward they flew with the swift car among  
The Greeks and Trojans, trampling in their way  
Corpses and shields. The axle underneath 649  
Was steeped in blood ; the rim of the chariot-seat  
Was foul with the red drops which from their hoofs  
The coursers sprinkled and the wheels threw up.  
Then Hector strove, by rushing on the crowd,  
To pierce it and break through it. To the Greeks  
His coming brought destruction and dismay ; 655  
And well his spear was wielded. Through the ranks



Of other warriors with the spear he ranged,  
With sword and ponderous stones ; yet warily  
He shunned the fight with Ajax Telamon.

Then Father Jove Almighty touched with fear <sup>660</sup>  
The heart of Ajax. All amazed he stood,  
And cast his sevenfold buckler of bull's-hide  
Upon his back, and, terrified, withdrew.  
Now casting glances like a beast of prey  
From side to side, he turned to right and left, <sup>665</sup>  
And, slowly yielding, moved knee after knee.  
As when the rustics with their hounds drive off  
A hungry lion from their stalls of kine,  
Whom, watching all the night, they suffer not  
To make their herd a prey ; but he, intent <sup>670</sup>  
On ravin, rushes forward, yet in vain ;  
For many a javelin flies from daring hands  
Against him, many a blazing torch is swung,  
At which, though fierce, he trembles, and at morn  
Stalks off in sullen mood ; — so Ajax, sad <sup>675</sup>  
At heart, and fearing for the Grecian fleet,  
Unwillingly fell back before the foe.  
And as, when entering in a field, an ass  
Slow-paced, whose flanks have broken many a shaft  
To splinters, crops the harvest as it grows, <sup>680</sup>  
And boys attack him with their rods, — though small  
Their strength, — but scarce, till he has browsed  
his fill,  
Can drive him forth, — so did the gallant sons  
Of Troy, and their allies from distant lands,

Continually pursue the mighty son 683  
Of Telamon, and hurl their spears against  
The centre of his shield. And now he wheeled,  
As conscious of great valor, and repulsed  
The crowding phalanxes ; and now again  
He turned to flee. And thus he kept the foe 690  
From reaching the swift galleys, while he stood  
Between the Greeks and Trojans, terrible  
In wrath. The javelins hurled by daring hands  
Against him — some hung fixed in his broad shield ;  
And many, ere they came to his fair skin, 695  
Fell midway, — eager though they were to pierce  
The warrior's side, — and plunged into the earth.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,  
Saw Ajax sorely pressed with many darts,  
And came and stood beside him, taking aim 700  
With his bright spear, and in the liver smote,  
Beneath the midriff, Apisaon, son  
Of Phausias, and a prince among his tribe.  
His knees gave way, and down he sank in death.  
But godlike Alexander, who beheld 705  
The slayer stripping Apisaon's corpse  
Of armor, at that moment bent his bow,  
And pierced Eurypylus in the right thigh.  
The reed brake in the wound. He writhed with pain,  
And mingled with his fellows in the ranks, 710  
Avoiding death, yet shouting to the Greeks : —

“ O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,  
Rally and keep your ground ; ward off the fate

Of death from Ajax, who is sorely pressed  
With darts, and, much I fear, may not escape 715  
Safe from this stormy conflict. Stand ye firm  
Around the mighty son of Telamon."

So spake the wounded warrior ; while his friends  
Rallied around him, with their shields inclined  
Against their shoulders, and with lifted spears. 720  
And Ajax came and joined them ; then he turned,  
And firmly faced the foe. The Greeks renewed  
The combat with a rage like that of fire.

Now meantime the Neleian coursers, steeped  
In sweat, were bearing Nestor and the prince 725  
Machaon from the battle. On the prow  
Of his great ship, Achilles, swift of foot,  
Looked forth, and, gazing on the hard-fought fray  
And the sad rout, beheld them. Then he called  
His friend Patroclus, shouting from the ship. 730  
Patroclus heard, within the tent, and came,  
Glorious as Mars ; — yet with that day began  
His woes. The gallant Menœtiades  
Made answer thus : "Why callest thou my name,  
Achilles, and what needest thou of me ?" 735

And thus rejoined Achilles, swift of foot : —  
"Son of Menœtius, nobly born, and well  
Beloved by me, the Greeks, I deem, will soon  
Be at my knees, imploring aid ; for now  
A hard necessity besets their host. 740  
But go, Patroclus, dear to Jove, and ask  
Of Nestor who it is that he hath brought

Thus wounded from the field. Seen from behind,  
His form was like Machaon, — wholly like  
That son of Æsculapius ; but the face 745  
I saw not, as the rapid steeds flew by."

He spake. Patroclus hearkened to his friend,  
And hastened to the Grecian tents and ships.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,  
The warriors in the chariot set their feet 750  
Upon the nourishing earth. Eurymedon,  
The old man's charioteer, took from the mares  
Their harness ; while the chieftains cooled themselves,  
And dried their sweaty garments in the breeze,  
Facing the border of the sea, and then, 755  
Entering the tent of Nestor, sat them down  
On couches. Hecamedè, bright of hair,  
Prepared for them a mingled draught ; the maid,  
A daughter of the great Arsinoüs, came  
From Tenedos with Nestor, when the town 760  
Was ravaged by Achilles, and the Greeks  
Gave her to Nestor, chosen from the rest  
For him, as wisest of their counsellors.  
First she drew forth a table fairly wrought,  
Of polished surface, and with steel-blue feet, 765  
And on it placed a brazen tray which bore  
A thirst-provoking onion, honeycomb,  
And sacred meal of wheat. Near these she set  
A noble beaker which the ancient chief  
Had brought from home, embossed with studs of  
gold. 770

Four were its handles, and each handle showed  
Two golden turtles feeding, while below  
Two others formed the base. Another hand  
Could scarce have raised that beaker from its place,  
But Nestor lifted it with ease. The maid, 775  
Fair as a goddess, mingled Pramnian wine,  
And grated o'er it, with a rasp of brass,  
A goat's-milk cheese, and, sprinkling the white flour  
Upon it, bade them drink. With this they quenched  
Their parching thirst, and then amused the time 780  
With pleasant talk. Patroclus to the door  
Meantime, a godlike presence, came, and stood.  
The old man, as he saw him, instantly  
Rose from his princely seat and seized his hand,  
And led him in and bade him sit ; but he 785  
Refused the proffered courtesy, and said : —

“ Nay, 't is no time to sit : persuade me not,  
Nursling of Jove ; for he is to be feared,  
And prone to wrath, who sent me to inquire  
What wounded man is with thee ; but I know, — 790  
Now that I see Machaon sitting here,  
The shepherd of the people. I must haste  
Back to Achilles, bearing my report.  
Thou knowest, ancient chief, how quick he is  
To take offence and blame the innocent.” 795

Then Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined : —  
“ Why does Achilles pity thus the sons  
Of Greece when wounded ? Little can he know  
What sorrow reigns throughout the Grecian host

While, smitten in the close or distant fight, 800  
Our bravest lie disabled in their ships.  
The valiant son of Tydeus — Diomed —  
Is wounded — wounded Agamemnon lies,  
And the great wielder of the javelin,  
Ulysses. By an arrow in the thigh 805  
Eurypylus is smitten, and I now  
Bring home this warrior with an arrow-wound.  
Yet doth Achilles, valiant as he is,  
Care nothing for the Greeks. Will he then wait  
Till our swift galleys, moored upon the shore, 810  
After a vain defence shall feed the flames  
Lit by the enemy's hand, and we be slain,  
And perish, heaps on heaps? My strength is now  
Not that which dwelt in these once active limbs.  
Would I were strong and vigorous as of yore, 815  
When strife arose between our men and those  
Of Elis for our oxen driven away,  
And, driving off their beeves in turn, I slew  
The Elean chief, the brave Itymoneus,  
Son of Hypirochus! For, as he sought 820  
To save his herd, a javelin from my arm  
Smote him the first among his band. He fell;  
His rustic followers fled on every side;  
And mighty was the spoil we took: of beeves  
We drave off fifty herds, as many flocks 825  
Of sheep, of swine as many, and of goats  
An equal number, and of yellow steeds  
Thrice fifty; — these were mares, and by their sides

Ran many a colt. We drave them all within  
Neleian Pylos in the night. Well pleased 830  
Was Neleus, that so large a booty fell  
To me, who entered on the war so young.  
When morning brake, the heralds' cry was heard  
Summoning all the citizens to meet  
To whom from fruitful Elis debts were due ; 835  
And then the princes of the Pyleans came,  
And made division of the spoil. For much  
The Epeians owed us : we were yet but few  
In Pylos, and had suffered grievously.  
The mighty Hercules in former years 840  
Had made us feel his wrath, and of our men  
Had slain the bravest : of the twelve who drew  
Their birth from Neleus, I alone am left ;  
The others fell. The Epeians brazen-mailed  
Saw this, delighted, and insulted us 845  
And did us wrong. When now the spoil was shared  
The old man for himself reserved a herd  
Of oxen, and a numerous flock of sheep, —  
Three hundred, with their shepherds, — for to him  
Large debts were due in Elis. He had sent 850  
Four horses once, of peerless speed, with cars,  
To win a tripod, the appointed prize.  
Augeias, king of men, detained them there,  
And sent the grieving charioteer away.  
My father, angered at the monarch's words 855  
And acts, took large amends, and gave the rest  
To share among the people, that no one

Might leave the ground, defrauded of his right.  
All this was justly done, and we performed  
Due sacrifices to the gods, throughout 860  
The city ; — when the third day came, and brought  
The Epeians all at once, in all their strength, —  
Both men on foot and prancing steeds. With these  
Came the Molions twain, well armed, though young  
And yet untrained to war. There is a town 865  
Named Thryoëssa, on a lofty hill  
Far off beside Alpheius, on the edge  
Of sandy Pylos. They beleaguered this,  
And sought to overthrow it. As they crossed  
The plain, Minerva came, a messenger, 870  
By night from Mount Olympus, bidding us  
Put on our armor. Not unwillingly  
The Pyleans mustered, but in eager haste  
For battle. Yet did Neleus not consent  
That I should arm myself, — he hid my steeds ; 875  
For still he deemed me inexperienced in war.  
Yet even then, although I fought on foot,  
I won great honor even among the knights ;  
For so had Pallas favored me. A stream  
Named Minyëius pours into the sea 880  
Near to Arena, where the Pylean knights  
Waited the coming of the holy morn,  
While those who fought on foot came thronging in.  
Thence, with our host complete, and all in arms,  
We marched, and reached at noon the sacred  
stream 885



Alpheius, where to Jove Omnipotent  
We offered chosen victims, and a bull  
To the river-god, another to the god  
Of ocean, and a heifer yet unbroke  
To blue-eyed Pallas. Then we banqueted, 890  
In bands, throughout the army, and lay down  
In armor by the river-side to sleep.  
Meantime the brave Epeians stood around  
The city, resolute to lay it waste.  
But first was to be done a mighty work 895  
Of war ; for as the glorious sun appeared  
Above the earth we dashed against the foe,  
Praying to Jove and Pallas. When the fight  
Between the Eleans and the Pylean host  
Was just begun, I slew a youthful chief, — 900  
Mulius, — and bore away his firm-paced steeds.  
The fair-haired Agamedè, eldest-born  
Of King Augeias' daughters, was his spouse ;  
And well to her each healing herb was known  
That springs from the great earth. As he drew near,  
I smote him with my brazen lance : he fell 905  
To earth : I sprang into his car, and stood  
Among the foremost warriors ; while, around,  
The brave Epeians, as they saw him fall, —  
The leader of their knights, their mightiest 910  
In battle, — turned and, panic-stricken, fled,  
Each his own way. I followed on their flight  
Like a black tempest ; fifty cars I took,  
And from each car I dashed two warriors down,

Pierced by my spear. And now I should have slain  
The young Molions also, Actor's sons, 916  
Had not their father, he who shakes the earth,  
Enshrouded them in mist, and hidden them  
From all pursuit. Then with victorious might  
Did Jove endue our arms, while we pursued 920  
The foe across a region strewn with shields, —  
Slaying, and gathering spoil, — until our steeds  
Came to Buprasium, rich in fields of wheat,  
And to the Olenian rock, and to the hill  
Alesium in Colonè. Pallas there 925  
Stayed our pursuit, and bade our host return.  
There slew I the last man, and left him there.  
And then the Achaians, guiding their swift steeds  
Homeward to Pylos from Buprasium, gave  
Great thanks to Jupiter among the gods, 930  
And Nestor among men. Such was I then  
Among the heroes ; but Achilles keeps  
His valor for himself alone, — and yet  
Bitterly must he grieve when he beholds  
Our people perish. O my friend ! how well 935  
Mencætius charged thee when he sent thee forth,  
From Phthia, to Atrides ! We were both —  
The nobly born Ulysses and myself —  
Within the palace, and we clearly heard  
What he commanded thee. For we had come 940  
To Peleus' stately dwelling, on our way  
Gathering a host in fertile Greece, and saw  
The great Mencætius there, and there we found

Achilles with thee. There the aged knight  
 Peleus was burning, in the palace-court, 945  
 A steer's fat thighs to Jove the Thunderer,  
 And lifted up a golden cup and poured  
 Dark wine upon the blazing sacrifice.

And both of you were busy with the flesh  
 When we were at the threshold. As he saw 950  
 Our coming, in surprise Achilles sprang  
 Toward us, and took our hands and led us in,  
 Bade us be seated, and before us placed  
 The generous banquet due to stranger-guests.

Then, having feasted, I began discourse, 955  
 Exhorting you to join us. Both of you  
 At once consented, and your fathers gave  
 Their admonitions. Aged Peleus charged  
 His son Achilles to excel the rest

In valor, while Menœtius, in his turn, 960  
 The son of Actor, gave thee this command : —

“ ‘ My son, Achilles is the nobler born,  
 But thou art elder. He surpasses thee  
 By far in warlike might, but thou must prompt  
 His mind with prudent counsels ; thou must warn 965  
 And guide him ; he will hearken to thy words  
 Meant for his good.’ The old man charged thee  
 thus.

Thou hast forgotten it. Yet speak thou now  
 To Peleus' warlike son ; and haply he  
 May heed thy counsels. Thou perchance mayst  
 bend 970

His will — who knows? — by thy persuasive words ;  
For wholesome are the warnings of a friend.  
Yet, if he shrink from some predicted doom,  
Or if his goddess-mother have revealed  
Aught of Jove's counsels to him, then, at least 975  
Let him send thee to war, and let his troop  
Of Myrmidons go with thee, so that thou  
Mayst carry succor to the Greeks. Yet more, —  
Let him permit thee in the field to wear  
His glorious armor, that the Trojan host, 980  
Beholding thee so like to him, may shun  
The combat, and the warlike sons of Greece,  
Hard-pressed, may breathe again, and find at length  
A respite from the conflict. Ye, who still  
Are fresh and vigorous, shall assault and drive 985  
Townward the weary foe from camp and fleet."

He spake. The spirit of the youth took fire,  
And instantly he hastened toward the ships  
Of Peleus' son. But when he came where lay  
The galleys of Ulysses the divine, 990  
Where was the assembly-place and judgment-seat,  
And where the altars of the immortals stood,  
Evæmon's noble son, Eurypylus,  
Met him as from the battle-field he came  
Halting, and with an arrow in his thigh. 995  
The sweat ran down his shoulders and his brow,  
And the black blood was oozing from his wound,  
Yet was his spirit untamed. The gallant youth,  
Son of Menœtius, saw with grief, and said : —

“ Unhappy chiefs and princes of the Greeks ! 1000  
Are ye then doomed to feast with your fair limbs  
The famished dogs of Ilium, far away  
From friends and country ? Tell me, child of Jove,  
Gallant Eurypylus, will yet the Greeks  
Withstand the mighty Hector, or give way 1005  
And perish, overtaken by his spear ? ”

And thus the wise Eurypylus replied : —  
“ Nursling of Jove, Patroclus ! for the Greeks  
There is no help, and all at their black ships  
Must perish ; for within them even now 1010  
All those who were our bravest warriors lie,  
Wounded in close encounter, or from far,  
By Trojan hands, whose strength with every hour  
Becomes more terrible. Give now thine aid  
And take me to my ship, and cut away 1015  
The arrow from my thigh, and from the part  
Cleanse with warm water the dark blood, and shed  
Soothing and healing balms upon the wound,  
As taught thee by Achilles, who had learned  
The art from Chiron, righteous in his day 1020  
Beyond all other Centaurs. Now the leech  
Machaon lies, I think, among the tents,  
Wounded, and needs the aid of others’ skill,  
And Podalirius out upon the plain  
Helps stem the onset of the ‘ Trojan host.’ ” 1025

Then spake the valiant Menœtiades : —  
“ O brave Eurypylus ! what yet will be  
The end of this, and what are we to do ?

Even now I bear a message on my way  
From reverend Nestor, guardian of the Greeks, 1030  
To the great warrior, Peleus' son ; and yet  
I must not leave thee in thine hour of need."

He spake ; and, lifting in his arms the prince,  
He bore him to his tent. A servant spread,  
Upon his entering, hides to form a couch ; 1035  
And there Patroclus laid him down and cut  
The rankling arrow from his thigh, and shed  
Warm water on the wound to cleanse away  
The purple blood, and last applied a root  
Of bitter flavor to assuage the smart, 1040  
Bruising it first within his palms : the pangs  
Ceased ; the wound dried ; the blood no longer  
flowed.

## BOOK XII.

**T**HUS in the camp Menœtius' valiant son  
Tended Eurypylus, and dressed his wounds ;  
While yet in mingled throngs the warriors fought, —  
Trojans and Greeks. Nor longer was the trench  
A barrier for the Greeks, nor the broad wall  
Which they had built above it to defend  
Their fleet ; for all around it they had drawn  
The trench, yet not with chosen hecatombs  
Paid to the gods, that so it might protect

The galleys and the heaps of spoil they held. 10  
Without the favor of the gods it rose,  
And therefore was not long to stand entire.  
As long as Hector lived, and Peleus' son  
Was angered, and King Priam's city yet  
Was not o'erthrown, so long the massive wall 15  
Built by the Greeks stood firm. But when at length  
The bravest of the Trojans had been slain,  
And many of the Greeks were dead, — though still  
Others survived, — and when in the tenth year  
The city of Priam fell, and in their ships 20  
The Greeks went back to their beloved land,  
Then did Apollo and the god of sea  
Consult together to destroy the wall  
By turning on it the resistless might  
Of rivers, all that from the Idæan heights 25  
Flow to the ocean, — Rhesus, Granicus,  
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,  
Æsepus, and Scamander's hallowed stream,  
And Simoïs, in whose bed lay many shields  
And helms and bodies of slain demigods. 30  
Phœbus Apollo turned the mouths of these  
All toward one spot ; nine days against the wall  
He bade their currents rush, while Jupiter  
Poured constant rain, that floods might overwhelm  
The rampart ; and the god who shakes the earth. 35  
Wielding his trident, led the rivers on.  
He flung among the billows the huge beams  
And stones which, with hard toil, the Greeks had laid

For the foundations. Thus he levelled all  
Beside the hurrying Hellespont, destroyed 40  
The bulwarks utterly, and overspread  
The long broad shore with sand ; and then he  
brought

Again the rivers to the ancient beds  
In which their gently flowing waters ran.

This yet was to be done in time to come 45  
By Neptune and Apollo. Meanwhile raged  
Battle and tumult round that strong-built wall.  
The towers in all their timbers rang with blows ;  
And, driven as by the scourge of Jove, the Greeks,  
Hemmed closely in beside their roomy ships, 50  
Trembled at Hector, the great scatterer  
Of squadrons, fighting, as he did before,  
With all a whirlwind's might. As when a boar  
Or lion mid the hounds and huntsmen stands,  
Fearfully strong, and fierce of eye, and they 55  
In square array assault him, and their hands  
Fling many a javelin ; — yet his noble heart  
Fears not, nor does he fly, although at last  
His courage cause his death ; and oft he turns,  
And tries their ranks ; and where he makes a rush  
The ranks give way ; — so Hector moved and  
turned 61

Among the crowd, and bade his followers cross  
The trench. The swift-paced horses ventured not  
The leap, but stood upon the edge and neighed  
Aloud, for the wide space affrighted them ; 65



And hard it was to spring across, or pass  
From side to side, for on each side the brink  
Was steep, and bristled with sharp stakes, close set  
And strong, which there the warrior sons of Greece  
Had planted, a defence against the foe. 70

No steed that whirled the rapid car along  
Could enter, but the soldiery on foot  
Eagerly sought to pass, and in these words  
Polydamas to daring Hector spake : —

“ Hector, and ye who lead the troops of Troy 75  
And our auxiliars ! rashly do we seek  
To urge our rapid steeds across the trench  
So hard to pass, beset with pointed stakes, —  
And the Greek wall so near. The troops of horse  
Cannot descend nor combat there : the space 80  
Is narrow : they would all be slain. If Jove,  
The Thunderer of the skies, design to crush  
The Greeks and succor Troy, I should rejoice  
Were the design at once fulfilled, and all  
The sons of Greece ingloriously cut off, 85  
Far from their Argos. But if they should turn  
Upon us, and repulse us from their fleet,  
And we become entangled in the trench,  
I deem no messenger would e’er go back  
To Troy from fighting with the rallied Greeks. 90  
Heed, then, my words, and let the charioteers  
Stay with the coursers at the trench, while we,  
Armed, and on foot, and all in close array,  
Follow our Hector. For the Greeks in vain

Will strive to stem our onset if, in truth, 95  
The hour of their destruction be at hand."

So spake Polydamas ; and Hector, pleased  
To hear the prudent counsel, leaped to earth  
With all his arms, and left his car. The rest  
Rode with their steeds no more, but, hastily 100  
Dismounting, as they saw their noble chief,  
Each bade his charioteer hold back his steeds,  
Reined at the trench, in ranks. And then, apart,  
They mustered in five columns, following close  
Their leaders. First, the largest, bravest band, 105  
Those who, with resolute daring, longed to break  
The rampart and to storm the fleet, were led  
By Hector and the good Polydamas,  
Joined with Cebriones, — for Hector left  
His chariot to the care of one who held 110  
An humbler station than Cebriones.  
Paris, Alcatheüs, and Agenor led  
A second squadron. Helenus, a son  
Of Priam, and Deïphobus, a youth  
Of godlike form, his brother, took command 115  
Of yet a third, — with whom in rank was joined  
The hero Asius, son of Hyrtacus,  
Whose bright-haired coursers, of majestic size,  
Had borne him from Arisba and the banks  
Of Selleis. Æneas led the fourth, — 120  
The brave son of Anchises ; and with him  
Were joined Archilochus and Acamas,  
Sons of Antenor, skilled in arts of war.

The band of Troy's illustrious allies  
Followed Sarpedon, who from all the rest 125  
Had chosen, to partake in the command,  
Glaucus and brave Asteropæus. These  
He deemed the bravest under him ; yet he  
Stood foremost of them all in warlike might.

Then all, with their stout bucklers of bull's-hide  
Adjusted to each other, bravely marched 131  
Against the Greeks, who, as they deemed, must fly  
Before them, and must fall by their black ships.  
Then all the other Trojans, and the allies  
From foreign shores, obeyed the counsel given 135  
By good Polydamas ; but Asius, son  
Of Hyrtacus, and prince of men, chose not  
To leave his chariot and his charioteer,  
But drave with them against the roomy ships.  
Vain youth ! — he was not destined to return, 140  
Borne by his steeds and chariot, from the fleet,  
And from the fate he braved, to wind-swept Troy.  
His evil fate o'ertook him from the spear  
Of great Idomeneus, Deucalion's son ;  
For toward the galleys moored upon the left 145  
He hastened by the way in which the Greeks,  
With steeds and cars, retreated from the plain.  
Thither he drave his coursers ; there he found  
The gates not closed, nor the long bar across,  
But warriors held them open to receive 150  
In safety their companions as they fled  
From battle to the fleet. Exultingly

He turned his coursers thither, and his men  
Followed him, shouting ; for they thought the Greeks  
Could not abide their onset, but must yield, 155  
And perish by their ships. Deluded men ! —  
They met two mighty warriors at the gate, —  
The brave descendants of the Lapithæ,  
That warlike tribe : Pirithoüs' gallant son  
Was one, named Polypætes ; with him stood 160  
Leonteus, strong as Mars the slayer of men.  
By the tall gates they stood, as giant oaks  
Stand on the mountains and abide the wind  
And the tempestuous rains of all the year,  
Firm-planted on their strong and spreading roots. 165  
So they, confiding in their strength of arm,  
Waited for mighty Asius hasting on,  
And fled not. Onward came the hostile troop,  
With their tough shields uplifted, and with shouts :  
All rushing toward the massive wall they came, 170  
Following King Asius, and Iamenus,  
Orestes, Thoön, Acamas the son  
Of Asius, and CEnomaüs. Meanwhile  
Leonteus and his comrade had retired  
Within, encouraging the well-armed Greeks 175  
To combat for the fleet ; but when they saw  
The rout and panic of their flying host,  
They darted forth and fought before the gates, —  
Fought like wild boars that in the mountains meet  
A clamorous troop of men and dogs, and dart 180  
Sideway at their assailants, break the trees

Close to the root, and fiercely gnash their tusks,  
Until some javelin strikes them, and they die.  
So on the breasts of the two warriors rang  
The shining brass, oft smitten ; for they fought 185  
Fearlessly, trusting in the aid of those  
Who held the wall, and their own valiant arms.  
And they who stood on the strong towers hurled down  
Stones, to defend the Achaians and their tents  
And their swift ships. As snow-flakes fall to earth 190  
When strong winds, driving on the shadowy cloud,  
Shower them upon the nourishing glebe, so thick  
Were showered the weapons from the hands of  
Greeks

And Trojans ; and the helms and bossy shields,  
Beaten by stones, resounded. Asius then — 195  
The son of Hyrtacus — in anger groaned,  
And smote his thighs impatiently, and said : —

“ O Father Jove ! thou then art wholly false.  
I did not look to see the men of Greece  
Stand thus before our might and our strong arms ; 200  
Yet they, like pliant-bodied wasps or bees,  
That build their cells beside the rocky way,  
And quit not their abode, but, waiting there  
The hunter, combat for their young — so these,  
Although but two, withdraw not from the gates, 205  
Nor will, till they be slain or seized alive.”

He spake ; but moved not thus the will of Jove,  
Who planned to give the glory of the day  
To Hector. Meanwhile, at the other gates

Fought other warriors, — but 't were hard for me, <sup>210</sup>  
Were I a god, to tell of all their deeds ;  
For round the wall on every side there raged,  
Fierce as consuming fire, a storm of stones.  
The Greeks, in bitter anguish, yet constrained,  
Fought for their fleet ; and sorrowful were all <sup>215</sup>  
The gods who in the battle favored Greece.

Now the two Lapithæ began the fight.  
Pirithoüs' son, brave Polypætes, cast  
His spear at Damasus ; it broke its way  
Through the helm's brazen cheek, — nor that alone :  
Right through the temple went the brazen blade, <sup>221</sup>  
And crushed the brain within. He left him slain,  
And next struck Pylon down, and Ormenus.  
Leonteus, of the stock of Mars, assailed  
Hippomachus, who from Antimachus <sup>225</sup>  
Derived his birth ; he pierced him at the belt,  
And, drawing forth his trenchant sword, hewed down,  
In combat hand-to-hand, Antiphates ;  
He dashed him backward to the ground, and next  
Smote Menon and Iamenus ; and last <sup>230</sup>  
He slew Orestes : at his feet they lay,  
A pile of dead, upon their mother Earth.

Then, as the twain were stripping from the dead  
Their glittering arms, the largest, bravest band  
Of those who eagerly desired to break <sup>235</sup>  
The rampart and to burn the ships with fire,  
Following Polydamas and Hector, stood  
Consulting at the trench. An augury,

Just as they were in act to cross, appeared  
 Upon the left : an eagle high in air, 240  
 Between the armies, in his talons bore  
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive  
 And palpitating, — nor disabled yet  
 For combat ; for it turned, and on the breast  
 Wounded the eagle, near the neck. The bird 245  
 In pain let fall his prize amid the host,  
 And flew away, with screams, upon the wind.  
 The Trojans shuddered at the spotted snake  
 Lying among them, and Polydamas  
 Said thus to fearless Hector, standing near : — 250

“ Hector, thou almost ever chidest me  
 In council, even when I judge aright.  
 I know it ill becomes the citizen  
 To speak against the way that pleases thee,  
 In war or council, — he should rather seek 255  
 To strengthen thy authority ; yet now  
 I will declare what seems to me the best :  
 Let us not combat with the Greeks, to take  
 Their fleet ; for this, I think, will be the end, —  
 If now the omen we have seen be meant 260  
 For us of Troy who seek to cross the trench ; —  
 This eagle, flying high upon the left,  
 Between the hosts, that in his talons bore  
 A monstrous serpent, bleeding, yet alive,  
 Hath dropped it mid our host before he came 265  
 To his dear nest, nor brought it to his brood ; —  
 So we, although by force we break the gates

And rampart, and although the Greeks fall back,  
Shall not as happily retrace our way ;  
For many a Trojan shall we leave behind, 270  
Slain by the weapons of the Greeks, who stand  
And fight to save their fleet. Thus will the seer,  
Skilled in the lore of prodigies, explain  
The portent, and the people will obey.”

Sternly the crested Hector looked, and spake :—  
“ Polydamas, the thing that thou hast said 276  
Pleases me not, and easily couldst thou  
Frame better counsels. If thy words convey  
Thy earnest thought, the gods assuredly  
Have made thee lose thy senses. Thou dost ask  
That I no longer reverence the decree 281  
Of Jove, the Thunderer of the sky, who gave  
His promise, and confirmed it. Thou dost ask  
That I be governed by the flight of birds,  
Which I regard not, whether to the right 285  
And toward the morning and the sun they fly,  
Or toward the left and evening. We should heed  
The will of mighty Jupiter, who bears  
Rule over gods and men. One augury  
There is, the surest and the best, — to fight 290  
For our own land. Why darest thou the war  
And conflict ? Though we all should fall beside  
The galleys of the Greeks, there is no fear  
That thou wilt perish, for thou hast no heart  
To stand against the foe ; — no warrior thou ! 295  
Yet, if thou dare to stand aloof, or seek



By words to turn another from the fight,  
The spear I wield shall take thy life at once."

He spake, and went before ; and all his band  
Followed with fearful clamor. Jupiter, 300  
The God of thunders, sending a strong wind  
From the Idæan summits, drave the dust  
Full on the galleys, and made faint the hearts  
Of the Greek warriors, and gave new renown  
To Hector and the men of Troy. For these, 305  
Trusting in portents sent from Jupiter,  
And their own valor, labored to break through  
The massive rampart of the Greeks : they tore  
The galleries from the towers, and levelled down  
The breastworks, heaved with levers from their  
place 310

The jutting buttresses which Argive hands  
Had firmly planted to support the towers,  
And brought them to the ground ; and thus they  
hoped

To force a passage to the Grecian camp.  
Not yet did they of Greece give way : they fenced 315  
The rampart with their ox-hide shields, and smote  
The enemy from behind them as he came  
Under the wall. The chieftains Ajax flew  
From tower to tower, and cheered the Achaians on,  
And roused their valor, — some with gentle words,  
And some with harsh rebuke, — whome'er they saw  
Skulk from the toils and dangers of the fight. 322

" O friends ! " they said, " ye great in war, and ye

Of less renown, and ye of little note ! —  
For all are not alike in war, — the time 325  
Demands the aid of all, as well ye know :  
And now let no man turn him toward the fleet  
Before the threats of Hector, but press on,  
And each exhort his fellow : so may Jove,  
Who flings the lightning from Olympus, grant 330  
That, driving back their onset, we may chase  
The enemy to the very walls of Troy.”

Thus in the van they shouted, and awoke  
New courage in the Greeks. As when the flakes  
Of snow fall thick upon a winter-day, 335  
When Jove the Sovereign pours them down on men,  
Like arrows, from above ; — he bids the wind  
Breathe not ; continually he pours them down,  
And covers every mountain-top and peak,  
And flowery mead, and field of fertile tilth, 340  
And sheds them on the havens and the shores  
Of the gray deep ; but there the waters bound  
The covering of snows, — all else is white  
Beneath that fast-descending shower of Jove ; —  
So thick the shower of stones from either side 345  
Flew toward the other, — from the Greeks against  
The Trojans, and from them against the Greeks ;  
And fearful was the din along the wall.

Yet would illustrious Hector and the men  
Of Troy have failed to force the gates and burst 350  
The bar within, had not all-seeing Jove  
Impelled his son Sarpedon to attack

The Greeks as falls a lion on a herd  
Of hornèd beeves. The warrior held his shield,  
A brazen orb, before him, — beautiful, 355  
And fenced with metal ; for the armorer laid  
Broad plates without, while under these he sewed  
Bull's-hides the toughest, edged with golden wires  
Upon the rim. With this the warrior came,  
Wielding two spears. As when a lion, bred 360  
Among the mountains, fasting long from flesh,  
Comes into the fenced pastures, without fear,  
To prey upon the flock ; and though he meet  
The shepherds keeping watch with dogs and spears,  
Yet will he not be driven thence until 365  
He makes a spring into the fold and bears  
A sheep away, or in the act is slain,  
Struck by a javelin from some ready hand ; —  
Sarpedon, godlike warrior, thus was moved  
By his great heart to storm the wall and break 370  
Through the strong barrier ; and to Glaucus, son  
Of Lycia's king Hippolochus, he said : —

“ Why, Glaucus, are we honored, on the shores  
Of Lycia, with the highest seat at feasts,  
And with full cups ? Why look men up to us 375  
As to the gods ? And why do we possess  
Broad, beautiful enclosures, full of vines  
And wheat, beside the Xanthus ? Then it well  
Becomes us, foremost in the Lycian ranks  
To stand against the foe, where'er the fight 380  
Is hottest ; so our well-armed Lycian men

Shall say, and truly : ‘ Not ingloriously  
Our kings bear rule in Lycia, where they feast  
On fatlings of the flock, and drink choice wine ;  
For they excel in valor, and they fight 335  
Among our foremost.’ O my friend, if we,  
Leaving this war, could flee from age and death,  
I should not here be fighting in the van,  
Nor would I send thee to the glorious war  
But now, since many are the modes of death 370  
Impending o’er us, which no man can hope  
To shun, let us press on and give renown  
To other men, or win it for ourselves ! ”

He spake ; and Glaucus not unwillingly  
Heard and obeyed. Right on the warriors pressed,  
Leading the Lycian host. Menestheus, son 376  
Of Peteus, saw, and trembled ; for they came  
With evil menace toward his tower. He looked  
Along the Grecian lines in hope to see  
Some chieftain there whose ready help might save 400  
His comrades from their danger. He beheld  
The rulers Ajax, never tired of war,  
Standing with Teucer, who just then had left  
His tent ; and yet they could not hear his shout,  
So fearful was the din that rose to heaven 405  
From all the shields, and crested helms, and gates,  
Smitten with missiles, — for at all the gates  
The Lycians thundered, struggling hard to break  
A passage through them. Then Menestheus called  
A herald near, and bade Thoötes bear 410

A message to the leaders Ajax, thus : —

“Go, nobly born Thoötes, and in haste  
Call Ajax, — call them both, for that were best, —  
Since terrible will be the slaughter here,  
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on, 415  
Impetuous ever in assault. If there  
The fight be also urgent, then at least  
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.

He spake. The herald listened and obeyed, 420  
And flew along the summit of the wall  
Built by the Greeks. He reached, and stood beside,  
The chieftains Ajax, and addressed them thus : —

“Ajaces, leaders of the warlike Greeks,  
The honored son of noble Peteus asks 425  
That ye will come, though for a little space,  
To aid him and to share his warlike toils ;  
For terrible will be the slaughter there,  
So fiercely are the Lycians pressing on,  
Impetuous ever in assault. If here 430  
The fight be also urgent, then at least  
Let the brave Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer, the great archer, follow him.”

He ended. Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Hearkened, and to his fellow-warrior said : — 435

“Here, where the gallant Lycomedes stands,  
Ajax ! remain, and, cheering on the Greeks,  
Lead them to combat valiantly. I go  
To stem the battle there, and when our friends

Are succored I will instantly return.”

440

So speaking, Ajax, son of Telamon,  
Departed thence, and with him Teucer, sprung  
From the same father. With them also went  
Pandion, carrying Teucer's crooked bow.

They came to brave Menestheus at his tower, 445  
And went within the wall and met their friends,  
Hard-pressed, — for gallantly the Lycian chiefs  
And captains, like a gloomy tempest, rushed  
Up the tall breastworks ; while the Greeks withstood  
Their onset, and a mighty clamor rose. 450

Then Telamonian Ajax smote to death  
Epicles, great of soul, Sarpedon's friend :  
Against that chief he cast a huge, rough stone,  
That lay high up beside a pinnacle  
Within the wall. No man with both his hands, — 455  
Such men as now are, — though in prime of youth,  
Could lift its weight ; and yet he wielded it  
Aloft, and flung it. Through the four-coned helm  
It crashed, and brake the skull within. Down plunged  
The Lycian, like a diver, from his place 460  
On the high tower, and life forsook his limbs.  
Then Teucer also wounded with a shaft  
Glaucus, the brave son of Hippolochus,  
As he leaped forth to scale the lofty wall, —  
Wounded him where the naked arm was seen, 465  
And made him leave the combat. Back he sprang,  
Hiding amid the crowd, that so the Greeks  
Might not behold the wounded limb, and scoff.

With grief Sarpedon saw his friend withdraw,  
Yet paused not from the conflict, but took aim 470  
At Thestor's son, Alcmaon, with his spear ;  
Pierced him ; and drew the weapon out. The Greek,  
Following the spear, fell headlong ; and his arms,  
Studded with brass, clashed round him as he fell.  
Then did Sarpedon seize, with powerful hands, 475  
The battlement ; he wrenched it, and it came  
To earth, and laid the rampart's summit bare,  
To make a passage for the assailing host.  
Ajax and Teucer saw, and both took aim  
Together at Sarpedon : Teucer's shaft 480  
Struck in the midst the buckler's glittering belt,  
Just at the bosom ; but Jove warded off  
The death-stroke from his son, lest he should fall  
Beside the galleys. Ajax, springing, struck  
The buckler with his spear, and pierced its folds, 485  
And checked the eager warrior, who gave way  
A little, yet retreated not, but turned,  
Encouraging the godlike Lycians thus : —

“ Where, Lycians, is your fiery valor now ?  
Were I the bravest, it were hard, alone, 490  
For me to force a passage to the fleet,  
Though I have cleared the way. Come on with me !  
Light is the task when many share the toil.”

He spake ; and they who revered his words  
Of exhortation drew more closely round 495  
Their counsellor and sovereign, while the Greeks  
Above them made their phalanxes more strong

Within the wall, — for urgent was the need ;  
Since neither could the gallant Lycians break  
The barrier of the Greeks, and cut their way 500  
Through to the fleet, nor could the warlike Greeks  
Drive back the Lycians when they once had reached  
The rampart. As two men upon a field,  
With measuring-rods in hand, disputing stand  
Over the common boundary, in small space, 505  
Each one contending for the right he claims,  
So, kept asunder by the breastwork, fought  
The warriors over it, and fiercely struck  
The orbèd bull's-hide shields held up before  
The breast, and the light targets. Many a one 510  
Was smitten when he turned and showed the back  
Unarmed, and many wounded through the shield.  
The towers and battlements were steeped in blood  
Of heroes, — Greeks and Trojans. Yet were not  
The Greeks thus put to flight ; but, as the scales 515  
Are held by some just woman, who maintains,  
By spinning wool, her household, — carefully  
She poises both the wool and weights, to make  
The balance even, that she may provide  
A pittance for her babes, — thus equally 520  
Were matched the warring hosts, till Jupiter  
Conferred the eminent glory of the day  
On Hector, son of Priam. He it was  
Who first leaped down into the space within  
The Grecian wall, and, with far-reaching voice, 525  
Thus shouted, calling to the men of Troy : —



“ Rush on, ye knights of **Troy** ! rush boldly on,  
And break your passage through the Grecian wall,  
And hurl consuming flames against their fleet ! ”

So spake he, cheering on his men. They heard,  
And rushed in mighty throngs against the wall, 531  
And climbed the battlements, to charge the foe  
With spears. Then Hector stooped, and seized a  
stone

Which lay before the gate, broad at the base 534  
And sharp above, which two, the strongest men, —  
As men are now, — could hardly heave from earth  
Into a wain. With ease he lifted it,  
Alone, and brandished it : such strength the son  
Of Saturn gave him, that it seemed but light.  
As when a shepherd carries home with ease 540  
A wether's fleece, — he bears it in one hand,  
And little is he cumbered with its weight, —  
So Hector bore the lifted stone, to break  
The beams that strengthened the tall folding-gates.  
Two bars within, laid crosswise, held them firm, — 545  
Both fastened with one bolt. He came and stood  
Before them ; with wide-parted feet he stood,  
And put forth all his strength, that so his arm  
Might drive the missile home ; and in the midst  
He smote the folding-gates. The blow tore off 550  
The hinges ; heavily the great stone fell  
Within : the portals crashed ; nor did the bars  
Withstand the blow : the shattered beams gave way  
Before it ; and illustrious Hector sprang

Into the camp. His look was stern as night ; 555  
And terribly the brazen armor gleamed  
That swathed him. With two spears in hand he  
came,  
And none except the gods — when once his foot  
Was on the ground — could stand before his might.  
His eyes shot fire, and, turning to his men, 560  
He bade them mount the wall ; and they obeyed :  
Some o'er the wall, some through the sculptured gate,  
Poured in. The Achaians to their roomy ships  
Fled, and a fearful uproar filled the air.





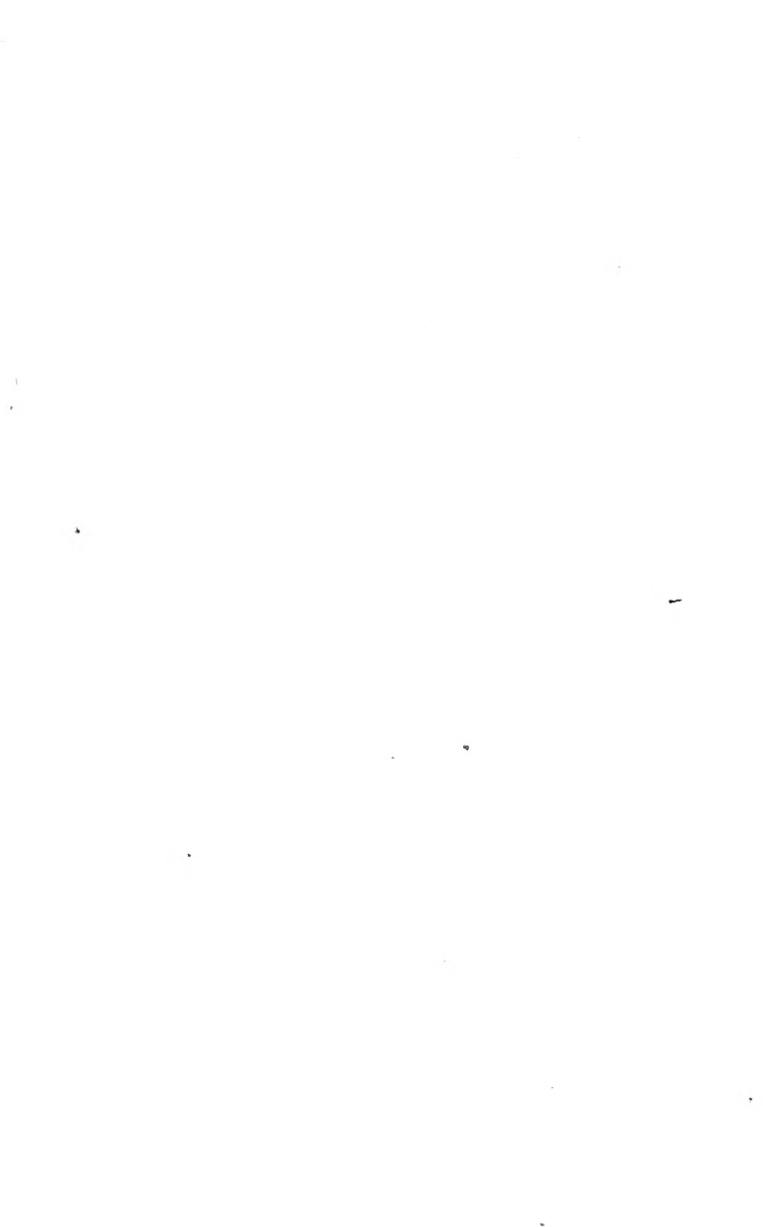














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